Spirit of the Times

A Chronicle of the Turf, Field Sports, Literature and the Stage.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The two cases from Virginia, shall be presented to the public next week. They were too late for the present number.

J. B.'s favor is received. His letters were duly forwarded.

Our friend of the "Prairies" must bear with us for a week more.

Extracts from the tragedy next week. Friday is a busy day, but we have read one page with satisfaction.

We have not space for "Osceola," "A Subscriber to the Peyton Stake," and "X," this week, much as we wish it.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 25, 1839.

DEATH OF MR. COLDEN.

On the afternoon of Friday, the 17th inst., Mr. CADWALLADER R. COLDEN breathed his last, after an illness of a few days, at the age of sixty-five. Mr. Colden enjoyed a reputation as a writer upon all sporting subjects which calls for a longer notice than the bare mention of his death.

He was born of one of our best families, and to a good estate. In early life he evinced an ardent love for the manly sports of the field, and, while in England, though then very young, he became initiated, thoroughly, in turf and veterinary lore. At home he had little success upon the turf, though one of its warmest followers; but he drew from his experience in training and racing, lessons the most useful, which gave the utmost value to his subsequent writings.

It was but yesterday that we heard a distinguished breeder and turfman at the North acknowledge the obligations of all sportsmen to him, for first organizing the present racing system in this country. Mr. Colden was, we understand, the first to enclose a race track on Long Island, if not at the North, he having, about fifteen years since, assumed the management of the Union Course, in the improvement of which he expended large sums.

When Mr. Skinner established the "Turf Register," Mr. Colden lent him his powerful assistance, and distinguished himself by his papers under the signature of "An Old Turfman." By this, his *nom de guerre*, he was better known than any other, and ever took delight in the designation. Subsequently, he withdrew his assistance from the "Register," and embarked in a publication of his own,—a large quarto magazine, which a more liberal support on the part of the public, would have perpetuated as the most beautiful and valuable sporting periodical in the world. But this enterprise was too expensive, or required an outlay of too large a capital to bring in immediate returns, and Mr. Colden abandoned it. But soon after, he re-commenced his career as an editor and publisher, in a magazine of the usual size and appearance, which, if it was not equal to his former work in costly embellishments, extended yet further his reputation as an intelligent and useful writer on his chosen themes. His sporting magazine did not extend beyond one or two volumes, and it is now several years since the last number was issued.

But his energies were never allowed to sleep. He had since been busily devising schemes for extending the patronage of the turf at the North. Race courses were projected on an English scale, and had his means been equal to his wishes, it is not too much to have looked for profitable returns from his various enterprises. But, abandoning his plan of starting new courses, he again directed his attention to the press, and issued proposals for a magazine and a newspaper. The paper he called the "Whip," and he lived to issue one number of it. Several days before the *second* number was issued, the sanguine projector was numbered with the dead. The appearance and the matter of the first gave no token of his usual vigorous efforts, and immediately upon seeing it, we were led to believe that ill-health, or the business cares which are inseparable from an enterprise of this character, had distracted his attention too much from the discussion of his favorite themes.

As a writer, he was bold and vigorous,—his style was a strong, nervous, pure English one; on every topic which he handled, he poured forth his feelings with a copiousness of thought and language which excited your admiration, however you might differ from him in opinion. In his abuse of an enemy, he was unsparing,—fierce and bitter invective was the chosen weapon of his armory, and so dexterous was he in its use, that it, unfortunately, was brought too often into use, as if to display the skill of the disputant. It involved him in ceaseless altercations, and was, in our opinion, the principal cause of the miscarriage of his various schemes.

In private life, Mr. Colden was a warm-hearted, liberal man,—misfortune certainly had impaired the serenity of his temper, and his sanguine temperament often led him into difficulties in his business arrangements, not unlike those which marred his success as a public writer. But—de mortuis nil nisi bonum—he has gone to his rest, and with him expired a courageous heart, a spirit sagacious, enterprising, and full of resources. Under happier stars, the variety of his acquirements, and the strength of his intellect, would have wrought out a more cherished and enduring fame.

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

By the packet ship Hibernia, Capt. Cobb, which left Liverpool on the 22d ulto., we have dates two days later than those previously received by the Liverpool. Our extracts from papers received by the latter, were so copious, that we have now little to add. The England is since in, two days later, but no news. This morning the Shakspeare brought dates two days later.

The debate in the House of Commons, on Lord JOHN RUSSELL's motion upon the Government of Ireland, terminated on the 19th, when the question was taken upon Sir Robert PEEL's amendment, and the Ministers prevailed by a majority of *twenty two*, much as had been conjectured.

In France no ministry has yet been formed, although M. PASSY, Marshal SOULT, and others, were constantly having interviews with the King. The election of four Vice President of the Chamber of Deputies, commenced on the 17th ult., and terminated on the 18th; it resulted in the choice of three of the opposition candidates, and one of the Ministerialists. We look with anxiety for the arrival of the Great Western, to solve the mysteries of French politics.

LATEST BETTING AT NEWMARKET ON THE DERBY.

3 to 1 agst Cæsar and Dragsman (t)	8 to 1 agst The Dey of Algiers
7 to 1 —— Cæsar (t)	10 to 1 —— Euclid (t 12)
7 to 1 —— Dragsman	25 to 1 —— D. of Grafton's lot (t)
8 to 1 —— The Corsair (t)	

LATEST BETTING AT MANCHESTER.

CHESTER CUP.

6 to 1 agst Harkaway	100 to 6 agst Cowboy
6 to 1 —— Caravan	20 to 1 —— Ion (t)
6 to 1 —— King Cole	20 to 1 —— Modesty (offered)
12 to 1 —— Gipsy (offered)	25 to 1 —— Lugwardine

OAKS.

10 to 1 agst Wapiti (t)

DONCASTER ST. LEGER.

500 to 15 agst Ernest the First (t)

NEWMARKET FIRST SPRING MEETING.

MONDAY, May 15.

This meeting did not commence under the most favorable auspices; the weather, it is true, was milder and more seasonable than on either of the five days of which the Craven Meeting was composed, but the arrrivals were certainly less numerous than we have been accustomed to note down on the "opening day" of the First Spring Meeting. The falling off, however, must not be looked upon in any other light than as temporary; the apparent certainty of the 2000 Guineas Stakes may, perhaps, have had something to do with it, but the principal cause was Lord John Russell's "untoward," or, speaking with reference to the races, "ill-*timed*" motion touching the Administration; this naturally led to the detention in town of those parliamentary turfites who had not taken the precaution to "pair off." The plate having ended in a walk over, and the two matches gone off in forfeits, the sport was confined to three races, which, luckily, afforded excellent amusement: they will be found detailed in the proper place.

The races commenced at 2 o'clock with

Fifty pounds, for four year olds, 7st 10lb; five, 8st 9lb; six and aged, 9st; last three miles of B. C.

Lord G. Bentinck's Grey Momus, 4 yrs ..... walked over

Nothing else was entered.

Handicap Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, T.Y.C.; eight subs.

Mr. Worrall's Dormouse, 4 yrs, 7st 10lb ..... Rogers 1

Mr. Thornhill's Montezuma, (carried 6st 6lb,) 3 yrs 6st 4lb ..... Pettit 2

The following also started, but were not placed:—

Colonel Peel's Ion, 4 yrs, 9st 5lb (Pavis)
Duke of Portland's St. Peray, 3 yrs, 8st 5lb (J. Day)
Lord Exeter's Corban, 5 yrs, 7st 10lb (Conelly)
Mr. W. Ridsdale's Tawney Owl, 4 yrs, 7st 7lb (Chapple)
Duke of Grafton's Courier, 3 yrs, 5st 10lb (Nunn)
Colonel Peel's Whim, 3 yrs, 5st 8lb (Cotton)

Betting.—10 to 6 against St. Peray, 7 to 2 against Courier, 4 to 1 against Ion, 5 to 1 against Dormouse, 6 to 1 against Montezuma (taken), and 7 to 1 against Whim; Ion at one time was backed at 5 to 2. St. Peray cut out the work, with the others laid up until within a few strides of the cords, where Tawney Owl and Whim gave up. On reaching the cords, Montezuma took the lead from St. Peray, but was himself challenged half way up them by Dormouse, and defeated in the last stride or two by half a length, after a capital race. Courier, Ion, St. Peray, and Corban, ran in so close together, that the judges could not place a third: it appeared to us that Courier had a little the best of this lot.

Sweepstakes of 75 sovs each, 50 ft, for four yr. olds; T.Y.C.; five subs.

Mr. Newton's Vicuna, 7st 2lb ..... Pavis 1
Duke of Grafton's Chymist, 8st 1lb ..... Chapple 2
Lord Jersey's Glenara, 7st 2lb ..... E. Edwards .. 3
Mr. Thornhill's Saintfoin, 8st 8lb ..... Conelly 4
Mr. Greville's Morella, 7st 6lb ..... Nat 5

Betting: 10 to 6 agst. Glenara, 3 to 1 agst. Morella (taken), 5 to 1 agst. Chymist, and 6 to 1 agst. Saintfoin (taken); the winner not mentioned. Vicuna took the lead at starting, kept it throughout, and won easily by a length, about the same space separating the second and third.

Sweepstakes of 10 sov. each, for three yr. old colts, 8st 7lb, and fillies 8st 4lb; the winner to be sold for 200 if demanded, &c.; T.Y.C.; five subs.

Mr. Wilson's b. f. Louisa, by Mulatto—Yorkshire Lass ..... Rogers 1
General Yates's Canute, by Cain ..... Pavis 2

The following also started, but were not placed:—

Lord Lichfield's c. by Actæon, out of Wings (Wakefield)
Mr. Greville's Lyster, by Wrangler, out of Helena (Nat)
Mr. Byng's Boz, by Jerry, out of Snowball (J. Day)

Betting.—10 to 6 against Boz, 7 to 2 against Louisa (taken), 4 to 1 against Canute, 4 to 1 against Lyster, and 5 to 1 against the Wings colt; at the opening, Boz and Canute were equal favorites at 5 to 2 each. After one false start, the lot got away in excellent order, the Wings colt leading at a good pace, with Canute and Louisa in close order with him; these three maintained their positions right into the cords, when Canute went to the front, and Louisa coming almost at the same instant, the two were fairly singled out about sixty yards from the chair; the short remaining distance was severely contested, the filly winning by a head only. Lyster was beaten early in the race, nor did the favorite reach the cords with the slightest chance of success.

Duke of Portland's f. Cænis, by Tiresias, out of Souvenir, received ft. from Lord Stradbroke's b. f. by Priam, out of Memina, 8 st. 4 lbs. each, D. M., 100, half forfeit.

Duke of Portand's f. Cænis, by Tiresias, out of Souvenir, received 25 sovs. forfeit from Col. Peel's f. by Cain, out of Garcia, D. M., 100, h. ft. No weights mentioned.

TUESDAY.

Sweepstakes of 300 sovs. each, 100 ft.; for four yr. olds, colts 8st 7lb, and fillies 8st 4lb; B.C.; ten subs.

Lord Chesterfield's b. c. Don John, by Tramp or Waverley ..... H. Edwards 1
Lord Exeter's ch. c. Alemdar, by Sultan ..... Conelly 2
Mr. Greville's f. Morella, sister to Preserve ..... Nat 3
Lord Chesterfield's b. f. Caroline Elvina, by Tramp ..... C. Edwards 4

It was doubtful for some time whether Don John would run, fears having been entertained that his legs would not stand; he went to the heath in shoes, and occasioned a delay of twenty minutes, while plates were put on his fore feet. This naturally checked the betting, which was so little in his favor at one time, that it was nominally 2 to 1 against him, Morella appearing to be quite as good a favorite; he afterwards improved so much that at the close 6 to 5 only was laid against him, while 5 to 2 and 3 to 1 were laid against Morella, and 7 to 2 against Alemdar. Morella went away with the lead, followed by Caroline Elvina, who forced the pace as long as she could maintain her position; this she was compelled to resign at the Duke's Stand, where Alemdar went up to the other mare, and they ran head and head until within a distance of home, by which time Morella had had quite enough of it. Don John now collared Alemdar, and a fine race ensued up to the Judge's chair, the Yorkshire obtaining the victory with great difficulty by a head.

Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for three yr. olds and upwards; T.Y.C.; five subs.

Mr. Pettit's St. Francis, 7st 12lb ..... Conelly. 1
Gen. Grosvenor's Dædalus, 7st ..... Pavis... 2
Fulwar Craven's I-wish-you-may-get-it, 6st 12lb ..... Chapple 3

Bettng.—3 to 1 on St. Francis. Dædalus and I-wish-you-may-get-it made the running in company till past the new ground, where the mare shut up, and Dædalus was left to carry it on by himself. St. Francis waited until within two-thirds of a distance from home, when he went up, defeated the General's nag off-hand, and won by a length.

The 2000gs. Stakes, a subscription of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.; for three year olds colts, 8st 7lb, and fillies 8st 4lb; R.M.; 20 subs.

Lord Lichfield's bl. c. The Corsair, by Sir Hercules, out of Gulnare ..... Wakefield 1
Lord Jersey's b. c. Cæsar, bro. to Bay Middleton ..... Robinson. 2
Duke of Grafton's b. c. Æther, by St. Patrick, out of Pastille ..... J. Day.... 3

Betting.—6 to 7, and in some instances, 8 to 1 on Cæsar, and very few takers. Henry Edwards weighed for Mr. Bowes's Roustan, but he did not start. The Corsair took the lead at a good pace, Cæsar lying about half a length behind, and Æther well up. They maintained this order to the Bushes-hill, where Cæsar went in front; but by the time he reached the Ab. M. bottom, certain symptoms, which had been only partially displayed at the bushes, became too unequivocal to be mistaken; he was obviously in trouble. Æther looked well at this point, but in rising the hill to the finish the crack and The Corsair were again at close fighting, nor was it possible to say which had the best of it till they were past the chair, when the Judge astonished "the ears of the groundlings" by awarding the race to Lord Lichfield by a neck! Æther ran them in to about three parts of a length. Wakefield, whom we are happy to find in regular work here, rode the winner exceedingly well. Various reasons were speedily found for the defeat of the crack, and that they were thought to have some foundation is proved by the fact, that after the race he was a better favorite for the Derby than his conqueror. Some said that he was "sore;" others, that he ran "jady;" and a few were even bold enough to assert that Robinson, in looking after Æther, was "surprised" by The Corsair. The truth is, the horse was beaten "because he couldn't help it;" and that his being "sore" was in some measure the cause of it we are very much inclined to believe. Lord Jersey has, till now, been very fortunate for this stake; he won it in 1834 with Glencoe, in 1835 with Ibrahim, in 1836 with Bay Middleton (Lord Lichfield's Elis second by a neck), and in 1837 with his brother, Achmet.

The Queen's Plate of 100gs. for mares; four yr. olds 8st 9lb; five, 9st 8lb; six and aged, 10st; R.C.

Mr. Batson's Vespertilio, 4 yrs ..... Chapple. 1
Lord Jersey's Joannina, 4 yrs ..... Robinson 2
Fulwar Craven's I-wish-you-may-get-it, 4 yrs ..... J. Day.. 3
Lord Exeter's Mecca, 4 yrs ..... Conelly. *

* Broke down.

Betting.—7 to 4 on Joannina, and 5 to 2 against Mecca. Joannina made the play with I-wish-you-may-get-it, and Vespertilio close laid up with her till they reached the T. Y. C. post, where Vespertilio ran up to Joannina, and the two kept abreast till within a few strides of the chair; Vespertilio now shook off her opponent, and won cleverly by a length. Mecca broke down about half way up the Bunbury mile.

WEDNESDAY.

Fifty Pounds, for four yr. olds 7st 8lb, five, 8st 11 lbs, six and aged, 9st 3lb; B.C.

Lord G. Bentinck's Grey Momus ..... walked over

No other entered.

Handicap Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for three yr. olds; D.M.; 5 subs.

Duke of Grafton's Courier, by St. Patrick, 7st ..... Pavis.. 1
Mr. Thornhill's Merganser, 8st 6lb ..... Conelly 2
Mr. Thornhill's Egotist, 7st 13lb ..... Pettit . 3
Mr. Goddard's c. by Shortwaist, dam by Bobadil, out of Christabel, 8st ..... Rogers 4

Betting: 6 to 4 agst. Courier, and 7 to 4 agst. Merganser. Courier took the lead, was never headed, and won in a canter by three lengths; Merganser laid 2d throughout.

THURSDAY.

The Queen's Plate of 100gs. for four yr. olds, 9st 8lb, six and aged 10st 12lb; R.C.

Lord G. Bentinck's Grey Momus, 4 yrs. old ..... walked over

Adrian and Dædalus were drawn.

Match, 100 sovs. h. ft.; D.M.

Mr. Newton's Vicuna, 7st 7lb ..... Pavis.. 1
Duke of Portland's St. Peray, 8st 7lb ..... J. Day. 2

Even betting. Vicuna made all the running, and won easy by a length.

The 1000gs. Stakes, a subscription of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.; for three year old fillies, 8st 4lb; D. M.; 23 subs.

Mr. Watt's f. Cara, by Belshazzar, out of Fauchon ..... G. Edwards 1
Duke of Portland's ch. f. Cænis, by Tiresias, out of Souvenir ..... J. Day..... 2
Mr. Osbaldeston's b. f. Alexandrina, by The Saddler, out of Ebberston's d. Robinson .. 3
Mr. Newton's b. f. Retrospect, by Cetus or Rowton—Pastime ..... Pavis..... 4
Lord Exeter's Macremma, by Sultan, out of Dulcinea ..... Conelly.... 5

Betting: At starting, 6 to 5 agst Cænis, 6 to 4 against Cara (taken), and 8 to 1 against Retrospect. After three or four false starts Cenis went away with the lead, followed by Cara and Macremma to the new ground, where the other two joined them; their chances, however, were soon out, and at the cords, Alexandrina being the last to give up, the two favourites were left to fight it out by themselves, Cænis carried the running a few strides up the cords, when Cara went up, defeated her after a short struggle, and won cleverly by a length; Alexandrina following between two and three lengths behind Cænis. Neither first, second, nor fourth, are in the Oaks. George Edwards came from Paris expressly to ride Cara.

The Clarendon Stakes of 200 sovs. each, h. ft.; for three year old colts 8st 7lb, fillies 8st 3lb; R.M.; 5 subs.

Mr. Bowes's Epidaurus, bro. to Elis, } divided the forfeits,
Lord Jersey's Cæsar, bro. to Bay Middleton }

and Epidaurus walked over. Mr. Ridsdale's Bloomsbury, named by Lord Chesterfild, withdrew his stake.

Match, 100 sovs. h. ft.; 8st 7lb each; D.M.

Lord Tavistock's f. by Taurus, out of Mona, received 20 sovs. from the Duke of Rutland's Flambeau.

FRIDAY.

Handicap Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for three yr. olds and upwards; A.F.; four subs.

Mr. Wilson's Quicksilver, 5 yrs, 7st 7lb ..... Rogers. 1
Lord Exeter's Adrian, 5 yrs, 7st 11 lbs ..... Conelly 2
Mr. Thornhill's Egotist, 3 yrs, 5st 4lb (carried 5st 9lb) ..... Cotton . 3

Betting: Even on Quicksilver, and 10 to 6 agst Adrian. Quicksilver and Adrian ran together nearly the whole distance, Quicksilver having a slight lead to the bottom; here Adrian went to his head, and the race home was contested with extraordinary severity, the favourite winning by a head only. Egotist was beaten two or three lengths.

Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each; three year olds, 7st; four, 8st 6lb; five, six, and aged, 9st; D.M.; the winner to be sold for 100 sovs, if demanded, &c.

Lord Stradbroke's f. by Taurus, out of Arethissa, 3 yrs ..... Cotton.... 1
Lord Tavistock's f. by Taurus, out of Whisk's dam, 4 yrs ..... Robinson . 2
Mr. Greville's Lyster, 3 yrs ..... E.Manning 3
Lord Lichfield's c. by Cain, d. by Whisker—Lord Derby's Urganda, 3 yrs ... Doe 4
Mr. Fyson's b. c. by Priam, out of Worthless, 3 yrs ..... Chapple... 5
Capt. Daintree's b. c. by Redgauntlet, out of Columbine, 3 yrs 0

Betting: 3 to 1 agst Columbine colt, 4 to 1 agst Arethissa, 4 to 1 agst Lyster, and 4 to 1 agst the Cain colt. The Arethissa colt made all the running was never headed, and won cleverly by a length; a fine race for second place; the Worthless colt proved that his descent, on the dam's side, was accurately described: the Columbine colt was so unmanageable at the post, that Pavis very prudently dismounted, and he did not start.

The Newmarket Stakes, a subscription of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.; for three year olds; colts, 8st 7lb; fillies, 8st 2lb; D.M.; 28 subs.

Duke of Grafton's b. c. Montreal, by Langar, out of Legend ..... Pavis 1
Mr. Thornhill's b. c. Montezuma, bro. to Munchausen ..... Conelly.... 2
Mr. Batson's b. c. bro. to Plenipotentiary ..... Robinson . 0
Duke of Portland's c. Polydorus, by Priam, out of Tragedy ..... J. Day..... 0
Duke of Portland's f. Cænis, by Tiresias, out of Souvenir ..... Nat..... 0
Lord Albemarle's Tros, by Priam, out of Ally ..... E. Edwards 0

Betting: 7 to 4 agst the Duke of Portland's two (taken), 3 to 1 agst Bro. to Plenipo (taken,) 6, 7, but at least 5 to 1 against Montreal, 5 to 1 agst Tros, and 7 to 1 agst Montezuma. The lead was taken at starting by Polydorus, with Montreal and the others closely laid up, nor did any change of consequence take place till they reached the cords, where Bro. to Plenipo was fairly tailed off, and Tros began to hold out signals of distress. Montreal and Montezuma now went up to Polydorus, Cænis getting abreast of them at the same moment; the contest between these four was beautiful in the extreme, and was only decided in favour of Montreal by a head. Cænis was beaten a neck from Montezuma, and Polydorus about a length from her. Bro. to Plenipo was an immense distance behind.

Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., for three yr. old fillies, warranted untried at the time of naming; 8st 7lb each; D. M.; those out of untried mares allowed 3lb; a winner of 200 sovs before the day of starting to carry 7lb extra.

Lord Stradbroke's b. f. by Priam, out of Memima (m. untried) ..... Nat..... 1
Lord Exeter's f. by Reveller, out of Amima (m. untried) ..... Conelly .. 2
Lord Tavistock's ch. f. by Taurus—Leeway (m. untried) ..... Robinson 3

Betting 6 and 7 to 4 on Memima, who led throughout, and won in a canter by three lengths; there was about the same space between the second and third.

Handicap Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for three yr. olds and upwards; T.Y.C.; six subs.

Lord Stradbroke's Fifer, 5 yrs, 8st 2lb ..... Nat 1
Mr. Thornhill's Egeria, 5 yrs, 9st ..... Conelly.. 2
Mr. Rayner's Arsenic, 6 yrs, 8st 2lb (8st 4lb) ..... Robinson 3
Lord Exeter's c. by Reveller, out of Advance ..... Nunn 4
Lord Albemarle's Basil, 5 yrs, 7st 2lb ..... Cotton .. 5
Lord Orford's c. by Flexible—Chapeau de Paille, 4 yrs, 6st 6lb ..... Pettit..... 6

Betting: 5 to 4 agst. Fifer, 5 to 1 agst. Egeria, 6 to 1 agst. Arsenic, and 6 to 1 agst. Lord Orford's c. The Fifer cut out all the work, with Arsenic as his second to the ropes, where Egeria passed her, but without reaching the favorite, who won easy by a length. It was a regular tailing race.

Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for two year olds, colts 8st 6lb, and fillies 8st 3lb.; T.Y.C.. five subs.

Lord Lynedoch's c. by Jerry, out of Mandane, by Sultan ..... J. Day..... 1
Mr. Rayner's Ten Pound Note (carried 8st 4lb ..... Robinson .. 2
Mr. Pettit's Miss Romer ..... Pettit..... 3
Col. Peel's ch. f. by Velocipede, out of Malibran, by Whisker ..... Pavis..... 4

Betting: 5 to 6 agst Mandane, and 2 to 1 against Ten-Pound-Note, of the race between the first two. Mr. Edward's African Sal went to the post, but did not start; we had not time to ascertain the cause. There were four or five false starts. The Mandane colt made the running, and after a severe race with Ten-Pound Note, won by a head.

Bell's Life in London. May 21.

THE FLY-FISHER'S TEXT BOOK;

OR, THE SCIENCE AND PRACTICE OF FLY-FISHING FOR SALMON, TROUT, &c.

"Oh! happy who the city's noise
Can quit for nature's quiet joys,—
Quit worldly sin and worldly sorrow;
No more 'midst prison-walls abide,
But in God's temple vast and wide,
Pour praises ev'ry even' tide,
Ask mercies ev'ry morrow."

CHAPTER II.

BOOKS ON ANGLING—LONDON TACKLE BEST—FLY-FISHERS OUTFIT—SIEBE'S WEIGHING MACHINE—GUT IN GENERAL AND HOW MADE—SALMON AND TROUT GUT—REEL LINES IN GENERAL—DITTO FOR SALMON AND TROUT FISHING—REELS OR WINCHES IN GENERAL AND FOR SALMON AND TROUT LINES—SIR F. CHANTREY'S PATTERN—GAFF—SCYTHE BLADE AND STICK—LANDING NET—CLEARING RING—ROD SCYTHE OR "ANGLER'S FRIEND"—TWISTING MACHINE—ANGLER'S DRESS AND WADING BOOTS.

MY DEAR HERBERT,

Yours is indeed a fearful case; so desperate, that I have, of pure necessity, taken a day or two extra to consider a remedy. Perhaps it would allay your "feverish" symptoms, were I to open a vein in your purse and take away those twenty drops of *golden* blood,—in other words, "let you in for the £20," your letters refer to; and, out of spite, I've a great inclination that way, in return for your impertinent sarcasm upon my *brilliant* effusions. But,

He's a good friend, will pardon his friend's error's,"

so I forgive you.

At the head of this epistle is portrayed the joys we look forward to. And it gladdens me intensely, to see you thus "eager for the spray" as you call it: and to find you have now fairly launched your bark of experiment upon the river of adventure, and I hail it the more joyfully inasmuch as I anticipate you will, 'ere long, show yourself a proficient in the gentle art.

Your letter, Herbert, I fear involves a great length of required answer in the way I intend to respond, and therefore keep your head warm with the "cap of watchfulness" and slumber not. As to the "cap-full" of information you desire in the way of instruction, it is not my intention to satisfy you at present. I can explain better in conversation, and by occular demonstration, when we meet.

You ask me about books on angling. I have read almost every one extant, and I regret to think of the sentence of condemnation I must pronounce, as regards the instructions they afford for the practice of the art. Out of, I know not how many,—for Pickering has published a fearful catalogue entitled "Bibliotheca Piscatoria," at the end of his Piscatorial Reminiscences, and some have appeared since,—I cannot pick one volume that has pretensions to anything like a perfect treatise. I would also have you receive such instructions as they do contain with great wariness; most of them are mere piratical larcenies from their predecessors, devoid of novelty or even the smallest attempt to improve or advance the art itself; while even those that do not merit this stigma are mere compilations of far fetched theories unaided by any shadow, even, of argument in aid of them, and without stronger support than the fabrications of a single brain; or else their directions to beginners are so scanty, so vague, or so incorrect, as to render them about as clear and intelligible "as mud in a wine glass." This is surely a disgrace to our craft; since it tends either to the conclusion that there is not among us one who can express on paper his thoughts, if he possess any, as to the practice of the art, or else that we are all too jealous to divulge our secrets in the pastime so much enjoyed. Many of these books may have some good point or points, but none are altogether worthy of attention, in regard to their practical information. As far as it goes upon the subject of fly-fishing, (for it unfortunately gives no more than the outline of bright ideas,) the work which evinces most thought and industry in its author, is Captain Williamson's Vade Mecum published in 1808. In another work, "Ronald's Fly-fisher's Entymology," the drawings and descriptions of flies, natural and artificial, render it not only an acquisition, but almost absolutely essential to an angler's "armory:" and that author's observations on the senses of fish, are, I think worth attention, though I do not entirely subscribe to them, and may have occasion to dispute their correctness in some respects hereafter. However, taking these two with this questionable praise, and some dozens more, together, they do not contain one-hundredth part of the information to which I think such works ought to be devoted. If you would read simply for pleasure, there are indeed many which do honour to the craft. At the head of them, still unrivalled, stands that of our patron saint, Isaac Walton and his helpmate Cotton, which ought to be read by man, woman, and child, be he or she devoted or not, to the art; simply for its extreme literary beauty. Of course also you should read Sir H. Davy's Salmonia. Every lover of the beautiful will likewise peruse the two volumes of the "Angler in Ireland," from the pen of a gentleman; and in so doing, must take care lest he find his chair suddenly converted into a steam carriage, boat, or stage coach, and himself transported to some of the loveliest spots, "Green Erin's Isle," boasts of, and lost in fancy, he wanders side by side with the author along the heights of "Curran Tual," or with him sails delighted over the bosom of some placid and enchanting lake. "Stephen Oliver's" Recollections of Fly-fishing, Stoddart's Angling Reminiscences, and one or two others of that class, which I do not at this moment recollect, cannot do less than beguile a few of the idle hours of him whose taste is sound. These must at least suffice till we meet.

Now as to your out-fit, the "arms," which so engross your "soul,"—I must decline purchasing for you; but as you are not very far from that second metropolis—Liverpool,—I shall, my dear Herbert, commence the pleasurable task of your instruction and preface your initiation and guidance into the art, by giving you those directions which may enable you to choose tackle for yourself; which, *en passant*, is no small thing. Let me premise, that it is not prejudice which gives preference in my esteem to London-made tackle; but rather a strong conviction that it is much more serviceable, better constructed, and of better manufacture and materials, both to the eye and hand, than any which can be procured from the country or even from the sister countries:—and for one obvious reason, viz. that we have in this immense metropolis—the emporium of the world,—the greatest command of capital, which always attracts to it the best artificers and materials. While the best sportsmen of all kinds, (who, in fact, direct the style of manufacture), always resort hither to make their purchases.

The requisites in your outfit for our short excursion are; two hanks of salmon gut; three ditto, stout trout gut; two ditto, very fine ditto; a salmon rod, of 18 feet; a double-handed trout rod, about 15 feet; a light single-handed rod, about 12 feet; two salmon reels lines; three trout ditto*; a salmon reel; a trout ditto; a gaff, stick, and strap; a landing net; one and a half hundred of salmon hooks; the like of trout ditto; a clearing ring and string; a rod scythe, (called by its maker "the angler's friend in need,") and what is equally useful, a pocket gardener's saw-knife or hatchet; and a twisting machine, weight and guide.

The minor, though equally important articles, (such as flies, &c.) I must provide for you; and when we are together I shall take occasion to teach you their uses, and how to procure or make them, and all their component parts, for subsequent occasions.

There is only one thing, which, with your permission, I *must* purchase in London for you; and for an all-sufficient reason, namely because you may not be able to meet with it elsewhere. It is "the Sportsman's Weighing Machine." The principle of it is somewhat the same as that in the common eighteen-penny iron spring balance: but this to which I allude, is not only more correct, owing to the reduction of internal friction, but being made of brass, and more highly finished, is so neat and portable, that it may very conveniently be carried in the waistcoat pocket. It is altogether, a very beautiful contrivance, and by the way, emanates from the same clever engineer, who amongst other things, invented what is called, "Marriott's Patent Circular Dial Weighing Machine," so universally used, and also the well known diving helmet and dress. These machines calculated to carry any weight, measuring by ¼lb. up to 10lbs. and 20lbs. or more. One for 20lbs. is about ½ inch diameter, and 5 inch in length, and for 10lbs. it is much smaller. To fishermen they are desirable instruments, because they reduce "fisherman's weight" to standard measure! or give by the waterside the exact weight of a fish the moment he is taken: moreover, they are extremely handy to test the strength of hooks—gut-lines, and so forth, and enable us to feel what strain we may reasonable throw upon our rods, while playing a fish. I need hardly say they will weigh beef and mutton (!) as well as fish: and are therefore of as much general domestic use as any other weighing machine of this kind can be. The maker has also contrived one still more accurate, similar to the circular dials above mentioned, which, though they weigh up to 30lbs. are no larger than a watch made 40 years ago—these, however, are rather more expensive.

I shall now devote my letter to a more particular description of the good and bad qualities of the articles mentioned in the foregoing list.

GUT.—In choosing gut of any kind, be not too much guided by an apparent thickness, but, as far as your time and patience will permit, select such as is perfectly round; and to prove it so, try each piece by rotating it quickly between the fore-finger and thumb; for if it be in anywise flat, this will only be effected with difficulty, and then you may safely condemn it. Each piece or length should be also to the teeth, hard like wire,—colourless and transparent as glass, which testifies strength—free from unravelled fibres which are attended with an inclination to split or peel—knotted roughness, which shows almost actual rottenness; the spaces between the knots when pulled lengthways between the fingers, being soft and weak; or flashing lights when seen in a slanting direction, which indicate flatness, and consequent weakness. It should possess stiffness too, in bending, and with this should be combined elasticity; so that after being doubled upon itself, (in the shape of a loop for instance) it instantly returns to its straight position. If, in thus doubling, it assume anything like angularity, it will not do—for it surely possesses unequal degrees of strength, even if, when it forms into such angles, it be not absolutely rotten.

When gut is first imported, and before exposure to the air and light, it is sometimes of a yellowish tinge; therefore do not discard it on that account, if it be at the same time transparent, and possess the other good qualities.

Hereafter I shall teach you how to dye gut; so I recommend you to buy it in its natural state; whereby you will more readily observe defects, which the stain might conceal, and be also satisfied that deleterious ingredients are avoided in obtaining the colour you require, or which I may advise.

It may not be altogether uninteresting to you to learn the mode by which this beautiful material is produced, and which I find no where mentioned. It is made in the silk provinces, where the silk worm is much larger than any we see in this country. About two days or less, before the worm would spin its cocoon—that is, just as it begins to assume a transparency about the head, it is immersed in an acid of some kind, weaker I apprehend, than vinegar, and colorless: after soaking about eighteen hours, the insect is taken out, and on opening it, two short thick lobes or guts, are discovered towards the upper end of the body, perfectly transparent though tinged with yellow. Each of these, on being separately drawn out with great care, stretch, and become opaque as they do so and ultimately transparent, to the length of upwards of a yard, and are then left upon the full stretch to dry, and the good part from ten to twenty inches, ultimately becomes fit for use. For its thickness, its strength is really wonderful, since, under fair circumstances, a good length fit for salmon fishing will lift *at least* 15lbs. dead weight, when tested by Siebe's machine. I have myself made gut out of our native worms; not fit for use, certainly, because too fine; yet the experiment was sufficient to show the principle of its production, and therefore very interesting. We find it to be the silk in its unripe state, and not a part of the organs of the insect itself, (as its name would imply), that forms this invaluable assistant to our skilful endeavours against "the shadows that glide through the waters."

SALMON GUT may be in substance as thick as you can find it, and you will possess a treasure, if, in one hank, many lengths are as thick as a middling sized pin, or stout netting silk.—In length, the part for use, should run from 16 to 18 inches at least; and the longer the better, provided the substance be uniform.

The thicker TROUT GUT should be of the diameter of ordinary *sewing*-silk; whilst the thinner sort may be almost the very finest you can procure, provided it be "round and sound," and keeping in view all other requisites for strength. Ten to sixteen inches is the usual length of each thread. "Store is no sore;" so a few extra hanks cannot be objectionable, especially as so much is consumed in twisted lines for salmon fishing, one hank not making more than three twisted bottom or foot-lines, as you will find hereafter.

REEL LINES.—I have had some talk with one of the best line makers in London, who is a practical angler to boot, and he thinks nothing equal to the silk and hair for fly lines, or the plaited and prepared silk for trolling or spinning. We talked of fly lines made of human hair, and his objection to them was their liability to "*sponge*" up much water, and to stretch and shrink to a great degree. He had found them shrink a foot to the yard in water, and if pulled when dry, to stretch in the same proportion. I have not made up my own mind on the subject, never having tested them in actual use. If, as he says, they soak up so very much water, that is a decisive objection. They are not certainly so strong as a *new* silk and hair line of equal thickness; but as human hair is thought to defy the rot and ruin even of the grave for many years, I feel satisfied a line of this latter material would be much more durable; for the silk in the ordinary line is soon worn out by friction against the rod's rings, if ever so great care be taken to preserve it from rot; and then its strength is gone. For my part I never expect the point of a line to last above half a season's fishing, although I never put my line away without first drying it well. Human hair lines must necessarily be nearly double the expense of others. As to their elasticity I should rather look upon it as an advantage than otherwise, especially in striking and playing a fish. However, take the silk and hair for the present, for these on the whole appear the best. Some persons prefer twisted silk alone, lines of which are made at Nottingham. Some use twisted, and some plaited hemp, which latter I know you can meet with in Liverpool, though I do not recommend them, because they are generally too stout, and, however nicely prepared, (which they may be by being boiled in linseed oil, and other secrets, such as Marshall's preparation), I do not consider them so lasting, or capable of being thrown so lightly, as the silk and hair. Economy is their chief recommendation.

SALMON REEL LINES.—Now as to these, they should be from 60 to 80 yards long—you may require this latter length especially, where a salmon inclines to run much, and from your contiguity to trees or bushes on the bank, you cannot follow him or change your position. Another advantage is, that as the end which is so much on the water and so constantly passing through the rings of the rod in shortening or lengthening your throw can never be depended on for soundness above one season at most, removing the damaged part, sufficient length still remains for ordinary rivers and places, while a joint or splice in a line should always be avoided, if feasible. The material, I repeat, should be silk and hair twisted, and the end, for about 12 yards, may taper slightly; though, perhaps, it is as well to have it of uniform substance throughout of about the thickness of the "D" in the third octave in your sister's harp (to measure which, borrow her string guage), or thinner than a new shilling, which is strong enough for any salmon and any where, provided it is used skilfully. Many old and experienced salmon fishers adopt much stouter; yet *I* prefer fine fishing, and am ready, for a wager, to kill any fish under 50 lbs. in a tolerable situation with the substance I allude to. It will bear at least 18lbs. *dead* weight, and perhaps more.

TROUT REEL LINES should be of the same material, viz., twisted hair and silk, but necessarily much thinner, and from 30 to 50 yards in length; or even longer for lake fishing where heavy trout are expected. However 30 yards is quite enough for a light trout rod. They must taper gradually for the last eight or ten yards to the end, where, in substance they should not exceed the first "D" on the aforesaid harp guage, or very thick netting silk, while the stouter end should be about equal to the second "D."

REELS.—Be particular in the choice of winches or reels; they should be proportionate to the rod and size of the lines, and should carry them easily, without being guided on in winding up; else there is fear of entanglement. Reels require very good and delicate workmanship, great strength, and little weight of metal; all parts should be closely fitted to each other, and, in particular, the inner revolving plate should be well applied upon the exterior fixed one. They should run freely, otherwise you cannot wind up steadily; and the larger the circular plates, and the narrower in proportion the pillars or bars between them, the greater will be the length of line taken up at each turn of the handle. Your trout reel should be a multiplier; but as the increase of the speed by means of the cog-wheels diminishes the power, so for large fish, such as salmon, you should have no multiplying movement. Both kinds, however, should have check or click machinery, which prevents slight catches from pulling the line off. Mind, I don't mean the old fashion stop, that being quite *passé*, although recommended by a modern publication on the subject. The usual kind of winches have an axis on which the line is wound, of about a quarter to a half an inch in diameter; but the most approved have instead, barrels of about one inch diameter, so that the very first foot wound on is taken up at the rate of three inches to every turn of the handle, whereby the speed is greatly increased. Mr. Eaton, of Crooked Lane, has the pattern of this kind of winch, which was devised by the eminent sculptor, and devoted fly-fisher, Sir Francis Chantrey. For salmon the plates are about five inches diameter; and for trout, of about three and a half inches, and they are very narrow between the plates. They are tremendously strong, but certainly rather too heavy, in my humble judgment, and necessarily very expensive; yet the advantage of speed in winding up is great, and more than counterbalances these objections. If the line you apply to a reel be anywise too short to fill it, you may always add to the thickness of the axis any material, such as a split cork, or strong twine, and thus gain the advantage in speed of winding up. For the convenience of carriage, and to avoid breaking or bending, you should have what are termed "return handles;" that is, handles screwed on with a large headed screw, which, when the reel is out of actual use, you can, with your fingers, readily take off, and reversing it, put the ivory handle over the plate, and screw it down in that position. If, from economy, you prefer one for salmon with a plain axis, a reel of three and a quarter inch diameter across the plates and one and three-eighths of an inch between them will very well carry a 60 yard line, the substance I mention; and another half an inch in diameter, will afford ample room for 20 yards more.

GAFF.—Your gaff hook should be without a barb, and of tough-tempered, well-pointed steel, but not too large; try its temper before you buy it. Some have on the back a kind of sharp curved blade or scythe lying flat with a lateral hinge, used for cutting branches whereto your line or hook may have taken a liking. The whole should be attached by a strong screw into a brass socket, on the head of a stick of about two feet six inches long. This you may sling over your shoulder upon a leather strap and swivel hook, and can fish with it in that position without inconvenience. In lieu of this stick, however, many have a brass telescope handle, not unlike that of a drawing-room hearth broom, which folds up in so short a length as to lie conveniently in the coat-pocket. Others again adopt the plan of having the gaff stick in two or three pieces, each about 18 inches, to screw together, very similar to a gun-cleaning stick. These pieces are carried, detached, in pockets made for the purpose inside the left front of the fishing-jacket. You have always plenty of time between hooking and landing a fish to put it together, and have the convenience of four and a half feet in length, which in places is almost absolutely requisite. Let me here caution you, unless the hook also revolves on a hinge so as to shut up, to carry a cork on its point; or you may, perchance, gaff an odd fish; yourself to wit!

LANDING NET.—For trout fishing, to screw into the same handle, a landing net is requisite about 15 to 18 inches diameter; and it is very convenient to have its hoop *hinged* so as to fold for the pocket. Or, what I have found extremely handy, and far preferable for trout streams, the banks of which are low, make one thus; take a stout cane, of about six feet in length, and along the middle of its length lap tightly a split piece the same, thinned off at its ends; then bend and bind together the two ends of the whole length, so that it assumes the form of a pear or balloon; these ends form a short handle, which is to be bound over with leather like a whip-handle. Thus you have the hoop and handle of your landing net, to which your own ingenuity must tell you to attach a net of sufficient size; and the whole machine is so light, that by a loop of string at the upper broad part you may carry it handle downwards at the river side, suspended to a hind button on your coat, or if you are careless, drop it behind you and never miss its weight!

CLEARING RING.—You must also have a *brass-jointed clearing ring* and strong line of considerable length attached to it. This often proves serviceable in breaking off any improper attachment which your fly may form for stick or stump at a distance in the water; and you should never fish in any way without it.

ROD SCYTHE.—The rod scythe is a machine for the like use as regards trees on land, and is similar in shape to a reaper's hook, somewhat like a note of interrogation (?) It is made very small and light, of good tough steel, with the inner edge very sharp. That part which answers to the handle in the reaper's hook, is hollowed so as to receive the point of a rod; and to use it, you attach it to the cord of your clearing ring by a loop or hole with which it must be provided. Its use is this, that when your fly gets hung up in a tree in a place where the length of the rod will reach, (and it seldom attaches itself higher,) placing the scythe on the top of the rod, you hook it on to the branch to which your fly hangs; then removing your rod and pulling by the string, you can either cut away the branch if slight enough, or at least, if the worst comes, cut the gut close to your fly, and thereby save straining your tackle. This I met with at Coleman's, the cutler, in the Haymarket, who denominates it "the angler's friend," and from my description you can perhaps get such a thing made in your ingenious part of the world, Liverpool. A *small garden-saw, knife, or hatchet*, is not a bad thing to carry about you for these purposes.

A TWISTING MACHINE and weight are absolutely necessary for a salmon fisher who manufactures his own lines, &c. and I can only say buy it at a good shop and see it turns smoothly and evenly.

FISHERMAN'S DRESS.—Perhaps you will adjudge me hypercritical if I tell you that there is some consideration necessary to piscatory costume. Need I prove that one color is more perceptible than another? Need I point out to you the fact in natural history, that fishes have eyes!—that they are shy, timid creatures? White or black are not, I think, much better than scarlet, and you should avoid any marked colors, light or dark. As far as my observation upon this point extends, I have remarked the color least discernible in the distance, is something of a light shade, between a green, olive, and a slate; and presuming it partakes of the same invisible quality when near, I recommend you to adopt it. And not knowing that fish have any predilection for a black hat, let me recommend you to "turn Radical"—"join the union," and wear a light drab. Though, perhaps, after all, the fisherman's truly invisible garb is woven of care and caution!

John Dennys, on this subject, says in his poem published A.D. 1613—

"And let your garment russet be or grey
Of color darke, and hardest to discry,
That with the ruine and weather will away,
And least offend the fearful fishes eye."

Though, by the bye, I by no means agree with his annotator, W Lauson, that "white" is good, because it is likest the sky! Is white linen drying on a hedge hard to detect in the distance? or is a white cloud soothing to the sight!

You may as well furnish yourself with a pair of *wading boots*, unless you are bent on rheumatism. There is no sort which I can at present recommend. Those of Mackintosh material are very good as long as they last, but quere, how long is that! I was unfortunate lately in missing an opportunity of buying a most excellent pair, owing to a little hesitation; they were gone when I had made up my mind to adopt them, and, by the way, who do you think had purchased them? The Marchioness of H———! Bravo, feminine Piscator! I glory in thy taste for the art; but should you wade? They were made of solid Indian rubber; but there is not another pair like them to be bought in the kingdom. In the Strand (I think the name is Davis or Harris;) they make them also of solid sheet Indian rubber, but the price, alas! is five guineas, which is the only thing against them, for they would last, I believe, for ever.

I have much important information to give you about RODS and HOOKS, but not sufficient space in this sheet, so I will defer it till the next opportunity. Till then adieu. Your faithful friend,

London, 5th Aug., 1838. THEOPHILUS SOUTH.

London (New) Sporting Magazine for April.

* A reserve of these last two articles is always desirable, since breakage towards their respective centres renders them comparatively useless.

WHAT IS TATTERSALLS'?

Asked a friend the other day; and to such of the readers of THE ERA as are not acquainted with this celebrated establishment, that sort of brief description consistent with our necessarily limited space may not, perhaps, be uninteresting. Situated at the extreme end of Piccadilly, those who visit Tattersalls' descend a rather incommodious entrance, from Grosvenor-place, for about one hundred yards, when they reach large folding doors, in which are smaller openings for the ingress and egress of pedestrians. In the centre of the yard stands a fountain, upon which is surmounted the figure of a fox, and which is crowned by a bust of the late Mr. Tattersall, the founder of the establishment, who died on the 23rd of January, 1810; when the concern came into the hands of his two sons, by whom it has since been carried on.

As sales of horses take place, twice a-week during summer, and once during the dreary period of winter, at which very considerable numbers of these animals are offered to the notice of the public, the stabling is necessarily commensurate, and is capable of accommodating upwards of one hundred. Further, carriages of all descriptions are frequently offered for sale by auction; and as a considerable number of various kinds of vehicles continue on the premises, sheltered accommodations are provided accordingly; as a general term, Tattersalls' may be denominated a horse and carriage repository; but this expression by no means conveys a precise idea of the ramifications into which this establishment diverges. Fox hounds, harriers, beagles, spaniels, pointers, setters, greyhounds, and indeed every animal connected with the sports of the field, are consigned to this place for sale. Nor is this all; extraordinary subjects, or extraordinary animals, are occasionally brought under the hammer of the Messrs. Tattersall. No very great length of time has elapsed since the gorgeous state-carriage of an East Indian prince was offered for sale, ornamented as the catalogue expressed it, "with rich gold rincob," and drawn by two of the largest buffaloes that ever fell under my observation. I never saw quieter or more docile creatures. They were placed in separate loose boxes, not from any viciousness they were inclined to manifest, as they allowed strangers to handle them with the utmost composure. Previous to the carriage being "put up," the buffaloes were yoked to it, drew it towards the auctioneer's pulpit, and thus was exhibited the faded magnificence of Tippo Saib, for aught I know to the contrary, as his son has been some time in this country; the style of the matter, however, was very different from that of the state equipage of our youthful Victoria.

On the death of the late Duke of Gordon, his dogs, consisting of setters (for the most part), deer-hounds, terriers, &c., were consigned to Tattersalls' for unreserved sale. Previous to these dogs being put up, I viewed them with attention, and have not the least hesitation in pronouncing them a very mediocre lot; what therefore was my astonishment on observing the setters sell for upwards of seventy guineas a couple! very indifferent-looking deer-hounds fall from the hammer at prices equally high, and little bandy-legged half turnspit terriers fetch eighteen guineas!

Dogs of every kind are offered for sale at the *outside of the gates* nearly all the year round, by the London dog fanciers, amongst which those useless little creatures, Spitalfields spaniels, preponderate. I have more than once seen cubs offered for sale in this way by lazy vagabonds, to whose back I could most willingly have witnessed the application of the hangman's cat-o'-nine-tails.

During the spring and summer Tattersall's becomes a lounge for the nobility and persons of wealth and distinction. The sale of horses commences at twelve o'clock precisely: in this respect Messrs. Tattersall are very particular; indeed, everything is conducted systematically, and business thus proceeds with the utmost regularity. In the earlier part of the sale, what may be called the inferior part of the nags are disposed of;—these are not of a very inferior description, however, but chiefly consist of good machiners, hack's, &c. This part of the business may occupy an hour, perhaps, the principal purchasers being London dealers: when the more valuable and the fancy horses are brought out. By this time many of the elevated classes of society have assembled, and the yard presents a brillant appearance.

As early as three o'clock, a few of the regular betting men may be observed, and these disciples of Plutus continue to increase in number and congregate in the Subscription Room, or form groups near the door; when the doctrine of chances receives more impressive practical illustration than it did from the hands of Pascal, or any of those mathematicians and profound philosophers who have given us their elucidation and opinions upon it.

The room is free to all cleanly-dressed, well conducted persons, for the annual payment of one guinea: and to prevent the intrusions of non-subscribers or improper characters, a servant is stationed at the door, who will also receive letters or messages for any absent members. The subscribers amount to about 400, comprising many persons of the first rank and distinction in the kingdom.

The settlement for the Derby and the Oaks takes place here on the Tuesday following the races, when no person is admitted into the yard who is not a subscriber.

Although every department of the establishment is conducted with the utmost regularity, and in the best manner possible, yet it seems as if the business had outgrown the accommodation or space allotted to it. The characters of Messrs. Tattersall stand high all over the world; and, in consequence, many of the thorough-bred nags which are sent from this country to other parts of the globe, and particularly to America, pass through their hands. Further, they have an extensive stud at Dawley Farm, a few miles from London, where there are stallions, brood mares, and all kinds of blood stock, constantly on sale.

The prices for which horses sell at this establishment are much influenced by circumstances: for instance, on the approach of the hunting season, nags calculated to follow hounds fetch in general a "long figure;" while at the close of the season, (the middle and latter end of April and the early part of May) such horses sell low, as may reasonably enough be expected. They seldom look better for their winter's labour, and not unfrequently present the marks of banks and bruises, which appears unsightly, particularly so to a fastidious purchaser.

The Era. T. B. J.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE EXTRA.

ST. FRANCISVILLE (La.) SPRING RACES.

The Spring Meeting, on this course, came off on the 22d inst. With this meeting terminated the existence of our Club, and it was earnestly desired by such as have the interests and amusements of the Turf at heart, that the finish should be in a style to keep alive, at least, if not to excite a new-born spirit, to perpetuate them in renovated form and zest; but preceded as they had been by the splendid coursing at the different Turfs in New Orleans, followed up by a handsome essay at Plaquemine, curiosity was to a degree sated, and the love even of such an exciting sport a good deal quenched, ere the day of "speed and game" of "the thorough bred" arrived with us. The campaign with us is too long protracted to expect at its close the presence of the entire host of combatants. Many from defeat, some from over work, and others from the apprehended loss of well-earned laurels, will, it is fair to presume, "rest on their way" before the scene opens up with us. When the day arrived, the horses from the stables of Messrs. KENNER, BARROW, SMITH, and SHY, were in attendance. Messrs. BINGAMAN, DUPLANTIER, WELLS, and MINOR, were not expected. The races at Natchez coming on the same week, was an inconvenience that could not well be guarded against, in fixing the day of meeting over the St. Francisville Course, and the club having on a former occasion acted in a spirit of deference to that of Natchez in this particular, without any direct or indirect acknowledgement of the fact, felt at liberty to consult their own accommodation as to time.

The Officers of the Club at this Meeting consisted of Gen. ISAAC JOHNSON, President; Major ALBERT G. HOWELL, Vice President; JACOB FISHER, Esq. Treasurer; A. HARALSON, Esq. Secretary; R. H. HAILE, LEWIS STIRLING, and PLEASANT H. HARBOUR, Esqrs. Chief Judges; and JOHN RIST, CHARLES EDIE, and GEORGE LONG, Esqrs. Stewards.

WEDNESDAY, April 24, 1839—Jockey Club Purse $400, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs.; allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Walker Thurston's ch. c. *Sthreshley*, by Medoc, dam by Paragon, 3 yrs	0	1	1
Wm. R. Barrow's gr. c. *Capt. Laurent*, by Imp. Luzborough, 2 yrs	0	2	dr
Dr. Ira Smith's b. c. *Sam Bell*, by Stockholder, dam by Old Medley, 2 yrs	3	dist.	

Time, 3:54—3:54.

The fame of Sthreshley as a race-horse was such as to extinguish all hopes of an exciting contest. He was in better condition than at New Orleans, and in proper trim, it was generally thought, for a bruising "bout." The blood of Capt. Laurent, as also his plight, told well in his favor, but his age and size on the other hand did not mark him out as a fit competitor for Sthreshley. The bay colt Sam Bell, owned by Col. Cohorn, has many good points, but both his size and order were against him; little was known of the speed or game of either Laurent or Sam Bell, and the race was considered so unequal that few bets were proposed, and none taken against Sthreshley as the winning horse. The first heat they got off well together, Captain Laurent having the poll, and leading from the start. For a fortnight preceding the races, no rain had fallen. The track for training purposes had been deeply harrowed previously. The rays of the sun were scorching, and the dust almost as light and impalpable as the air itself,—of which last, by the bye, we had but a scanty modicum. "Crack" time was not to be expected under such circumstances, but everything considered, they cracked off the first heat in excellent time. Capt. Laurent cut out the work from the first jump, took Sthreshley on the hip regularly at every turn, maintained his advantage on the stretches in both the first and second miles, till they rounded the last turn in the heat, coming home, when Sthreshley lapped and passed him. A most severe struggle ensued, each alternately gaining on the other, as the advantages of the track favored their efforts; first one and then the other has it, until they reach the stand amid the deafening shout of the crowd. It is Sthreshley's heat, says one. It is the Captain's, says a dozen. It is a dead heat between Sthreshley and the Captain, say the Judges. Sam Bell excited also a little surprise, if not admiration, in closing the gap between him and the other two, which at the turn was nearly a distance. The heat was made in 3:54; at the finish every horse showed distress, as well they might, after running two miles at the pace they went, over a track fetlock deep in loose soil. The run of the Captain was a matter of much marvel to many, as much was not expected of him by any, save perhaps his trainer and owners; at the same time it was evident to the practised eye of a Turfite that his *style* and *manner* of going on a track so heavy and deep, deprived him of all chance of success against such a competitor as Sthreshley, whose size and bounding stride gave him a most decided advantage.

When summoned to the post for the second heat, all appeared to be much relieved, and each seemed eager to renew the strife. Neither of the colts, however, had the firm and elastic step of Sthreshley. The heat, in its relaxing effect, had not told to the same degree on him as on them, and it required not the gift of prophecy to foretell the result of the 2d heat. After a false start, which caused some delay, they got off in a crowd; after passing the first turn Sthreshley drew out ahead, gradually going until he got into the back stretch, when he went to work in good earnest. The horse and rider appeared now to be of the same mind, and away they went, "uncaring consequences;" while the others were tugging and lagging heavily behind. At the end of the first mile he was upwards of a hundred feet ahead, and still mending his pace; this gap he continued to widen to the end of the heat, the grey colt just dropping within the distance stand, and the bay about the same distance in the rear of him. This heat was won by Sthreshley in 3:52. It extorted from many the reluctant suffrage, that if he were not actually a race-horse, he was at least nearly allied to the family.

THURSDAY, April 25—Jockey Club Purse $500, free for all ages, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

D. F. Kenner's gr. c. *Greydoc*, by Medoc, out of Fanny Grey by Bertrand, 3 yrs	1	1	
Dr. Ira Smith's ch. f. *West Feliciana*, by Medoc, dam by Bertrand, 2 yrs	2	2	

Time, 6:12—6:20.

The filly, it was understood, was entered rather with a view to make a race, than from any hope of success, and the running was no better than good exercise for Greydoc.

FRIDAY, April 26—Jockey Club Purse $700, free for all ages, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

James Shy's b. c. *Kavanagh*, by Bertrand, dam by Director, 4 yrs	2	1	1
Maj. Wm. R. Barrow's ch. c. *Josh Bell*, by Frank, dam by Little John, 4 yrs	1	2	dr

Time, 8:04—8:16.

It was well understood, from the first, that these two horses would come together on the four mile day, and formidable as Josh was considered by most of the knowing ones and the multitude generally, yet there were those who had *faith* in the game, stoutness, and speed of the Bertrand. Kavanagh is a bright sorrel of fine size, offering as many indications of blood and racing powers in form and appearance as the best of those that have figured at the South; his coat of hair was as fine, and shone as silken as velvet itself, and nothing could exceed the beautiful articulation of bone and sinew exhibited in his limbs. Kavanagh's performances at New Orlearns and Plaquemine, fully justified the belief that he was no common race-horse; yet it was rank heresy to intimate that he could successfully contend against Josh Bell. There is a bigotry in horse-racing just as strong and intolerant as that in religion, but the difference in its effects on those subject to its delusion, is, that the disciple, and not the heretic, is the one who suffers. The most successful racer I ever saw, made it a rule to buy, if able, the horse that beat him. Many of those who had witnessed the best of Josh Bell's feats, and who did not require to be told what his best and real distance was, encouraged the error by affecting to believe Kavanagh to be any thing but a fit competitor. This undervaluing and inconsiderate course was attended with consequences, that many will not soon forget. Josh Bell was in truth not only a race-horse in the common acceptation of the term, but a splendid courser, and there is not a dung-hill spot or mark in or about him. This fact was fully made to appear recently in his race of Three mile heats with Lubber, over the Metarie Course at New Orleans; *but*, although not wanting in game nor speed, his peculiar conformation rendered him physically incapable of lasting through runs of four miles at a heat, so as to contend successfully with first rate horses. The prodigious lever of strength given in the size and form of his hock was *all* that made him a race-horse, but unassisted with a due proportion of parts and adjustment of power in other respects, *it, ex proprio Vigore*, was not enough for the realization of the high expectations formed of him. On the day of the race, Josh was near the mark as to condition, having the advantage of Kavanagh in this respect. Before, at, and since the races in New Orleans, he had complained in his left fore-leg; but as it had stood, without failing him, the exercise required in training, little apprehension was entertained of his letting down. The limb was clear of any fever or swelling when he was brought to the stand, and the only indication of hurt apparent, was an enlargement of the muscle in the shape of a knot.

The horses called to the stand, saddled and mounted, are off at the word. From the jump, Josh, as if aware that the pride of his owners and his own fame depended on the effort, went at a flight of speed that none but those who have seen him, and *him alone*, of all other runners, can actually form a just conception of. Every thing about his running is peculiar, and *sui generis*. Race-horses in general are content to make the best speed they can in the easiest going form. They reach and stride as smoothly as possible; *he* curvets, chafes, bounds, and vaults, and yet his action has every appearance of being smooth and regular. It is like the motion of a top, sometimes whizzing, now steady, again buzzing, and then subdued in its force. All who have seen race-horses in action, carry an impression of their style and manner on their memory, which it is ever and anon bringing up to mental view; and it usually presents a horse at speed, stretched at full length,—not so with Josh. He is ever doubled, and in the attitude of a spring. Kavanagh is a horse of very fair speed, but nothing short of the hope that Josh in the fourth mile might die under a pull, as many thought he would, or "give" in the leg, offered a chance in his favor. Accordingly, trusting to his bottom to carry him through, he put off in hot pursuit. For the first two miles, it was all romance and chivalry with Josh. He went as if he intended the sun should never go down on his head, but in the third and fourth miles he became more manageable, and his jockey pulled him into a steady and business-like action—Kavanagh the whole time kept going at his best stride, and although many believed that the run on the last stretch home was pretty well taken out of Josh, he was not in a condition to profit by it. The jockey on Josh, however, to make sure of the game, reined him across Kavanagh's line of march, after getting straight in the stretch home. If not an unfair, it certainly was a very improper and unnecessary act. The track was just as firm and even in the line of Josh as in that of Kavanagh, and the distance he was a-head—about 30 feet—at the time he passed across, was near enough, many thought, to bring the act within the rule. The Judges determined that there was no foul play in the act, but the decision did not satisfy such as contended for the rule in the Constitution, that a horse "shall not leave the track he may be running in to pass his adversary to the outside." The day was excessively hot for the season, the track heavy, and the dust rose in dense masses behind the horses as they passed: both came to the stand—Josh some thirty feet a-head—weakened and distressed. Josh seemed to have kept as good count of the miles run as his rider, for he stopped short, without a check, within ten feet of the stand, after passing through. Both breathed thick and fast, and where the signs of distress were so evident, it was difficult to say which was the greater sufferer.

It was now very clear that the horses were so equally matched, none could predict the result with any confidence. Each horse had his favorites, and no odds were offered; in fact, very few bets, if any, were made after the first heat. Both horses cooled off well, and appeared at the stand ready and prepared for brisk work at the call for the second heat. Each had apparently regained his powers, and no signs of lameness were seen in the tread of Josh as he came to the post. At the signal they went right to work. Josh, having the lead and the pole, was content to use it moderately, and to the greatest advantage, for the first mile, Kavanagh in the meantime hanging on his flanks, under a gentle persuasion from his jockey. In the commencement of the 2d mile, the run was taken up in a more dashing form; at the turn Kavanagh was "trying it on" in earnest;—he soon collared Josh, and when they rounded into the back stretch, shewed a little a-head. As they swept along up the stretch at a pace that could not last without a tell-tale result, Josh for a moment regained his position by the side of Kavanagh, but it was only for a moment—a hectic effort to die game. Suddenly he fell in the rear, and declined so visibly in his pace, that all perceived at once the contest was over. In the last struggle the noble animal had sacrificed his leg, and he came out in the ruined form of fame and glory—an universal object of concern and pity with the spectators. Upon examination, it was found that both the large and small tendons of his left fore leg had parted from the fetlock joint, and it was with the greatest difficulty he could be got back to the stable. Thus has ended the memorable career of Josh Bell as a racer, whose fame will live "fresh and green" in the sporting annals of the nation. As a two mile horse, he was without a rival in the South or West, and it is a matter of great doubt if his superior at any time could have been found on the American turf. His great powers, for that distance, were enough to have filled the measure of any common ambition, but his fate as a four miler reminds one of the Italian epitaph—"*I was well—would be better—and here I am.*"

SATURDAY, April 27—Proprietor's Purse $550, free for all ages, conditions as before. Mile heats best 3 in 5.

D. F. Kenner's gr. c. *Greydoc*, pedigree above	walked over

The track was in the worst possible state throughout the races.

MALDEN (L. C.) RACES.

Stewards:—Capt. Biscoe, R. E., Capt. Brockman, 85th Regt., and —— Schreider, Esq., 34th Regt.

TUESDAY, April 23—Handicap Sweepstakes of £10 each, for horses *bona fide* the property of Officers of the Line, stationed on the Western Frontier; Three quarters of a mile heats, gentlemen riders. Fourteen subs.

Mr. Gwilt's (34th Regt.) b. g. *Don John*	Mr. Airey, R.A.	2	1	1
Mr. James' (34th Regt.) b. m. *Cinti*	Owner	1	2	2
Mr. Bourke's (34th Regt.) b. m. *Nora Creina*	Capt. Heathcote	3	0	dr
Capt. Broderick's (34th Regt.) b. m. *Celeste*	Owner	4	0	dr

The following horses also started, but were not placed—

Mr. Talbot's (34th) b. g. *Bobtail*
Mr. Horrock's (85th) gr. m. *Laudanum*
Mr. Harvey's (34th) b. m. *Figurante*
Mr. Dering's (85th) ch. m. *Maid of Kent*
Mr. Lang's (34th) b. m. *Lady Bird*
Mr. Bain's (34th) b. m. *Fairy*
Mr. Roper's (34th) ch. m. *Mary Ann*

Betting—2 to 4 against Figurante, 3 to 1 against Cinti, 3 to 1 against Maid of Kent, 7 to 1 against Nora Creina, 10 to 1 against any other.

After the first heat—even on Cinti—2 to 1 against Don John (taken freely.)

After the second heat—3 to 1 on Don Jon.

The start was excellent, all the horses going off together, and keeping so for the first quarter of a mile, Fairy and Don John having a slight lead. Half way round, Fairy gave in, and the running was taken up at a severe pace by Don John, who continued first till near the distance, when he was challenged by Cinti and Nora Creina—a most severe struggle to the end between the three, Cinti winning by a neck, Don John second. The second heat was admirably contested, Don John winning, after severe punishment. The third was won by Don-John, after one of the finest races ever witnessed; Mr. Airy landing him, a gallant winner, by half a length. That gentleman's riding, as well as Mr. James,' was much admired.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—The Town Plate of $4 each, with $40 added by the Officers of the 34th Regiment; weights for age. One mile and a distance. Five subs.

Dr. Reynold's ch. m. *White Stockings*	A lad.	0	1
Mr. Baker's b. g. *Fearnaught*	Owner	0	2
Capt. Grant's b. g. *Tam O'Shanter*		3	dr
Mr. Read's gr. g. *Grey Squirrel*		4	dr

Even betting—a beautiful race, ending in a dead heat; after dead heat 2 to 1 on White Stockings, who won easily by a length.

SAME DAY—*Third Race*—The Farmer's Plate of $1 each, with $25 added by the Officers of 34th Regt, for horses *bona fide* the property of farmers.

Capt. Grant's gr. m. *Highland Mary*	A lad	1	
Mr. M'Cormick's ch. h. *Young Columbus*		2	

Mr. Leighton's Young Skewball, and Mr. Read's gr. g. Grey Squirrel, also started, but were not placed. Won in a canter.

SAME DAY—*Fourth Race*—Sweepstakes, sub. $1, with $25 added by the Officers of 34th Regt. for horses the property of Privates of the Essex Cavalry.

Mr. Pratt's b. g. *Tram*	Owner	1	
Mr. —— ch. m. *Fury*		2	

Two others started; won by two lengths.

SAME DAY—*Fifth Race*—Hurdle Race for horses the property of Officers of the Line stationed on the Western Frontier. One mile, four hurdles. Seven subs.

Mr. Harvey's (34th Regt.) b. m. *Figurante*	Owner	1	
Mr. Dering's (85th) ch. m. *Maid of Kent*		2	
Mr. M'Gregor's (32d) b. m. *Duchess*		3	
Mr. Airy's (R. A.) gr. g. *Sir Richard*		4	
Mr. Talbot's (34th) bl. g. *Bobtail*		5	

Betting—5 to 2 against Figurante, 3 to 1 against Maid of Kent, 3 to 1 against Sir Richard.

After a capital start, the first hurdle was cleared without a baulk by all the horses, but, upon reaching the second, the Maid of Kent had a decided lead, which she seemed determined to keep, notwithstanding the severity of the pace. Sir Richard swerved at the second hurdle and threw his rider, who, however, nothing daunted, speedily remounted, but was too far behind to regain his chance. Mr. Dering cleared the third hurdle, still well in advance, when Mr. Harvey, on Figurante, who had, evidently, been lying by, let go his mare, and reached the Maid's quarters, just as she was in the act of rising at the last hurdle. A good run in terminated in Figurante's triumph, by an honest length.

WEDNESDAY, April 24—Match $50 aside, Three quarters of a mile. Three hurdles.

Mr. Harvey's (34th) bl. m. *Figurante*	Owner	1	
Capt. Matthew's (34th) bl. g. *Slasher*		bolt.	

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Match, $25 aside, Three quarters of a mile.

Mr. Bain's (34th) b. m. *Fairy*	Mr. James	1	
Mr. Lang's (34th) b. m. *Lady Bird*		2	

Won in a canter.

SAME DAY—*Third Race*—Match, $25 aside, Three quarters of a mile.

Mr. Horrock's (85th) gr. m. *Laudanum*	Owner	1	
Mr. Rooper's (34th) ch. m. *Mary Anne*		2	

Won easy.

SAME DAY—*Fourth Race*—Match, $25 aside, Three quarters of a mile. 10lbs. on each.

Mr. Harvey's (34th) b. m. *Figurante*	Mr. James	1	
Mr. Dering's (85th) ch. m. *Maid of Kent*		2	

A splendid race; won by half a length.

SAME DAY—*Fifth Race*—Match, $25 aside, Three quarters of a mile.

Mr. Horrock's (85th) gr. m. *Laudanum*	Mr. Harvey	1	
Mr. Lang's (34th) b. m. *Lady Bird*		2	

Won very easy.

SAME DAY—*Sixth Race*—Handicap Sweepstakes of $10 each, Three quarters of a mile heats. Gentlemen Riders.

Mr. James' (34th) b. m. *Cinti*	Owner	1	1	
Mr. Gwilt's (34th) b. g. *Don John* (5lbs. extra)		2	2	
Capt. Broderick's (34th) b. m. *Celeste*		3	3	

Dr. Reynold's ch. m. White Stocking, Mr. Harvey's b. m. Figurante, Mr. Dering's ch. m. Maid of Kent, and Mr. Talbot's b. g. Bobtail, also started for the first heat, but were not placed, and afterwards drawn.

Betting—3 to 1 on Don John and Cinti, against the field, and even between the two, Cinti for choice.

The 5lbs. extra, proved, in this race, two much for Don John, who, although he ran with the same unflinching truth and bottom, which characterised his race yesterday, was beat easily by Cinti, in both heats.

A Sweepstakes of $1 each—$20 added by the Town of Malden—for trotters and pacers, was won easily by Mr. Pratt's roan poney Steam Engine, beating three others, three times round the course. The distance, two miles and three quarters, was paced in eight minutes and a half. The winner was sold, immediately after the race, for $175.

SAME DAY—*Seventh Race*—Match, $25 aside, One mile, four hurdles.

Mr. Dering's (85th) ch. m. *Maid of Kent*	Owner	1	
Mr. Talbot's (34th) b. g. *Bobtail*		2	

Won easily—Bobtail refusing the second hurdle.

Thus ended the first Race meeting ever held on the Western Frontier, to the entire satisfaction of thousands of spectators from both sides of the lines. To Col. Airey, and the other Officers of the 34th and 85th Regiments, the public are indebted for the gratification afforded by the animating exhibition. The sobriety and good conduct of all on the Malden race course, was the remark of every one present. Too much praise cannot be due to the Stewards, for the labour, expense and trouble they must have been put to in rendering the course so truly excellent as it was on this occasion; indeed, we do not hesitate to pronounce it second to none in Canada.

Some excellent sport took place during both days, such as foot races, climbing a greased pole, jumping in sacks, &c. &c., which afforded much amusement, and, although some thousands of people were present, not an accident occurred to mar the pleasure of the day. NEWMARKET.

Montreal Gazette.

GEORGETOWN (Ky.) SPRING RACES.

We are indebted to the "Whig Banner" for the materials for the following report:—

THURSDAY, April 25, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Seven subs. at $50 each, P. P. Mile heats.

James K. Duke's ch. f. by Medoc, out of the dam of Rodolph by Haxall's Moses.	3	1	1
Jas. Clinton's ch. c. *Halo*, by Archy Montorio, dam by Tuckahoe	4	4	2
Garland Webb's b. c. by Woodpecker, dam by Old Whip	1	2	3
Capt. Robt. Burbridge's gr. c. *Wm. Southgate*, by Archy Montorio, dam by Whipster	2	3	0
James Hutchinson's b. c. by Medoc, out of Water Witch by Bertrand	5	dist.	
Roper & McIntosh's gr. c. *Emigrant*, by Cadet, dam by Imp. Contract	6	dist.	

Time, 1:52—1:54—1:58.

FRIDAY, April 26—Purse $250, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Capt. Viley's ch. h. by Woodpecker, dam by Hamiltonian, 4 yrs	8	1	1
S. Burbridge's ch. m. *Eliza Henry*, by Woodpecker, dam by Cherokee, 4 yrs	7	2	2
Joseph Clinton's br. c. *The Captain*, by Archie Montorio, out of Ophelia by Wild Medley, 3 yrs	5	4	3
Dr. W. W. Webb's b. h. *Lorenzo*, by Bertrand, dam by Alonzo, 5 yrs	4	5	4
Thos. Lynch Downing's ch. f. *Modesty*, by Medoc, dam by Hephestion, 4 yrs	1	8	dist.
James E. Hutchinson's b. h. *Austin*, by Buck Elk, dam by Cherokee, 5 yrs	3	3	dist.
Roper & McIntosh's b. h. *Anvil*, by Contract, dam by Eclipse, aged	6	6	dist.
Capt. Robt. Burbridge's b. m. *Amanda*, by Plato, dam by Whipster, 5 yrs	2	7	dr

Time, 3:58—3:51—3:53.

SATURDAY, April 27—Purse $250, free for all ages, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

Capt. Viley's b. m. *West Florida*, by Bertrand, dam by Potomac, 5 yrs	1	3	4	1
Joseph Clinton's ch. c. by Collier, dam by Doublehead, 4 yrs	2	1	2	2
Capt. Robt. Burbridge's gr. c. by Singleton, dam by Cherokee, 4 yrs	4	2	1	3
Charles Webb's b. f. *Margaret Carter*, by Medoc, dam by Old Whip, 4 yrs	3	4	3	dr
James Ford's b. h. *Swindling Bill*, by Brunswick, dam unknown, 5 yrs	5	dr		

Time, 3:51½—3:46—3:53—3:52.

SAME DAY—*Second race*—For a fine Saddle, Mile heats.

Robert P. Snell's b. f. *Big Ellen*, by Medoc, dam by Old Whip	1	1	
Robert Burbridge's br. c. by Cherokee, dam by William	2	2	

Time of 1st heat not kept—2d, 1:54.

The Duke of Wellington's Estate Bill.—A bill is before Parliament, of which the object is to give his Grace the additional power of charging his estates with a jointure of £2500 per annum in favor of the wife of the heir apparent to the title, with a provision that the estates shall not be at the same time subject to the payment of more than £4000 for jointures, supposing there should be two Duchesses of Wellington, i. e., a Duchess and a Duchess Dowager, or a widow of the heir. This point his Grace, from the construction of all the previous Acts, could not accomplish, therefore a fresh Act was necessary. Another object of the bill is to enable the Duke to make all the services of plate, china, jewels, pictures, statues, and other valuable articles presented to the Duke for his various services, heir-looms, to go and be enjoyed with the title. The Marquis of Douro will be married to Lady Elizabeth Hay on the 11th of April. Her father, the Marquis of Tweedale, is an old friend and brother officer of the Duke's.

A Publican's Despair.—A poor publican, whose licence had been suspended, exclaimed that he was quite in despair. "The despair of a publican," asked one, rather contemptuously, "What can that consist of!"—"Why, *in being out of spirits*," was the reply.

Theatre Francais in Paris.—His Majesty, in consideration of representations made to him by the director of the Français, has remitted all the arrears of rent, that theatre forming part of the Orleans property. This munificent remission, or gift, as it may be called, amounts to 324,000f. His Majesty has also directed a new lease to be granted for nine years, at a reduced rate of 50,000f. per annum, being a diminution of 12,000f. a-year on the former rent.

Singular Oratorical Peculiarity.—There is a singular story current amongst the members of the House of Commons respecting Mr. James, one of the Members for East Cumberland. It is said that the Honourable Gentleman never opens his mouth in the House without putting his foot in it. Carlisle Patriot.

THE TEETOTALER.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

Several months have elapsed since the discovery of the real remedy for all the evils of existence. We allude to the institution of the Society for the Encouragement of Starvation. This, however, was not the title by which the association sought to be known on the imperishable scroll of fame. Its name was (and is, if it be living) the "Total Abstinence Society." It was established, according to the public journals, at Bishopswearmouth. "Wearmouth!"—"Mouth!" Um! Let not the syllables, however, be voted superfluous, or inconsistent with the objects of total abstinence. How could the principles, the purposes of the society be made known, save by the medium of that part of the mortal machine which, ever since the first apple was plucked, has been misemployed by men and perverted to forbidden uses. At Bishopswearmouth, the panacea for all the "ills that flesh is heir to" was detected and proclaimed. It was found out that good living had been the bane of life. There it was demonstrated (and there the demonstration is recorded in various forms of verse, longs and shorts, in the most ostentatious situations of the churchyard), that if a man will simply resolve to abandon entirely the custom and ceremony of eating and drinking, he will, in due season, relieve himself of all the cares, trials, and sorrows of this life. The College of Physicians has not yet attempted to contravene this important principle; but, then, "abstinence" must be the word (or rather, as the society said, to prevent the possibility of equivocation, "*total* abstinence.") Let a man be ever so "expert in his drinking," let him imbibe, as an illustrious lady-friend of ours once said, only "the idea of a dew-drop," the principle must be held to be destroyed. Let him indulge his immoral appetite by dining only upon a moth's antennæ, or the wing of a grilled bluebottle, and the spell of starvation is broken. Extreme principles, it was contended, were alone suited to the extremities of our condition. This is not a time, certainly, when customs are to be observed merely because they are old. This, then, may be no age for dining and drinking. Antiquated as those habits may be (and their antiquity none will dispute), why retain them if they can be proved superfluous? "The beef-eaters are of ancient origin," said the total-abstinence philosophers; "but beef-eating is not essential to the constitution, political or physical." And the society, we believe, prospered and became attenuated; it flourished and fell away; as its numbers increased, its ranks were observed to become thinner and thinner. It was a society skeletonised. Its members were, in some degree, types of the people in the Arabian tale who were turned into stone—these were bone! You might have fancied them the constituency that elected the Barebones Parliament. They were a multitude of nobodies: it might be said of each of them, "He is all soul." The poet makes us *feel* a fine sound by telling us that "nothing lived 'twixt it and silence:" no substance interposed 'twixt them and nothing. Our artist would have perpetuated their physiognomies (which were identically like each other), but they one and all defied him. They were on the very verge of the impalpable—they were too thin to be sketched. When he looked *at* them, he looked *through* them, and saw nothing but the blank, inhuman wall. There was no such thing as portraying their visages, they were so perfectly vacant. In the earlier stage of their proceedings, however, after they had established a Coffin Club as a branch association, an artist was sent down to draw—their teeth: the moral economists, as we have hinted already, decided that this is no age for superfluities.

The total-abstinence men (or, as they may be called, the aldermen's antipodes) looked, it may be supposed, with some contempt, and more horror, upon the devotees of a doctrine which had passed current in the world under the name of "temperance." Mere temperance always puts them out of temper. "Temperance," they said, "was sure to stop short at the half-way house: the professor of temperance, like his principles, imperatively required to be 'carried out.'"—not having a leg to stand upon. Total abstinence, if it had but a drop of blood in its system, would have blushed for it. It was, and is, denounced, in short, as a timid and imperfect principle,—a false, hesitating, slippery, middle doctrine.

The orthodox and conscientious disciple of temperance tells, of course, a different story. He is resolutely, and upon principle, opposed to all excesses one way or the other: he is for limiting the human appetite, or, rather, the indulgence of it, to some half dozen dishes or so at dinner; with a two or three hours' dessert, and a bottle per head per hour. And then he triumphantly demands, whether this is not doing much towards checking the march of intoxication and apoplexy! He justly contends, that while a man is sitting with his feet under the mahogany, he cannot possibly be staggering about the streets in a state of disgusting inebriety; and even when it comes to that, and he is found walking home in the wrong direction, on both sides of the way, anything he insists, is better than remaining insensible all night under the table, avoiding the eyes of Europe which are upon you wherever you turn out of doors, sneaking back into the paths of soda and sobriety, and basely defrauding the magisterial poor-box of five shillings. He therefore gets up, when sitting longer is a bore: he deems it a more manly and moral course to quit the table when he is tired—stop who may. A sincere-minded and conscientious professor of temperance, unlike the regular diner-out and drinker, will always have the decency to leave off when he feels that he has too much: sooner, would be absurd. This is surely setting a noble example of moderation to the ordinary soaker, who never dreams of attempting to walk away until he knows he can't.

Destined to occupy one of the most honorable and conspicuous niches in the Temple of Temperance, let us turn to the Teetotaler. As his name implies, he is not of the total-abstinence class, but he is of the genus temperance, in the strictest definition of which the term is susceptible. The Teetotalers do not derive their distinctive appellation, as some have supposed, from a presumed habit of drinking tea totally,—that is, solely, and exclusive of all decoctions else. "Teetotaler" is a corruption of "teetotumer." The sect, in short, was originally the Teetotumers; so called from their continually-exhibited propensity of spinning round and round after the process of drinking, and falling with this or that side uppermost, as it might happen, at the conclusion of their evolutions.

The appellation thus derived has led them to adopt the principle of professing to confine their bibulous indulgences to the cup which, as the poet, with all a poet's regard to verity, says, "cheers, but not inebriates." Cheers! The Teetotaler now visibly presented to the reader, is evidently no poet; and to him the cheering quality of the beverage is pure imagination. He praises it, to be sure, but with a mental reservation that resolves into an execration still-born. He never sips one spoonful of the virtuous cup without a natural thought, retrospective or anticipatory, upon liquids blessed by Jove, on more than nectarean bowls. While he stirs and stirs to gain time, he feels that there is another and a better draught; and, with a look of mingled misery and rapture, he drinks to the immortal memory of half-and-half!

The Teetotaler is a type of the twofold purpose for which we are born; he is the representative of Old Double who is dead:—

"Like to a man on double business bound,"

but we cannot pursue the quotation, for he neglects neither. He has one duty to discharge to the world without, and another to the world within. He is one man to society, another to himself. He is Twankay to the town, Toddy to the fire-side circle. He has a public and a private, a professional and a personal taste. Departeth he in this from all established practice? or doth he simply conform to the irresistible and universal principle that governs human character? The democrat is understood to be pretty generally a domestic tyrant; the public oppressor is remarkable for his suavity and gentleness in private life. The physician prescribes abstinence approaching to "total," and then drives home to turtle, turbot, venison, wild fowl, and maccaroni; the reviewer takes care not to write a book if he can help it; the actor, after playing Sir Epicure Mammon, sups upon a cheeseparing; the courtier's most finished bow is succeeded by a kick gratuitously administered to his footboy, properly so called; the tradesman, who inveighs against his customers' habit of beating down, beats down as a buyer without scruple or remorse. "Through all the employments of life" the anomaly runs: not only do "all professions berogue one another,"—

"The priest calls the lawyer a cheat,
The lawyer beknaves the divine;"

but practically they pass the same censure upon themselves. It were idle to multiply instances. In conformity with the world's custom, the Teetotaler, who has harangued a tea-party in a "stirring" address of three hours at "The Pewter Spoon and Paradise," returns home, and lays aside his professional habits with his hat and great coat. He has been Temperance up to nine o'clock,—he will be Jollity till bed-time. The cup has grown into a bowl! The speech in honor of Bohea has melted most musically into a song of endless repetition in grateful praise of Rare Old Wine!

Thus doth the Teetotaler justify human nature, and keep us all in countenance. He knows the tendency of the mind of man to run into extremes: he knows that flesh is frail, for nobody has more frequently taken the "one glass more,"—"the last feather that breaks the camel's back." He would counteract this liability in our blood, by the inculcation of certain sobering truths; he is aware, by old experience, of the prejudice with which generous minds regard Enough: he knows that Too-much is a special favorite with mortals. He feels (for his own natural and noble instincts tell him so) that a superfluity is barely sufficient. To save us from falling over the precipice, he points to the tea-plant as a plant that is fictitiously nutritious, theoretically refreshing; and he enlarges upon its virtues the rather that he knows we shall not cling to it, and forsake "totally" the vine, the grain, the hop, and the juniper-berry. There must be theories, he thinks, but they should never be allowed to interfere too much with practices; those precepts he considers to be very equivocal, that require it to be continually enforced example. Advice must be given (it has been proffered gratis, or at an *ad valorem* rate, in all ages), but insanity only could desire that it should be followed. Accordingly, having quitted his pulpit, his thoughts travel directly towards the cellar. His doctrine is in favor of extremes meeting; the excellence whereof he illustrates by a reference to the especial pleasantness of whiskey-and-water. To drink water, he conceives is about half of the whole duty of man, which is necessarily of a "mixed" character. Tea, nevertheless, he will not absolutely decline, even in his non-professional hours, and apart from his avocation as a temperance teacher;—but then he imperatively requires with it a dash of brandy. To him there appears no reason why Mr. Twining should not enter into partnership with Hodges or Booth. This *sine qua non* granted, he will respond in the affirmative to the considerate, but too often satirical, enquiry, "Is your tea *agreeable?*" but to expect him to relish Souchong *out* of the society, to tolerate gunpowder but with a view to going off with a glorious report, is to single out the Teetotaler for a task never imposed upon moralist or agitator before. Does Mr. Moore, when at dinner he appeals to human sympathy with, "I'll trouble you for a potatoe," make the request in a stanza exquisitely adapted to an old Irish melody? Does Mr. Lockhart, the editor of "The Quarterly," say, "*We* are of opinion," in his personal intercourse with his friends? Or does Mr. ——, who daily evinces his horror and trepidation at the state of the navy, and the defencelessness of our coasts, evince, by his joviality in private life, the smallest apprehension of the arrival of the Russians, and the sacking of London? Why should the Teetotaler be alone expected to carry his professional prejudices into his parlor, and never to divest himself of his public habitudes? Why should not he be allowed,—nay, even called upon, as others are,—to "sink the shop?" He does so, at any rate, with or without permission; nor does he refuse to comfort himself under the aspersions and illiberal expectations of the world with a gentle joke, as he pares a wafery slice of lemon-peel into his steaming water, which he is just converting into a draught of ineffable potency. With a twinkle of the eye that overthrows at once the indestructible theory he had established in his last temperance tract, he remarks that *his* tea stands for toddy, though toddy stands not for him. He also intimates a facetious recollection of the rudiments of learning, in fact that "*t*" was not, when he was a boy, numbered among the liquids he learnt by heart.

Pope said of Lord Orrery (or was it Lord Orrery of Pope?), that he "never took tea without a stratagem." Here we have the Teetotaler to a "*t*;" he is never in his cups without a stratagem. His tea-pot is, in fact, a tea-pot on a grand scale; a scheme for furthering the ends which, we presume, Pope's critic, Dr. Samuel Johnson, had in view when he appealed, for about the three-and-thirtieth time on one evening, to Mrs. Thrale's hyson-pouring propensities. The vulgar would suppose the philosopher to be impelled by a vulgar thirst: we should rather say it was a thirst for knowledge; a desire to ascertain by practical consumption, the exhaustibility of the resources of China, and the depth of the River Thames. Similar laudable anxieties animate the Teetotalers of the present day; together with other aspirations after human perfectibility, which neither Pope nor Johnson experienced. Their proofs of the virtues of teetotalism are in themselves prodigies, and without parallel in the history of statistics. They have demonstrated the fact, that as the great majority of the human race survive the period of milk-drinking, the period antecedent to that at which they taste fermented liquors, &c., fermented liquors, &c. shorten the duration of life. They have discovered that out of every thousand criminals produced by this prolific country during the last half century, from the hardened houseless wanderer down to the unfortunate cut-throat, nine hundred and ninety-nine and a boy had been partakers, at some period of their lives, of wines, ardent spirits, or malt in its many forms. Hence they deduce their irresistible conclusion, that all these liquids lead to crime, flowing in streams of poison through society; and hence, teetotalism!

Establishing this truth, to make us wiser, not better; as an addition to our store of statistical facts, not as anything by which we are to profit; as a contribution to our stock of entertaining knowledge, not as anything which is to guide our moral conduct; in short, as a curious calculation, not as an impertinent interference with our tendencies to murder; is not the Teetotaler as amply entitled to regale himself as any other laborer in the vineyard of science and morals? More so! What is entitled to indulgence if self-denial is not! Who deserve the blessings of brandy, if the Teetotaler should taste not a drop! Is it not a popular maxim, one of the wisest within the compass of practical philosophy, that a good resolution ought to be treated? How preferable is this to the shabby, stingy, cheating principle, that virtue is its own reward! in other words, that temperance should be content with tea-drinking. So, then, the intemperate are to have all the good things; the dram-drinker is to monopolise the drams; and he whose bosom glows with the love of teetotalism is never to warm the cockles of his heart!

See to what excesses this shallow, shabby, swindling doctrine (the virtue-is-its-own-reward doctrine) would lead! Even while we are writing, our eye wanders to a statement in the papers, that the use of opium as a means of intoxication, is spreading rapidly in those districts especially "where the well-intentioned enthusiasts, vulgarly called Teetotalers, most abound!" It is positively asserted, that it is among those communities in which ardent spirits have been abjured, that the practice of opium-eating has increased! So much for the virtue of the virtuous who would abolish cakes and ale! So much for taking Temperance at her word, and thus putting her out of temper with herself by interpreting her "No, I thank ye!" literally! So much for the philosophically ignorant assumption, that it would be a coarse compliment, and an absurd contradiction, to ask Abstinence to dinner! It is plain that some of the Teetotalers have been carrying the joke rather too far. They have been trying to convince us that they are in earnest by going mad. They have been driven into a horrible degree of self-indulgence, by the effort to establish an example of self-denial. Opium-eating a consequence of anti-gin-drinking! Thus have priests in certain countries found a plurality of loves the only substitute for the denied gratification of one legitimate passion: thus do too many laymen in this, devoutly abandon small vices, for the sake of the greater sins "they are inclined to!" And thus it is with all men at all times. People are very apt in their resolution to put off a bad habit, to put on a worse: a man lays down his snuff-box as a source of slight but injurious excitement, and takes up the dice-box because stronger excitement is indispensable to him. If we succeed in checking a habit of ostentation, do we not grow wonderfully proud of our humility! Mark the man who cures himself, by repeated efforts, of inordinate vanity; how horribly vain he is of his achievement; how conceited of his freedom from vanity! That, as times go, is an excellent species of moral reform, which only substitutes one vice for another of the same size; but this cannot be said of the substitution of insidious opium for generous wine or honest heavy!

A party has recently sprung up at certain public meetings, which is noisily distinguished from every other sect: it is called "The Tin-Canister Party!" Can it be that these are the Teetotalers bent upon a practical demonstration of the moderateness of their views, and the sobriety of their dispositions? Teetotalism may be known, we suspect, by the sign of the tin-canister. Temperance is excessively talkative, always making a great clatter about its own merits and the demerits of everything intemperate. The tin-canister party is assuredly the political type of the Teetotalers!

The Teetotaler who is really in earnest should be told that temperance is a very expensive virtue. A friend of ours, only last Saturday night, out of a dinner party of a dozen, chose, most unreflectingly, to be the only man who dined simply, and drank sparingly. In short, he was the only one of the twelve who could *say* he was sober; with the other eleven, speaking was not so easy. He has bewailed his misfortune ever since: *he had to pay for the party!* No soul else could unbutton a breeches-pocket. The waiter marked him for his own—and so has melancholy. His plea henceforth will be, that he cannot afford the costly virtue of sobriety; he is too poor to come away sober.

Temperance won't do. If you want to know where they have always on draught a genuine glass of "jolly good ale and old," call upon a Teetotaler;—he will take you the nearest way: for the calm, soothing, sobering thimbleful before breakfast, he also is your man. He needs it; for he will tell you that he stayed so long at the meeting over-night, and imbibed so plenteously in the good cause, that he got "half-teas over" before the termination of the proceedings. Enthusiasm now, he says, is necessary to success, for the assemblages are falling off. He fears they must give a gin-palace air to their tea-parlor; decorate it externally with prodigious slop-basins and sugar-tongs. They cannot go on, even in a joke, persuading people that Paradise was a tea-garden. Things are going wrong with them: there was a sad lack of "spoons" at the last meeting. There was a want of harmony; the kettle wouldn't sing. The teapot, he laments to say, *don't draw!*

Heads of the People.

ODD PEOPLE.

BY THEODORE HOOK, ESQ.

A month or two since, we had the pleasure of exhibiting to our readers the vagaries of an exceedingly eccentric family; who, from the singular way in which they carried on the every day business of life, were known as the "Odd People" at Avignon, some seventy or eighty years ago.

This month we propose to exhibit the vagaries of a certain Mr. and Mrs. Deveril (or rather one of their vagaries), who had a reputation for eccentricity in the neighbourhood of a flourishing town in a fine midland county—and, for all I know, have still—but, certainly not involving murders, fires, abductions, assassinations, slow poisonings, and sudden deaths; but rather all sorts of little mischiefs, and *mauvaise plaisanteries* (no pleasantries at all), in which they contrived, and do contrive as I believe, to entangle and *embrangle* their nearest and dearest friends.

This passion for practical jokes upon a great scale, has long been extremely popular and predominant. A noble earl, not many years dead, in order to divert himself and two or three chosen friends

"At another's expense,"

used sometimes to invite to dine with him some six men, each minus an arm or a leg; on another day, half a dozen worthy personages, who were stone deaf; on another, half a dozen others, whose obliquity of vision happened to be exceedingly remarkable. One day, six bald men were asked: on another, three men six feet four high, with three men scarcely four feet six; on a third occasion, a neat half-dozen of stutterers; and on a fourth, an equal batch of sufferers under some nervous affection, which induced them to keep winking their eyes and twitching their noses at each other, during the whole of the repast, perfectly unconscious themselves of the oddity of the proceeding.

Now, as to the Deverils of Mumjumble Lodge—they were people who having no right whatever by birth, or any thing else except an excellent disposition to do no harm, enjoyed the greatest possible satisfaction in placing people in the most unsatisfactory positions; always keeping to themselves the consolatory consciousness that the temporary embarrassments of their guests would, turn out eventually well.

Mumjumble Lodge, or Hall—it was called both—was one of the most charming chintz houses in England; there was neither silk nor satin, nor velvet nor gold to be found in its whole construction, composition, or adornment; there were no splendid couches taboo'd against the reception of wearied feet; no costly curtains that required cottoning up; no gorgeous chairs with high backs and hard bottoms; all was ease and comfort. The large and downy sofas and ottomans seemed to ask to be lounged or lolled upon; tables of all sorts and sizes, covered with books, drawings, prints, and ten thousand little useless necessaries of life, which it would perhaps tire the reader to enumerate, crowded the rooms; all, in fact, conspired to give the visitor the most perfect idea, that every thing in and about the hall or the lodge (as the case might be) was snug and comfortable in the highest degree.

As far as regarded the diurnal and nocturnal proceedings, it was literally Liberty Hall. Breakfast waited for nobody, nor did any body wait for breakfast. The first three or four who came down, commenced operations, which were continued as long as any yet lingered lazily behind; a dozen small equipages graced the board, so that the new comers, as they appeared, established their own independent little tea-manufactories, "all hot," or, if any of them preferred it, they might breakfast in their own apartment. After breakfast every body was left to follow his own inclinations. Luncheon for those who took it, reassembled the community, which afterwards spread and scattered itself in parties, or *tetes-a-tetes*, in walks, or drives or rides. There was good shooting for the sportsman, admirable fishing for the angler, a lovely country for excursions; old castles and high rocks to be surveyed, and a gay watering-place within five miles, where the *fa niente* portion of the party might lounge in bazaars, or pace the pier, inhaling the fresh breezes from the ocean and laugh immoderately at the pallid passengers "just arrived from London" by the steam-packets. In fact, the *agrémens* were innumerable; and to crown all, Deveril's cook was a *cordon bleu*, and such a *chef*, as seldom falls to the lot of a commoner, who is not a *millionaire* and who neither apes the manners of his superiors, nor aims at being their associate. In fact, Deveril was a fine specimen of a breed unknown out of our own dear happy England, a healthy, wealthy, honourable, middle class gentleman, rich in the proceeds of his late father's mercantile success, achieved by unwearying industry, and incorruptible honesty.

Deveril had been solicited to stand for the county in which he lived, and must have succeeded had he stood; but no, "I can do no good in Parliament," said he, "except by my vote: any other man of our party can do that business as well as myself. If I could aid the cause by my eloquence, I would sacrifice every thing to be of service—I can't; choose an abler man, and I will support you in your efforts, but for the mere sake of crying aye, or no, or walking out or staying in, I cannot consent to forego my home and all its charms, and exchange the society of a family I love, and friends I esteem, for the musky atmosphere of the House of Commons; for which, being able neither to speak like an orator, roar like a bull, nor crow like a cock, I do not think I have any one earthly qualification, except," added he, "a 'shocking bad hat'"—a saying founded most likely upon an observation made by a noble duke, who shall be nameless, who, after visiting for the first time the House of Commons first returned after the passing of the Reform Bill, said that he never had seen such a collection of bad hats in any one place, at any one time before.

Mrs. Deveril was a fit help-meet for her good-natured ever-laughing spouse. He laughed incessantly—she only periodically; but when any thing amused them particularly their sympathy was absolutely boisterous; and this invariably happened whenever any of the curiously-contrived embarrassments for which they were so famous, turned out to their entire satisfaction.

The last feat they undertook to perform, it must be owned, appeared even to themselves a somewhat hazardous enterprise, although they called into council a constant visiter at their house, who was considered not only by themselves, but by the establishment generally, as one of the family, possessing a disposition exceedingly like those of his intimate friends. *He* even shook his head doubtingly, but Mrs. Deveril, who, perhaps considering the nature of the experiment, was the best judge of the three persons concerned, gave it as her decided opinion that they should succeed.

It must be known that amongst the regular periodical guests at Mumjumble Hall, there was a certain Mr. Blazenton, a gentleman of some sixty years of age, who, having in early life run the round of the gay world, and launched into every fashionable and unfashionable dissipation, led his wife, a lady of considerable beauty and various accomplishments, what may be called a "catanddogical" kind of life, which was terminated by a separation mutually agreed to, on the ground of incompatibility of temper.

This severment had occurred some twenty years before the annual visit of Mr. Blazenton to the Deverils, which is here recorded; and to see and hear that respectable gentleman at that period, to listen to his misanthropic denunciations of the world's vices and follies, in which he had so long and extensively revelled, nobody certainly would have imagined him to have been the person whom he then so very little resembled.

"Why," said he one day to Captain Gossamer, the friend of the family in question, "you seem to be always here, eh? Strange infatuation on both sides! —what—never knew a family bodkin turn out well, eh!—juxtaposition—constant intercourse—however Deveril may do as he likes, eh? and so he does, and the consequence is, his house is full of folly and frivolity all the year, eh!—what—don't you see?"

"I see nothing, my dear sir," said the Captain, "but what is particularly agreeable; and the more agreeable to *me*, because the mode of living and passing our time here, is quite out of the ordinary jogtrot routine of society. Mumjumble Hall is proverbially the receptacle and rendezvous of genius and talent."

"Genius and talent eh!" said Blazenton. "Oh, that's it!—what!"

"The best painters, the first musicians, the leading singers," said Gossamer, "are alternately, and sometimes altogether, among the guests, blended with sound lawyers, orthodox divines, eminent physicians, men of letters, and men of science."

"And a pretty hash it is," said Blazenton, "eh? The

"'Priest calls the lawyer a cheat,
The lawyer beknaves the divine.'

The artists hate one another; the singers detest the players; and the men of science despise them all—what? The combination produces all sorts of ill feeling; and while they are gobbling up Deveril's dinner, and grinning to make believe they are delighted, they are one and all of them, collecting materials for the purpose of ridiculing and laughing at him the moment they leave the house. What? eh! don't I know the world? eh! I think I do."

"Still it is exceedingly gay," said the Captain.

"Gaiety!" said Blazenton, "which reminds me of the proverbial constitution of Dover Court in Essex, made of all talkers and no hearers. I am sure, in the drawing-room in the evening, the clatter is worse than the rattletraps of a cotton-mill—what? eh! every body gabble, gabble, gabble, and not a soul amongst them listening—what!"

"But as far as *that* goes," said Captain Gossamer, "society has been always much the same."

"No—no," said Blazenton, "it was better in my earlier days, eh! don't you see?—what?—quite as gay—gayer intellectually speaking, but not so noisy."

"Was there more sincerity at that period?" said Gossamer.

"Why," said Blazenton, "no; much the same for *that*, eh! but the style of things is changed—the world is over-educated—the present race of men, women, and children are all smatterers—every body wants to be somebody—every body you meet, has written a book—the women are all philosophers, and the children are all wonders—pigs with six legs, eh! what? They ought to be born like so many Cerberuses, with three heads a-piece, to bear the cramming their poor little noddles are destined to undergo. Eh! what?"

"Still," said the Captain, "whatever may be the faults of society generally, I think the *melange* which one finds here extremely agreeable."

"*Melange*," said Blazenton, with a look of scorn, "a badly-assorted well-dressed mob?"

"That is just what our host and hostess like," replied the Captain.

"Well," said the old gentlemen, "*my* day is past for all this racket and hubbub. I have, however, one consolation, I can always shut myself up in my own room, eh! what? That is fortunately out of squalling-distance; so when the concert begins, up I go——"

"Not just now, my dear sir," said Deveril, who at that moment joined the disputing parties in the flower-garden, where the debate was passing. "We have got a capital joke on the *tapis* for to-day: an elderly lady has just arrived to stay with us for a fortnight, who has been separated from her husband for many years; we also expect *him*, the indiscretions and singularities of whose youth, were the causes of the division of their interests; they have not met for nearly a quarter of a century, and Mrs. Deveril and I mean to bring them into each other's company, the moment the opportunity presents itself."

"A somewhat desperate undertaking," said Gossamer, "oil and vinegar in the same bottle—a match in a powder-magazine."

"Oh, never mind," said Deveril, I shall leave my better half to manage matters; women understand each other, and it will be capital fun; because, if the scheme fails, the parted turtles will be no worse off than they are now; and if it succeeds——"

"Ah," said Blazenton, "you are very droll creatures you and your wife. Odd people, as the world calls you."

"No, my dear sir," said Deveril, "our expected guests are at present the *odd* people, and *we* wish to unite them."

"Well," said Blazenton, "as I have no turn for that sort of amusement, and have lived long enough to know that meddling or mischief-making between man and their wives are seldom successful, and never satisfactory, I shall retire; eh—what—don't you see—I'm off."

"Stay five minutes," said Gossamer.

"No, no," replied Blazenton, "you are very comical, entertaining gentlemen, and I dare say you will be very much diverted, but I shall take a walk and leave you to your own inventions."

Saying which the veteran *roue* struck into one of the clematis-covered *tonnelles*, and speedily disappeared.

"And a pretty business you have made of it, my dear Harry," said Mrs. Deveril, who had in approaching heard her husband confiding the nature of their new scheme to Blazenton.

"Pretty business; how, Mrs. Deveril, how?" said the enthusiastic master of the revels.

"Why," said the fun-loving Fanny, "you have been telling him that his wife has actually arrived."

"*His* wife," said the gallant Bodkin; an appellation we have adopted from Blazenton's reading, for the third person in a domestic party, whereof two are males.

"To be sure," said Mrs. Deveril, "didn't you know that Blazenton and his long-lost spouse are the couple whom we mean to bring together before dinner by way of a joke."

"Don't you see?" said Deveril.

"I do," replied Gossamer, "but I never had an idea that he—nevertheless not a syllable has escaped either of us, that could give him a notion that *he* was to be victimised."

"So much the better," said the lady.

"And I am sure," said Deveril, "the little I said upon the subject never awakened the slightest suspicion that he was to act a part in the play."

"Now then," said the lively Mrs. Deveril, "*your* business will be to take care of the man; so watch your opportunities, and, as Deveril says about horse-racing, bring him to the post in time. *I* will take charge of the lady, who is now coming towards us. I will keep her in a little interesting conversation, till you have secured the other performer in this most extraordinary *scena*."

"And I," said Deveril, "had better be off, in accordance with your proposition;—so come along, Gossamer."

"Yes," said the Captain, "I am too happy; and when we get them together we must hide ourselves behind those shrubs, and listen to what passes between them."

"Delightful!" said Deveril. "There is nothing like a practical joke after all—come, come along."

And so away went these two mischief-makers, leaving Mrs. Deveril to encounter her unsuspecting friend, Mrs. Blazenton.

Mrs. Blazenton was about—nobody knows exactly a lady's age, and as a noble lady once told us, with a gravity which was charmingly set off by her own beauty, "the peerage (the only authentic record of such events as the births, deaths, and marriages of the *elite*) is always wrong as to women"—but Mrs. Blazenton was what was called a lady of a certain time of life; which, as we have already hinted, is an extremely uncertain one. She might, perhaps, if ladies ever live so long (which we doubt), be about fifty-two or three; but she was very handsome; her eyes were sparkling bright; her cheeks like roses, and her lips like cherries. Her figure looked perfect; and, according to the testimony of an Irish maid, whom she retained in her service, and who made no secret of her mistress's perfections, was most symmetrical.

Blazenton and she had married, they scarcely knew why. Reason, perhaps, has little to do with that sort of passionate affection, which, in the days of real love, governed and controlled the juvenile branches of society; but which, according to Blazenton's present doctrine, was latterly exploded, or rather converted by a most degrading process, into the cold calculation of "ways and means." We have just seen that the "roseate bands," which sound so harmoniously and so hymeneally, had been sufficiently strong to confine the once-devoted husband within the matrimonial tether; and that dissipation—not, however, more than venial—had so unsettled the establishment, that they parted; Mrs. Blazenton being, at the moment at which she joined Mrs. Deveril in the garden, as agreeable and as handsome—barring just merely the bloom of youth—as ever she had been in her life.

"Dear Mrs. Deveril," said the bright-eyed lady, "do *you* know that amongst the many people here, I know so few, from having been abroad so long, that I really have hunted you down in order to find an agreeable companion."

"I am too happy," said Mrs. Deveril, "to find you driven to a measure so agreeable to *me*."

"Ah, Mrs. Deveril," said the lady, "you are too kind—too good, even to seem pleased with the society of a person of my time of life."

"Time of life!" said Mrs. Deveril, "my dear friend, with wit and charms like yours—with manners so fascinating, and a mind so well stored, there is no difference in times of life."

"Ah," replied Mrs. Blazenton, "you know how to flatter; but to tell you the truth, however 'pleasing 'tis to please,' I am quite weary of what is called the world; and I should have been ten times happier when I arrived here, to have found you and Mr. Deveril alone, or but one or two dear and affectionate friends. Indeed, indeed, Mrs. Deveril, every thing seems changed since I was a girl. In those days, there was a respectful attention on the part of the men one met in society—something like a devotion; but now—no—they look at one coldly, almost scornfully, and, absorbed either in gambling, smoking, steeple-hunting, or politics, give themselves no trouble about us. Look at their dancing! I remember when, in the buoyancy of my young spirits, I loved a ball, not only for the agreeable associations of the re-union, but for the mere practical pleasure of dancing. Look at the listless pale-faced creatures who now seem as if they were absolutely conferring a favor upon their partners, not by dancing with them, but by walking through the figures of a quadrille, the man who really does dance being an object of universal ridicule. Now this I hate—it is a falling off."

"Ah," said Mrs. Deveril, "I agree with you there—but this evening, perhaps, we may find you some sprightly *cavaliers*."

"Oh," said Mrs. Blazenton, "that is all past with me; of course I never dance now. No, I prefer that, which I know, when I become familiarized with you I can always have here—I mean the conversation of the *beaux esprits*, and the advantage of an intercourse with the most distinguished men of the day in their various ways."

"I hope you will not find yourself disappointed," said Mrs. Deveril, "for besides some singers and musicians, some artists, and a lawyer or two, we have eight or nine *elogists* of different sorts staying with us at present."

"I know I shall be happier here than any where else," said Mrs. Blazenton. "I feel that a kind of sympathy exists between us—I am *so* much obliged by your invitation—any thing like a home is so delightful, after a wandering continental life. Ah! Mrs. Deveril, added she, "if I had fortunately married a man who could have appreciated my sentiments, and understood my feelings, we both might have been happy; but fate decreed it otherwise, and, without any serious fault on either side, I hope—as you know, we have been separated for four-and-twenty years. I went to live with a most amiable and excellent aunt of mine, who loved me as if I had been her daughter, but six years since she died; and, I assure you, the loss of her so completely changed my character, that all those worldly pleasures as they are called, with which I was formerly enchanted, fail in their attractions for me, and all I seek is a peaceable and quiet intercourse with people of sense and talent."

"I am delighted to think," said Mrs. Deveril, "that we are likely to be able to gratify your wishes; you will here find a constant opportunity of conversing with men of the world—men who think—men who, in fact, if the word did not sound too fine for the nineteenth century, are really and truly philosophers."

"Those *are* the people with whom I *do* like to converse," said Mrs. Blazenton.

"Especially," continued Mrs. Deveril, "one who, having known the gay world, and lived in it, perhaps not profitably, has learned by experience to appreciate properly its follies and vanities——"

"Exactly," said Mrs. Blazenton; "for there, and upon those points, we must agree; and do you know, my dear Mrs. Deveril, no sort of argument delights me so much as one in which there is no difference of opinion."

"I see one of our *savans*," said Mrs. Deveril, "coming up the next walk, who I am sure will suit you; you had better meet without any formal introduction—so I shall run away."

And run away the fair practical joker did—and walk into the presence of his long-separated wife did Mr. Blazenton.

"Gracious mercy!" said Mrs. Blazenton. "This philosopher must be my husband!—he is certainly grown older. Where are the curls that clustered over his forehead!—his hair is gray—he stoops a little. Oh dear! and look at the furrows in his cheeks!—What does it mean?—it is—Mr. Blazenton?"

"I know that voice," said Blazenton, putting his hand veranda-wise over his eye-lids. "Why Mrs. Blazenton! is that *you*?"

And here, *a propos de bottes*, I cannot refrain from telling a story, which I know to be true (and old into the bargain), but which I am not sure has ever been printed; if it have, it cannot be helped—if it have not, so much the better; it is a story of the oldest Grimaldi, the first of the race, not of the illustrious, but the clownish race of the Grimaldi's; the father of that Grimaldi who certainly was the Garrick of pantomime:—which story is simply this:

Grimaldi and his wife were occasionally, as is the case in the best-regulated families, in the habit of quarrelling; and during the paroxysms of domestic turmoils—*civil* wars they could scarcely be called—matters ran very high indeed, until at length their feuds assumed a very serious aspect; and after communing together upon their miserable state of "incompatibility of temper," like that of Mr. and Mrs. Blazenton, they resolved to destroy themselves, as the only means of relieving themselves from their most miserable condition.

In accordance with this most extraordinary resolution Mr. Grimaldi proceeded to an apothecary's shop in the neighbourhood, and asked for an ounce of arsenic, "to poison de rats." The "cutter of simples" obsequiously bowed, and made up the little packet with a dexterity almost marvellous to the uninitiated; and then with a twist of the twine and a little "snick" upon something which is invariably to be found in shops of all sorts, for the purpose of cutting the connexion between the out-going parcel and a rolling thing overhead, delivered to the devoted Grimaldi the dose that he trusted would emancipate him from all worldly ills.

Firm to their purpose, the illustrious Punch and Judy swallowed in tumblers of water, each a moiety of the deadly "drink," and then embracing, retired, one to their hymeneal bed in the bedroom, and the other to a sofa in the sitting-room—both rooms communicating—the door between them being left open.

The pair of suicides lay down, tears filling their eyes; a long and solemn pause ensued—no sound of groans, no sign of anguish was heard—all was still as night. At last, wearied out with expectation, Grimaldi raised his head from the pillow, and in the deepest possible tone of voice called out,

"Mrs. Grimaldi, are *you* dead, my love?"

Upon which, Mrs. Grimaldi, in the highest possible squeak, replied,

"No, Mr. Grimaldi."

The rejoinder sounded something like "Dom;" what it meant, the imagination of the delicate reader may supply.

At the end of another half-hour, it became Mrs. Grimaldi's turn to be anxious as to the success of the potion, and *she*, hearing nothing in the next room, raised herself in the bed, and said in her squeak,

"Mr. Grimaldi, my dear, are *you* dead?"

To which the gruff reply was,

"No, Mrs. Grimaldi."

And for two hours these questions and answers went on periodically; till at last, the lady's turn coming again, she repeated the enquiry in a somewhat more excited and exalted tone, and almost screamed out,

"Mr. Grimaldi, my love, are you *not* dead?"

"No, my dear," said Grimaldi, "I am not; nor do I tink I can die to-night onless it be of starvation, Mistress Grimaldi; get op out of de bed and see for some supper, for I am dom hongry."

So ended this else fatal performance. The apothecary, who had heard of the perpetual bickerings of Punch and Judy in their *ménage*, having prudentially given him a small parcel of magnesia, which the unhappy pair had divided between them.

Who that had seen that poor man, working his legs and arms, his mouth and nose, and every limb, joint, and member, to be comical the night before, would have supposed that at home he was so wretched? But so goes the world, and even the serious Punches and Judies of Tragedy,

"Who strut and fret their hour on the stage,"

are all liable to the same domestic miseries, the same irritations and altercations; always, however, observing, that theatrical men who are funniest before the public, are generally the most wretched and unhappy in their domestic lives, as we may shortly have occasion to prove.

However, *revenons a nos moutons*, the extraordinarily brought-together Mr. and Mrs. Blazenton.

"Is that *you*, Mr. Blazenton?" said the lady. "Ah! what *can* bring you here? don't you recognise me?"

"Yes," said Blazenton; "eh! what?—don't you see?—yes, it *is* you; but what on earth brings *you* here?"

"Chance," said the lady; "for I certainly did not expect to find *you*; but, upon my word, Mr. Blazenton, however much surprised, I am not otherwise moved by the meeting. They tell me, for I hear of you sometimes, that you have turned philosopher and cynic, and all that sort of thing."

"Why," said Blazenton, considerably staggered by the appearance of what it was generally considered he did *not* think his better half, "I—eh! don't you see?—don't you know, eh! what?—I don't know what you mean by cynic and philosopher; but, ma'am, if you mean to say I think ill of the world, having gained knowledge by experience, and look back with regret upon the time which I have so ill employed, I am both."

"How do you mean ill-employed?" said Mrs. Blazenton; and the extraordinary part of this meeting was, that which really and truly involved the philosophical manner in which it was conducted; for even the sudden surprise of the *rencontre*, which might naturally have been supposed to upset both parties, seemed to have no kind of effect whatever upon them, but on the contrary, appeared to be no surprise at all.

"Ill-employed!" said Blazenton; "look to your own conduct, ma'am."

"Oh!" said the lady, "you are going to scold; we have met oddly, unexpectedly, and accidentally, do not let us make a scene for the amusement of these 'Odd People,' who I have no doubt have brought us together for the purpose of making fun for somebody."

"Ah!" said Blazenton, not looking at her, "I believe, ma'am, you are right, eh! what!—don't you see?—yes, right,—our meeting is odd; premeditated; we will beat them at their own game, ma'am, we will *not* make a scene, no; we will speak only of the amusements of the House that are going on; don't let us refer to past grievances.'

"Grievances!" said Mrs. Blazenton. "No; I have no wish to recur to those; but still, as we *are* here, and have met so strangely, tell me plainly, what good did you ever get by frittering away your money amongst those women of fashion, when gambling was in vogue, and when Lady—"

"Stop, stop," said Blazenton; "name no names."

"Did you ever get paid?" said Mrs. Blazenton.

"Not mercenarily, in money, ma'am," said Blazenton.

"Don't pique yourself on that," said the lady. "As the priest said to the culprit, who on his way to the Place de Greve, in company with a party of traitors, endeavoured to establish a reputation quite of another character, '*Ce n'est pas le moment pour la vanité.*'"

"Vanity! No," said Blazenton; "but look at yourself. What do you think of those dukes, and marquises, and earls, and viscounts, all the way down to the last and lowest of the modern pitchforks; what would they have cared for you, if it hadn't been for your agreeable *cercle*, your *petites soupers*, and all the rest of it; what do *you* mean by vanity? do you think that *you* were the object of their admiration."

"Come, come, Mr. Blazenton," said the lady, getting more and more animated; "when was you ever so happy as when a great long-legged lordling did you the honour to borrow enough money without security, to buy a troop in a hussar regiment, because you were sure of having him always at dinner whenever you chose, in order to astonish your city friends?"

"Ah!" said Blazenton, "that would never have succeeded if we had known in those days that the 'cracks' were to be sent to India; but that's nothing."

"And then think of the way, Mr. Blazenton, in which you used to abandon my society for that of other women," said the lady, who from the first not meaning to say a word about anything connected with old reminiscences, felt the spirit stirring within her to recur to all her former wrongs.

"Other women?" said Blazenton.

"Yes—yes," sobbed Mrs. Blazenton, "and are still—still devoted to—"

"Me?" said Blazenton. "No—no—all those follies are over now. I live calmly, quietly, and under the advice of my worthy physician, an Irish practitioner, look after my health and stick to that, eh!—don't you see?"

"And," said Mrs. Blazenton; "—indeed, indeed and in truth, Mr. Blazenton; now strange it seems that we should meet in this way. Do *you* know that you are looking wonderfully well?"

"Do you think so?" said Blazenton; "eh—ah—well—umph—upon my life—Maria, I mean—yes—Mrs. Blazenton—umph—eh—I think—eh—*you* are very little altered—eh?—"

"Me!" said the lady. "My dear Mr. Blazenton, I am so changed that I am absolutely afraid to look in the glass."

"Ah, I don't see that," said Blazenton. "My course of life is all altered. People come to dine with me, but they fly away either to the House of Commons, or to the Opera, or to parties—my old friends have all died off, my new friends are of another school; suppers are out of fashion—eh, well. I don't care for clubs, I stay at home, and then—what?—eh; I am alone—I try to read, but I can't, and I go to sleep. What? as I say to myself—I have outlived my compeers; I have made no new friends. Now what is life worth under such circumstances, eh? It is *that*, I suppose, which has make me a cynic."

"Why," said Mrs. Blazenton, "life under such circumstances certainly is a burden; and what is *my* life, Mr. Blazenton? There I was with a crowd of devoted *cavaliers* at my feet; I treated them like slaves, and they obeyed; my suppers after the Opera were perfect; my excursions up the river were puffed and praised in the papers; my balls were charming, and here,—what am I *now*?"

"Ah," said Blazenton; "eh—what—that's all; what a couple of fools we have been. If we had lived as we ought to have lived, and not been so uncommonly squeamish—eh—what?—both of us in the wrong, we need not have been wandering about alone, and shut out—eh, don't you see?—for the last twenty years."

"Ah," said Mrs. Blazenton; "and if we could have felt *that*, ten or fifteen years ago, how much more does it tell upon us as we are now!"

"Yes, Mrs. Blazenton," said the husband; "it is painful to have no real home."

"And really," said Mrs. Blazenton; "having nobody who cares for one."

"I might as well be an old bachelor," said Blazenton.

"And I," said the lady, "an old maid."

"We might have had a family," said Blazenton, half crying.

"Dear children, who would have engrossed our cares, and repaid our toils for their good," said Mrs. Blazenton, crying outright.

"Yes, dear little children, who would have handed us down to posterity, Mrs. Blazenton," said he; "instead of which we have nobody; not a human being interested about us. I declare to you our sufferings are great, Mrs. Blazenton."

"Yes, Mr. Blazenton," said Mrs. Blazenton; "and very much alike in their character."

"Ma'am," said Mr. Blazenton; "eh, what?"

"Sir?" said Mrs. Blazenton.

"Ought we not to try," said he, "to alleviate our sufferings by sharing them—eh? don't ye see?"

"What on earth do you mean, Mr. Blazenton?" said the lady.

"Perhaps we are—eh—older we know we are, than when we parted—eh—what?" said Blazenton; "perhaps we are—eh—"

"—— Wiser, Mr. Blazenton," said his wife. "If we are, why shouldn't we forget the past, and consider all the injuries we have inflicted on each other as mere weaknesses."

"Yes," said Blazenton, "weaknesses incidental to humanity."

"If we do *that*," said Mrs. Blazenton, "we must endeavour, if possible, to render ourselves worthy of each other's esteem for the future."

"With all my soul, Maria," said Blazenton, his eyes becoming somewhat suffused with tears, called up, perhaps, by recollections of other days of folly, or by the anticipation of those of atonement. "Yes, with all my soul; by affection, by tenderness, and mutual love, which we ought always to have borne each other."

"And by regarding," said Mrs. Blazenton, "all the errors and follies of our earlier life, as so many dreams from which we have been awakened to happiness."

"Agreed," said he; "and laugh at them as if they had not been our own, but merely subjects for ridicule and amusement."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Blazenton, "how strangely, but how strongly does truth work! My dear husband, this is a moment for which, for the last ten years of the last twenty, I have been longing—my heart yearned for it—it formed the subject of my dreams by night, my thoughts by day; but my spirit was high, my heart was proud, and I could not break the ice."

"That's it," said Blazenton; "I—felt, eh! what—don't you see?—never mind—there's no use in talking now—thank Heaven, we have met—eh—this Deveril."

"We will never part!" said the agitated lady; "perhaps, my dear George, we may again rally round us, such of our old and real friends as are living."

"Yes, yes," said he, hiding his face in his hands; "and I shall again have a home—I shall again have comforts—it is woman only that can concentrate the happiness of domestic life."

"Thank Heaven this has happened," said Mrs. Blazenton, falling into her husband's arms.

"Ah!" said Blazenton, shaking his head, "this affair will make these funny people here laugh, and we shall be the town talk for a week; but never mind—eh—what—I'm above *that*. It is never too late to repent; I admit the faults of my younger days, and I shall be satisfied with the approval of those I esteem."

At which part of the dialogue Mr. and Mrs. Blazenton fell out of each other's arms; and Deveril, his wife, and Captain Gossamer, rushed from the *bosquet*, in which they had been literally ambushed to witness the proceedings.

"There!" said the master of the house, "what we meant at first as an innocent joke, has turned out a permanent good. Nothing can be more delightful to us—nothing, we think, can contribute more to your happiness and benefit, my dear friends. I and Mrs. Deveril, therefore, hope and trust you will think that the gaieties of Mumjumble Lodge are not without some beneficial, ODD PEOPLE as we are."

London New Monthly Magazine for April.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE.

Cannibals as well as *gourmands* are ye not ashamed of yourselves? After feasting upon all the luxuries of a splendid table, to fall to and devour a Russian Charlotte, Miss Charlotte the Russian, or Miss Charlotte Russe, daughter of the old gentleman of that name! By the powers of Gastronomy, it is too bad to imagine such a Charlotte was made for your unfeeling digestion,—what *egg*-otism! Perhaps *you* consider it a mere *trifle*, but I take it to be a great want of *pie*-ty to *puff* yourselves with such dainties!

I was grumbling to myself the other day at dinner on this subject, when I found my sleeve plucked by a person sitting next to me, who had caught the subject of my discontent. He wore a black velvet skull-cap, had a grey beard, little piercing eyes, aquiline nose, and very pale cheeks; his age *appeared* at least *two hundred*. I was startled for a moment, and on recovering my surprise, bowed to the old man, and inquired his pleasure with me. He replied that he saw I was in some trouble about the Charlotte Russe, and presumed that I did not know the meaning of its appellation. My answer was, of course, in the negative. "Then, Sir," said he, "I shall enlighten you; listen, and mark me well." Delighted at the prospect of getting at a mystery which had puzzled all the cooks in Christendom, I opened both my ears. "A glass of wine first, Sir." I assented, and he poured a bumper of the real Markobrunnor Ausbruck into a green glass for me, filling a large tumbler for himself. The lion's share, methought! He had already finished two bottles of the delicious beverage. Having quaffed his draught of Rhenish, he commenced in a clear articulate tone.

"I belong, Sir, to that race which has neither home nor country; we are content to pick up the crumbs which fall from the great loaves of Monarchies or Republics; persecution is our birthright, a heavy inheritance, we bend and groan under its weight, but cannot shake it off. My heart is cicatriced for the sufferings we have endured, and so embittered am I, that I suspect hypocrisy in all mankind. Beneath the cloak of civility I fancy that I detect a sneer, beneath the mask of friendship, murderous hate. Perhaps I am in error—for charity's sake I will admit the possibility of my being wrong—*sometimes* wrong. But to the point, Sir. The subject before us is, in name, partly emblematical of the horrors which in various ages have been accumulated upon our devoted heads. It had its origin in Spain, where cowardly immolation followed the unfeeling injustice of brutal incarceration. I was there, my friend—Sir, I mean—I was there—cen—years have passed—the iron heel of the furious bigot was upon the neck of the faithful, the stiletto at his breast, and he who would not deny the attributes of his God, was soon transformed into a carrion corpse. In Madrid, we were many, and as the Executive could not get subsidies to carry on the war against the * * * * * from others, we were permitted to remain unmolested, or in other words, unmurdered. Our synagogue was a heap of smouldering ruins—our cemetery cruelly defiled; but we determined to have a watch-word, a cabalistical sign by which we might evince to each other that our holy religion was not forgotten.

"That word was SHOLLIT, and indicated a baked pudding, constructed with compartments imitative of the chambers in the Temple of Jerusalem. The word in Hebrew is spelt with four letters—

שׁ ל י ט

Sheen—Lommed—Yod—Teth—which are the initials of a sentence in Scripture—

שַׁבָּת לַיי יוֹם טוֹב

Shabboth Ladonai Yom Tov; anglice, Sabbath is unto the Lord a Holy day. This dish we always caused to be prepared for our Sabbath meal: it was the banner of commemoration, around which we rallied for—for—years, and even to this day many religious families in Europe continue the consecrated food. The Jews, Sir, are scattered over the earth, but there is a chain, forged in the fires of Heavenly dispensation, which will hold them together as one people until the day of doom. Thus, Sir, a *Shollit Russe* (not *Charlotte* Russe) signifies a Russian pudding, the same as Shollit Francoise would express a French one. The Russians were the first to introduce it to civilized Europe; that *mild* and *tolerant* Government has, since the Polish revolution, come in close contact with the inhabitants of Warsaw and Parga (principally Jews), and its officers probably thought themselves justified in indulging in some of the *sweets* of that oppressed people, in return for those which they have permitted *them* to enjoy—in occasional *excursions* to Siberia! alas! alas—"

My communicator here paused—I turned round, he was gone—and the bottles were gone too; I could not help fancying that the heel-tap in my green glass had a very *sulphury* smell. I left my seat, hastened to the office and made enquiries—no one had seen the old man. I sent for "mine host" and questioned him; he told me that the *person* had arrived an hour before dinner, and had entered his name as

Rabbi Schneidermichel, from the Red Sea.

that he had just left the house; having paid for his meal and *three* bottles of Hock, but that no one had discovered what had become of the bottles. [Corsair. L.

On Dits in Sporting Circles.

EAGLE COURSE RACES, AT TRENTON.

The Spring meeting, on this beautiful course, commences on Tuesday next, the 28th instant, with a prospect of finer sport than has been witnessed at the North for many years. All the cracks of Maryland and the Old Dominion, are assembled there, and probably not less than five will start for each purse. The spirited proprietor, Dr. BROWN, has spared no trouble nor expense, to give general satisfaction, and we make no doubt the public will support him with a corresponding degree of liberality. He has made arrangements with the Rail-Road companies, to run an extra train of cars from Philadelphia and New York to Trenton, each day of the races; they leave each city at 8 o'clock in the morning, and return at half-past four in the afternoon, after the races are over, so that the citizens of either city can visit the Trenton races with about as little loss of time and cost as they can attend those at Camden, or Long Island. A handsome DINNER will be served up each day, at the Pavillion, and every exertion made to contribute to the comfort, convenience, and enjoyment of the patrons of the Eagle Course. And now for the sport.

On the First day, there will be two sweepstake races, in which three colts will start in each. Each nomination has its backers, and the winner will have to earn his money.

On the Second Day, Wednesday, there will be *three* races. The first is a stake for 4 yr. olds, in which *Portsmouth*, of Virginia, *Buckeye*, of Maryland, and *Eliptic*, of New Jersey, are nominated; two will start, and no mistake. Then comes another stake, in which three colts are sure to go, and then the regular Two mile heats race. It will be a crowder that wins this race; the entries will, probably, be Col. Johnson's *Rocker*, Mr. Van Mater's *Manalopan*, Mr. Kendall's *Henry A. Wise*, Mr. Hare's *Andrewetta*, Mr. McDaniel's *Sam Johnson*, and possibly one or two more. Two to one you cannot name the winner!

On the Third day, Thursday, there is every prospect of as fine a Three mile heats race, as was run in Baltimore, at Kendall's meeting; it is doubtful if in many years a finer field has been started than these:—Col. Johnson's *Wonder*, from Maryland, Mr. Van Mater's *Hornblower*, a regular "long-tailed Jersey Blue," Mr. Kendall's *Master Henry*, from Maryland, Capt. Stockton's imported horse *Langford*, and Mr. Hare's *Champagne*, from the Old Dominion. There is also a second race this day at Mile heats.

On the Fourth day, Friday, the *Great Event* will come off! Look out for time low down in the *forties*, and don't bet odds against a top-sawyer of a heat somewhere among the *thirties!* The cracks at four mile heats that have all the campaign been "lying low in the tall grass a-pulling poke-root," will now come together, and the hardest fend off! Since the race between Lady Cliffden, Picton, Mingo, and Fanny Wyatt on Long Island, no prospect of a tip-top race has seemed so likely to be realised. First there is *Boston*, the champion of the Old Dominion, in Col. Johnson's stable; then, there is *Vashti*, the daughter of the great Leviathan, all the way from North Carolina, to put in her claim to the championship; she it was who beat *Portsmouth* and *Steel* at Baltimore, and the boys from the Tar river country will go their death on her. *Willis*, the winner of the four mile race on Long Island, and *Bailie Peyton*, who beat *Duane* a four mile heat in 7:42½, are also here from Virginia, with *Decatur*. Five better nags have not been assembled for years; each is in fine condition, and ready to make play. However the result may terminate, it will undoubtedly be long remembered as one of the most splendid and exciting contests ever witnessed in this country; already thousands are depending on the result, and we look with confidence to see a larger assemblage of people than has been witnessed for many years. Of course, *you* will go!

LONG ISLAND RACES.

The second Long Island Meeting commences over the Union Course, the 4th of June next, with a prospect of brilliant sport. The great Race of Four Mile Heats, on that day being a play or pay race, of $2000 each nomination has for months excited great interest, and much betting in our sporting circles. Mr. JOHN C. STEVENS' *Fordham*, the winner of the 44 subscribers' stake, last Spring, trained by Belcher, for this race,—Mr. WALTER LIVINGSTON'S *Job*, now in Mr. HARE'S stable, with Old Charles from Virginia,—Captain STOCKTON'S Miss Mattie filly, Caroline, trained by Col. JOHNSON—and Col. HETH'S Luzborough colt, Jack Kremer, will make a race on that day, equalling in interest any we have had for many years. We may venture to promise every visitor to the Union Course, the first Tuesday in June, much enjoyment. The reputation of these splendid four year olds, their supposed equality, and the long period they have been matched, causes an excitement, we have not witnessed since the time of Bascombe and Post Boy.

Every day of the meetings at both the Union Course, and the Beacon (that succeeds the week after) will be most attractive, if our Southern friends stand by us, as we doubt not they will.

The first day on the Union, alone, is sufficient to draw every Turfite within a hundred miles of us, and we expect to see on that day the field and stands present the same cheering sight, as when the little Trifle beat our crack Shark. At this meeting, also, comes off the match, play or pay, between the stables of Captain Stockton and Mr. Robt. L. Stevens, to name at the post, also a sweep stakes of 12 subscribers of $100 each. If in addition to this splendid Bill of Fare, we can see assembled, as we expect, Boston, Vashti, Bailie Peyton, Decatur, Langford, Willis, Argyle, Rocker, Hornblower, Clarion, Trenton, Manalapon, Suffolk, &c., with our four year olds, disengaged after the first day, we shall have no cause to despair of the old North.

James Long, of Washington City, claims the name of *Olympius*, for his ch. c. by Eclipse, out of Flirtilla, jr., by Sir Archy, that won the produce stake at Washington, this Spring; also the name of *Cassandra* for a brown filly, by Imp. Priam, out of the same mare, dropped this spring.

Col. ELLIOTT, of Tennessee, has lost a full brother to *Sarah Bladen*. He was engaged in a match $5000 a-side, with Mr. HENRY SMITH'S *Allen Brown*, by Stockholder, to come off spring of 1840, at Nashville.

In a race, week before last, at Fairfield, Va., *Norfolk* and *Winfield Scott*, made a close race for the first heat. Our reporter remarked, however, that Norfolk won by a length and handily. This, we are assured on the best authority, is inaccurate; Scott was beaten only by two feet, or as one of the Judges says, by eighteen inches, and, however *handily* Norfolk might have won, we are assured that he got a taste of the persuaders in the *run home*.

Winfield Scott was entirely out of fix at the time, and as he was unable to do himself justice, it is desirable that our paper should. For this reason, we have noted so unimportant a matter.

Another correction we hasten to make. We gave STEWART (Col. HAMPTON'S trainer) credit for the fine condition of *Kate Seaton*, the Colonel's Argyle filly, at Baltimore. We now learn that the credit should have been given to Dr. GOODWYN'S man, HARK, and that Stewart had seen her but three or four times during her training.

Maj. N. Y. GREEN has sold half of his interest in his sister to *Duane* for $1500, to WM. MCCARGO, Esq., of Fredericksburg, Va., who will take her o Kentucky, where he now has Billy Townes, and others. It is supposed the great sweepstakes, in which Townes, Wagner, Grey Eagle, and others, are engaged, will be the greatest betting race ever known in the West. The Virginians will fall heavy on Billy Townes; if he is beaten, the turfmen of Louisiana and Mississippi will go their pile on Wagner.

We make an extract from an interesting letter we have just received from North Alabama,—partially for the news it contains, and still more for the *puff* of the "Spirit."

"There is a good feeling generally prevailing in this part of the country, favourable to blood stock. Some not heretofore known on the turf, are about making their debut this season, and more than ordinary attention is paid to breeding for the turf. The sudden death of Mr. E. H. BOARDMAN'S *Consol*, in the prime of life, which I hasten to announce to you [we heard of it two weeks since] is an irreparable loss to the country, and a severe one to his enterprising owner. His get are fast rising in public estimation; two yet untried, it is believed, have no superiors in this country. I have heard it stated that he died from the rupture of a blood-vessel. [Vide *Spirit* of last Saturday.] During the same week, Capt. NICK. DAVIS, of Limestone, lost a very fine two year old colt by Consul out of Timoura, and Mr. JOHN CONNALLY, of Huntsville, another of the same age out of Hippy by Pacolet, (the dam of *Pollard Brown*.) The first died of the distemper, the latter of lock-jaw; Connally's was believed to be the best colt ever bred by him during his long and successful career.—The new series of the "Spirit," as also of the "Turf Register," I am pleased to say are received with unqualified admiration. If fault there be, it is that we have too much of a good thing for the money. [We can't and shan't raise again no how.] The sporting public, the breeders, the turfmen and the amateurs,—speak in unbounded praise of your exertions to administer to their wants. That you may go on and prosper, is the sincere wish of yours, &c." [So say we.]

We beg the attention of our readers, especially in the middle States, to an advertisement of a COLT SHOW, in Virginia, which they will find in another page. It is a novel exhibition, and will be very well worth seeing. We hope to hear of the result, with descriptions of the colts, from some gentleman present.

A match has been concluded for $1000 a-side, between Capt. O. CROSS' g. c. *Mustapha*, three years old, by La Fayette Stockholder, dam reported to be by Pacolet, a full brother to Mogul; and Mr. JOHN G. PERRY'S s. c. *Stub-Twist* three years old, by Medoc, dam by Paragon, mile heats, half forfeit, the race to come off on the Metarie Course, N. Orleans, on the day preceding the regular fall meeting of the Jockey Club on that course.

The Cincinnati Races.—There has been for some time a perplexity touching the title to the Cincinnati Race Course about a year ago the land was purchased, and, in the course of the summer, the fixtures added, a small part only of the purchase money being paid; the former owner was anxious to get back the property; to effect his object he threw many obstacles in the way, all of which are now removed, and the former proprietors, GEO. M. LONG of Louisiana and GEO. N. SANDERS of Grass Hills, Kentucky, have again possession of the Course, and are the sole owners.

More recently a negociation has been carried on with Col. OLIVER for the purchase of the Track, as we have before announced. But some misunderstanding arising, the negociation has been broken off, and the races will take place under the direction of the original proprietors.

But the above circumstances combined, have compelled them to postpone the spring meeting from the 3d or 4th week in May to the 2d Tuesday, the 11th June, at which time the races will come off. Before our paper goes to press we hope to find the last advertisement of the Proprietors. Thus far, we have sought for it without success, in the Cincinnati papers.

Mr. Garrison arrived at Cincinnati, about a fortnight since, from N. Orleans with his five horses, *Wagner*, *Altorf*, *Glorvina*, *Lubber* and another; they will train in the vicinity of that city, this summer, and he intends to strengthen his stable by drafts from Maryland, and Virginia, so as to be in force at the fall meeting, whence he will go to Louisville, and after the races there, to New Orleans.

The Kanawha Races.—These races are likewise changed from the 12th to the 5th of June, as we are desired to state by the Proprietors. We have made an error hitherto in the advertisement of these races, they come off at Charleston, Va., not Charles-*town*. The latter is in Jefferson County, the former in Kanawha. The races at Wheeling, Va., follow a few weeks after these at Charleston. We are glad to see the sport advancing in that region.

CAMDEN AND PHILADELPHIA RACES.

The Spring Meeting commenced on Tuesday last, under the most pleasant auspices, the day being fine, the track in good order, and the attendance numerous and respectable. The ball was opened with a play or pay match for $1000 a-side, between two Busiris colts, one of which had not recovered from the effect of the distemper; it was of course an open and shut affair, the distempered colt being distanced the first heat.

The sweepstakes for *Shark* colts, and which closed with six subscribers, brought four nominations to the post; rarely have four colts of higher promise started in the same race. Coquette's colt was the favourite at 3 and 4 to 1. After a very fine race the stake was won cleverly by Mr. KIRBY'S Invalid colt, which in compliment to this course he has named *Camden*. It is proper to state that Mariner was buckshinned on all four legs, and that the Kate Kearney colt was knocked up by *fourteen* false start s. Record:—

TUESDAY, May 21, 1839—Match $1000 aside, P.P., weight 90lbs. on each, Mile heats.
Dennis Kelly's ch. c. by Busiris, dam by Escape, 3 yrs..... *Ben Reed.* 1
John Cochran's ch. c. by Busiris, dam by Potomac, 3 yrs..... dist.
Time, 2:02.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old Shark colts. Six subs. at $300 each, $200 ft. 90lbs. on each. Mile heats.
John D. Kirby's b. c. *Camden*, by Shark, out of Imp. Invalid by Whisker..... *Reuben* 1 1
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's b. c. by Shark, out of Coquette by Sir Archy..... 2 2
Wm. Gibbon's br. c. *Mariner*, out of Bonnets o' Blue by Sir Charles..... 3 3
J. H. Helling's b. c. by Shark, out of Kate Kearney by Sir Archy..... dist.
Time, 1:51—1:52.

On Wednesday our anticipations of fine sport were not realised, both races being won by the favourites, and handily. The first was for a sweepstakes of six subscribers at $500 each; two only came to the post,—*Kate Seaton*, the winner of the great stake at Baltimore last week, and imported *Passaic*. Hark, Dr. Goodwyn's trainer, had the filly in fine order, and little Craig thinks he might have brought her through in 1:49—1:50. Passaic was off his feet, having run a trial with his shoes on last week, in the time of the race to-day. Before the 1st heat the odds were 5 to 1 on the filly.

The Proprietor's purse for two mile heats, brought out Col. Johnson's *Rocker*, Mr. Van Mater's *Manalopan*, Mr. McDaniel's *Sam Johnson*, and Mr. Tomm's b. f. by Medley. The odds were 3 to 1 on Rocker, who won the first heat handily, the Medley filly being distanced, owing to her saddle slipping on her withers. In the 2nd heat the race was for a few moments very beautiful and exciting; Manalopan was leading down the back side of the last mile with his best stroke, when Sam Johnson yoked him on one side and Rocker on the other; for two hundred yards they could only reach his saddle-girth, but at length Sam declined, and soon after Manalopan followed suit; Rocker of course won handily; from the head of the quarter-stretch home, a fine brush ensued for the 2nd place between the grey and the gelding, which resulted in favour of the former by two or three lengths. Record:—

WEDNESDAY, May 22—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs, fillies 87lbs. Six subs. at $500 each, $200 ft. Mile heats.
Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's (Col. W. Hampton's) br. f. *Kate Seaton*, by Argyle, out of Pocahontas by Sir Archy..... *Craig* 1 1
Capt. R. F. Stockton's Imp. ch. c *Passaic*, by Reveller, out of Rachel..... 2 dist.
Time, 1:54—1:54.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse $300, free for all ages, conditions as before, 3 yr. olds to carry 90lbs.—4, 104—5, 114—6, 121—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's b. h. *Rocker*, by Eclipse, dam by Virginian, 5 yrs. *Gil Patrick* 1 1
J. H. Van Mater's (D. Abbott's) gr. h. *Manalopan*, by Medley, d. by John Richards, 6 y. 2 2
David McDaniel's b. g. *Sam Johnson* by Young Scroggins, out of Betsey Baker by Sir Charles, 5 yrs..... 3 3
D. Tomm's b. f. by Medley, out of Imp. Invalid, 4 yrs..... dist.
Time, 3.55—3:56.

At the Club dinner to-day a gentleman offered to name *Kate Seaton* for $10,000, to run mile heats against any 3 yr. old in the Union.

A match was made at the same time for $10,000 aside, between *Willis* and *Vashti*, to run four mile heats at Raleigh, N.C., at the ensuing Fall Meeting.

On THURSDAY, the weather was miserably cold and wet, and the track fetlock deep, it having rained hard all the night before. We are glad to remark, however, that notwitstanding the weather, the citizens of Philadelphia, turned out in great numbers. The racing was not of a very interesting character, as will be seen.

THURSDAY, May 23—Match $1000 aside, h. ft., and $500 aside bye, P.P. Club weiggts, for age. Mile heats
Dennis Kelly's (Gen. C. Irvine's) ch. f. *Ann Calendar*, own sister to Busiris, by Eclipse, out of Grand Duchess by Gracchus, 4 yrs.... *Ben Reed* 2 1 1
John Cochran's ch. h. *Chester*, by Busiris, dam by Potomac, 5 yrs..... 1 2 dist.
Time, 2:06—2:10—2:15. Track very heavy.

Half a dozen false starts occurred, before the horses got off, which worried the filly excessively. Chester led to the half mile post, where the filly challenged, but could not head him; both tasted steel and cat-gut, from the head of the stretch in, but the horse won by a length. Before the start, the odds were 3 to 1 on the filly, and she would have won the heat, had little Reed braced her with a strong steady pull. The filly sweated out well, while the horse scarcely turned a hair; betting now about even. The filly won the second heat handily, and distanced her competitor in the 3d.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse $500, conditions as before. Three mile heats.
Col. John Heth's b. h. *Bailie Peyton*, by Andrew, out of Master Henry's dam by Eclipse, 5 yrs..... *Jem Closter* 1 1
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's ch. h. *Tom Walker*, by Marylander, dam by Rattler, 5 yrs.... 2 2
Time, 6:24—6:40. Track very heavy.

This was no race at all; Balie Peyton (the favorite at 10 to 1) led from end to end in both heats, and won in a canter.

SAME DAY—*Third Race*—Purse $100, conditions as before, Mile heats.
Otway P. Hare's gr. f. *Andrewetta*, by Andrew, dam by Oscar, 4 yrs..... *Reuben* 1 1
Joseph H. Van Mater's ch. h. *Duke*, by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Imp. Expedition, aged..... 2 2
Time, 2:02—2:05. Track heavy.

Another open and shut affair: Andrewetta cut out the work, and won at her ease in both heats: she was the favorite at 3 and 4 to 1.

FRIDAY, May 24—Purse $1000, conditions as before. Four mile heats.
Col. W. R. Johnson's (N. Rives') ch. h. *Boston*, by Timoleon, out of Robin Brown's dam by Ball's Florizel, 6 yrs..... walked over.

SAME DAY—Purse $200, conditions as before, Two mile heats.
Jos. H. Van Mater's (D. Abbott's) gr. h. *Manalopan*, by Medley, dam by John Richards, 6 yrs..... *John Haggerty* 1 1
O. P. Hare's b. h. *Champagne*, by Eclipse, dam by Sir Archy, 5 yrs..... 2 2
Time, 4:23—4:22. Track very heavy.

Won handily; Champagne was the favorite at 2 to 1. In consequence of some misunderstanding, the Sweepstakes were not run for. Mr. McDaniel claimed forfeit on his br. c. by Shark, out of Betsy Archer; the whole matter was referred to the club, who had not settled it, when we left the course.

Another $10,000 match was made to day. Mr. Long named Col. HAMPTON'S Argyle filly, *Kate Seaton*, against Messrs CORBIN & Co's. imported Langar colt, *Passenger*, both 3 yr olds, to run mile heats over the Fairfield course, Va., between the 1st and 7th of Oct. next. If Col. H. will loan the filly for the match, she will go into the stable of the Old Napoleon.

We are gratified to learn from his trainer, that the fears of *Portsmouth's* lameness, are groundless. In shoeing him at Baltimore an ignorant and careless farrier, broke off two nails in the quick of his hoof, but these having been extracted, he is now looking and going well. He will be turned out until the fall campaign.

PETE WHETSTONE IN NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, May 20.

Dear Jim.—You musent grumble because I havent writ to you before—the truth is, I have been going so all the time, that some how or other I aint had no time—well I reckon if you were here you would think all the world had come here on a visit—why the Astor house (it is a *tavern*, but that aint genteel,) is bigger nor the State House at Little Rock—they are mighty kind polite people and treat me very well—all the waiters are white and nice looking fellers at that. I havent seen many niggers here, but then the way them I have seen *do dress*, would astonish the natives—well, would you believe it, every spoon and fork is the pure stuff, purer nor a spanish dollar—and as to forks they all have *four prongs*, and sarn me to the sarned if they aint the most inconvenientest things I ever come across.

Broadway is the big brag street of the city—and such a grist of folks as are going on it all the time you never did see—and then there are some of the tarnationest purty gals twixt heaven and yearth—lord but they do look nice—the height of fashion is to wear a slick little apurn behind. You would soon tire out here—it aint like *the devil's fork*, any way you can fix it, you cant git fresh air—there is a place called the Park, what comes nearer it than any thing I can find, it is shaped sorter like a triangle and has only about three big houses in it, the balance is trees and grass; it is about as big as a 40 acre lot.

The finest looking house I have seen is the Custom House, but it aint finished—it belongs to Uncle Sam and they have been building it these 6 years, and it will be a long time before they finish it yet. The Exchange is most finished, it is a spinkling past common, and is situated in what they call the burnt district. Then there are three great big theatres, that hold twenty times as many folks as Sam Water's theatre—I aint been but once, and then I went to the one they call the *Bowery*—it is an awful nice looking house; I heard the Brass Band all the way from Bosting on their blowing horns—the way they can blow is about right—then there was a play called Nick of the Woods—it warnt much—one feller was called *Captain Ralph Stackpole*, a ringtail roarer from Salt river—but if he had any fun or wit about him, he kept it to himself while I was there. Why, Old Ben from Spring river, or Old Martin from the Piney Woods, could out *carort* him to death.

I reckon you want to hear something about horse racing—well I have seen some monstrous fast horses. Boston is rather the best race-horse I ever saw—then there are Portsmouth, Vashti, Wonder, Steele, Master Henry, and Old Argyle, that are fast enough for most any thing in this world. There is great racing this week at Camden and I am going there. You cant guess who I saw here? why Daniel Webster—the man who is among men like Boston among horses. He has gone to England—every body said "God bless him" when he went.

Well, as I was walking up town last night, I heard a fellow spouting away, so I jist stopt and listens—says he, "oh yes, I went to Bosting, and there I saw some little boys a rolling marbles—a little ring with five marbles in it—one little boy he rolled his marble, says he, if I aint *fat* I'm d—d, and he was the *leanest* little critter I ever did see—and then ore little boy he plumped his marble, and another feller hollerd out, I'm *dead*, if I aint I'm d—d, and he was the *livest* little critter I ever seen in my born days." My paper is most give out so I must stop—give my love to sister Sal and the baby, to Bill Spence and Lawyer McCampbell.

Your friend till death,
PETE WHETSTONE.

Jim Cole, Esq., care of Lawyer McCampbell, Kinderhook, East Prong of the Devil's Fork.

MODEL FOR LETTER WRITERS.

VIRGINIA, May 15.

Mr. Spirit.—Will you be so good as to change the direction of my paper to Q——, Va., instead of C——, where it is now sent.

I see the price of subscription has gone up 100 per cent.,—the spirit of your inimitable journal, has doubtless advanced *pari passu*. I must therefore "*sink* or swim" with *thee*, my dear Mr. P. I have often laughed out the difference of subscription in one article, why then be nice about a V! Do any of your Yankee subscribers complain! if so, doff them, and spurn such mercenary *spirits* as they are unworthy of *thine*, let me assure you.

Can you tell me whether a match is made between Boston and Portsmouth, 4 miles? Such was the rumour here a few days ago, and I see nothing of it in the Times. Some interest is felt by a *coterie* here, and they beg me to ask what you know. Yours truly, G.

Note by Editor.—Speak not lightly of our Yankee subscribers, dear G., and

thy query shall be answered. Our Yankee list is small, but capital; not a man has flinched, and G. will hardly credit us when we tell him that we have more subscribers in Boston than we have in Philadelphia, Baltimore or Richmond, and they are bang-up into the bargain,—their "tin" is ever ready in the shape of a "ten," and no mistake.

At this present writing, no match has been concluded between Boston and the "black ram," but for news look to the conclusion of the Camden races.

MAYSVILLE, (Ky.,) SPRING RACES.

MAYSVILLE, Ky., May 13th, 1839.

Dear Sir,—We have just closed a week of very fine sport over the Beechland Course—it has been managed, as it should be, by gentlemen, and whilst in such hands cannot fail to be encouraged. The course is not yet in the condition which our proprietor will place it in, but nature has made it a most lovely one, and his taste and liberality will add much to its beauty.

Dr. W. T. Taliaferro, President; Chas. A. Marshall, Esq. and Dr. John M. Duke, Judges; E. P. Lee, and Stephen Morgan, Esqrs., Distance Judges; Junius R. Ward, Esq. and Dr. J. M. Duke, Timers; W. S. St ratton, Esq. Proprietor.

TUESDAY, May 7th—Ladies' Purse $250, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Dr. S. F. Gano's (T. J. Robinson's) b. c. *Burleigh*, by Archy Montorio, out of Mary Lee by old Contention, 3 yrs	1	1
J. M. Morton's (W. S. Buford's) b. f. *Mary Morris*, by Medoc, dam by Sumpter, 3 y.	2	2
R. P. Snell's (C. Webb's) b. f. *Margaret Carter*, by Medoc, out of Lady Whip, 4 y.	4	3
H. W. Allen's ch. c. *Joe Gales*, by Marlborough, dam by Eclipse, 4 yrs	3	dist.
I. H. Oliver's ch. c. by Sussex, out of Sparrow-hawk's dam, 4 yrs	dist.	
O. H. Davis's b. c. *Echo*, by Lafayette Stockholder, out of Dutiful by Sumpter, 3 y	dist.	
Maj. Thos. Marshall's (T. J. Young's) b. c. *Camden*, by Imp. Sarpedon, out of Cherokess by Cherokee, 3 yrs	dist.	

Time, 3:59—3:55.

The Sarpedon was decidedly the favorite, and with Mary Morris was freely backed against the field, the fact of his winning all the races for which he started last Fall, induced his friends to bleed pretty freely; Burleigh showed pretty soon that he had it all his own way; in the first half mile the tailing commenced, and at the close of the heat they were stretched out for a long distance; Mary Morris made a dash at him but it was no go.

The track was heavy and inelastic from the continued and heavy rain of the preceding week: Burleigh still maintained his superiority in the 2d heat, however, Mary ran him somewhat faster, and the heat was closed four seconds sooner.

WEDNESDAY, May 8—Citizen's Purse $200, conditions as before, Mile heats.

Maj. Thos. Marshall's (T. J. Young's) ch. m. *Mary Porter*, by Mucklejohn, dam by Painter, 5 yrs	1	1
J. M. Morton's (W. S. Buford's) b. f. *Bayadere*, by Medoc, dam by Hephestion, 3 y.	3	2
J. C. Mason's b. c. *Dilworth*, by Lance, dam by Sir Alfred, 4 yrs	7	3
J. H. Oliver's b. m. *Mary Lyle*, by Eclipse, dam by Sir Alfred, 6 yrs	2	4
W. H. Peck's (Wm. Palmer's) ch. f. *Lady Rackett*, by Orphan, dam unknown, 4 yrs	4	dist.
H. W. Allen's (G. Coffer's) bl. c. *Oco*, by Cherokee, dam by Diomede, 4 yrs	5	dist.
R. A. Caldwell's gr. c. by Cherokee, dam by Potomac, 4 yrs	6	dist.
A. Doggett's ch. h. *Regulus*, by Regulus, dam by Cedar, aged	8	dr
R. P. Snell's (J. E. Hutchinson's) b. c. by Medoc, dam by Bertrand, 3 yrs	9	dr
Arthur Fox's ch. g. *Copperas*, by Moccasin, dam by Cedar, aged	dr*	

Time, 1:56—1:55. * His rider, Andrew Glover, fuled off.

In this race Bayadere, the Medoc filly, was the favorite, and was taken freely against the field. They got off well together, for so a large a field. Mary Porter had an easy thing of it from the start. The 2d heat was but a repetition of the 1st, the mare winning it in hand.

THURSDAY, May 9—Proprietor's Purse $400, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

J. M. Morton's (W. S. Buford's) b. c. *Charlie Naylor*, by Medoc, dam by Tiger, 4 yrs	1	1
Wm. Viley's (Capt. R. Mosely's ch. c. by Woodpecker, dam by Hamiltonian, 4 yrs	2	2
R. P. Snell's b. h. *Lorenzo*, by Bertrand, dam by Alonzo, 5 yrs	3	dist.
Dr. S. F. Gano's b. c. *The Captain*, by Archy Montorio, out of Ophelia by Wild Medley, 3 yrs	4	bolt.
J. C. Mason's ro. g. *Blue Jim*, by Mucklejohn, dam by King Herod, 5 yrs	dist.	

Time, 5:56—5:53.

The track had improved somewhat, but was still unfavourable to quick time, being deep and tough in some places. The Woodpecker had the call at the betting post, and was taken against the field, but Charlie shewed he was a "*Nailer*,"—leading from the score handsomely, under a strong pull. The Woodpecker made a dash at him, and lapped on the last turn of the 3d, but the length of Charlie's stride soon shook him off, and brought him home with ease in 5:56. In the second heat Charlie took the lead and went off in handsome style, he was not lapped or put up from the start till home. The Woodpecker though overmatched, showed his noble blood, and if not first, was second; The Captain made a gallant race, and when near home was frightened by the crowd and bolted through the inside railing. This was a very fine race taking the state of the course into consideration. Charlie now stands at a high figure, and could have made his race quicker had it been necessary.

FRIDAY, May 10—Jockey Club Purse $650, conditions as before, Four mile heats.

Wm. Viley's (Capt. R. Mosley's) b. c. *Ralph*, by Woodpecker, dam by Sumpter, 4 yrs	1	1
Dr. S. F. Gano's ch. c. by Collier, dam by Doublehead, 4 yrs	2	2
J. C. Mason's ro. g. *Blue Jim*, pedigree above, 5 yrs	3	dist.
J. H. Oliver's ch. h. *Genito*, by Eclipse, dam by Packenham, 6 yrs	*	
Maj. Thos. Marshall's (T. J. Young's) b. f. *Maria Smith*, by Jim Cropper, dam by Potomac, 3 yrs	dist.	

Time, 8:11—8:07. * Broke down.

The Woodpecker was the favourite, and for the first time the knowing ones were right; he went off ahead through the first mile which was run very slowly in 2.05. Blue Jim made play at him now, and the 2nd mile was run in 1:53; the gelding now gave back, when the Collier came up and ran him the next mile, and forced him to give in. Genito in the commencement of the 4th mile gave way in one of his fore-legs, and entering the quarter stretch broke down very badly in the other fore-leg and stopped—it is very much to be regretted that such an accident should have happened, as it has ruined a noble animal, and is quite a misfortune to his liberal minded owner. Ralph won easily in 8:11 · in the 2nd heat the Woodpecker had it all his own way, and won easily in 8:07 This race though not done in crack time, shews that Ralph will be a hard customer.

SATURDAY, May 11—Proprietor's Purse $100, entrance money added, free for any horse which has never won a heat. Weights as before, Mile heats.

R. P. Snell's b. f. *Margaret Carter*, pedigree above, 4 yrs	1	1
J. C. Mason's ch. c. *Dilworth*, " " 4 yrs	4	2
T. J. Thomas's ch. g. *Copperas*, " " aged	2	dist.
Col. M. Key's b. h. *Montorio*, by Archy Montorio, dam by Hamiltonian, 5 yrs	3	dist.
R. J. Stratton's (J. E. Hutchison's) b. c. pedigree above	5	dist.
Maj. Thos. Marshall's (R. Jordan's) b. c. *George Eurbridge*, by Imp. Chateau Margaux, dam by Monsieur Tonson, 3 yrs	dist.	

Time, 1:53—1:52.

Col. Key's horse carried 5½lbs. too much, and the Chateau colt got a very bad start. Margaret was the favorite, and won both heats without much difficulty. Dilworth showed himself a colt of much promise, and though twice beaten, I look forward to his station as an enviable one on the turf,

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, subscription $100, h. ft. Mile heats.

James Simpson's b. f. by Collier, dam by Gallatin	1	1
Jas. K. Duke's b. g. by Singleton, out of Rashleigh's dam	2	dist.
Wm. Buford's Jr. b. f. by Medoc	pd.	ft.

Time, 1:52—1:51.

This was a beautiful race, and caused great disappointment, as the colt was the favourite at great odds. The filly led for the first half mile, when she was passed by the colt, she waited on him until the commencement of the quarter stretch, and then passed him easily, and came home in 1:52.

The colt seemed a good deal distressed after the heat, and was evidently out of fix, though we think he was overmatched in his best order; in the 2nd heat the filly led from the score, and closed the race in 1:51. She was sold between the heats to Messrs. Buford and Bacon, for $1,000. I cannot close this report without adding that the condition in which this filly came to the post, does infinite credit to her trainer, Mr. James Simpson, a worthy and industrious young man, who is training on this course.

D.

COLUMBUS (Ga.) SPRING RACES.

COLUMBUS, (Ga.) 10th May, 1839.

The annual Spring Races over the *Western Course*, at this place, have just terminated, and I herewith send you a statement of the same. We had a fine show of horses, and also better racing than we ever had before. The track, as well as horses, were in fine order, as the time made will show. Here we go for the detail:—

TUESDAY, 30th April, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, May, 1839. Four subs. at $200 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Griffin Edmonson's ch. f. *Mary Elizabeth*, by Andrew, dam by old Gallatin, 2 yrs., 72lbs	1	1
Col. John Woolfolk's gr. f. *Picolata*, by Andrew, dam by Pacolet, 2 yrs., 72lbs	2	2
The nominations of Gen. White and M. W. Thweatt	pd.	ft.

Time, 1:52—2:09. Won in a canter.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Jockey Club Purse $200, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.

Head & Smith's ch. c. *Capt. McHeath*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Imp. Boaster, 3 yrs.	1	1
M. W. Thweatt's (Col. Jones') ch. c. *Hafed*, by Mons. Tonson, out of Meander, 3 yrs.	3	2
Benj. M. Grissett's ch. f. *Gertrude*, (formerly Lavinia,) by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Napoleon, 3 yrs	4	3
Iverson & Bonner's br. c. *Major Dade*, by Sir Charles, dam by Roanoke, 4 yrs	2	4

Time, 1:50—1:51.

A capital race, and would have been more so, if the Captain had run a little slower. Hafed was "persuaded" to fly, but he wouldn't.

WEDNESDAY, May 1—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds. Four subs. at $500 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

John Woolfolk's ch. c. *Cusseta Chief*, by Andrew, dam by Wildair, 75lbs	1	1
Gen. Abercrombie's (Col. Benton's) b. c. by Imp. Chateau Margaux, dam by Shawnee, 75lbs	3	2
Dr. Robt. W. Carnes' ch. c. *Nihil*, by Andrew, dam by old Gallatin, 75lbs	2	3

Time, 1:50—1:54. Won easily.

SAME DAY—*Second race*—Jockey Club Purse $400, conditions as on Tuesday. Two mile heats.

Mr. Owen Thomas's ch. c. *Attakapas*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Arab, 3 yrs	1	1
Head & Smith's ch. c. *Tishimingo*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Lilac's dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs	2	2
Dr. Robt. William's ch. c. *Wire Grass*, by Pulaski, dam by old Gallatin, 4 yrs	3	3
Col. John Wovefolk's ch. c. *Jim Boy*, by Mons. Tonson, out of Gerow's dam, 2 yrs	4	dist.
Lovell & Hammond's ch. f. *Fanny Bailey*, by Andrew, dam by Bertrand, 2 yrs	dist.	

Time, 3:46—3:52.

The first heat was won by a neck only; the 2d was won easily. Jim Boy pulled up through mistake at the termination of the 1st mile in 2d heat, and was distanced.

THURSDAY, May 2—Jockey Club Purse $500, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

Lovell & Hammond's b. f. *Polly Green*, by Sir Charles, out of Polly Peachem by John Richards, 4 yrs	1	1
Benj. M. Grissett's bl. f. *Lizzy Diggs*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Oscar, 4 yrs	3	2
Head & Smith's b. f. *Frances Tyrrel*, by Bertrand, dam by Rockingham, 3 yrs	2	3

Time, 5:46—5:48.

Polly Green was moving like a bird, and had everything her own way.

FRIDAY, May 3—Jockey Club Purse $800, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Iverson & Bonner's br. c. *Lieut. Bassinger*, by Imp. Fylde, dam by Roanoke, 3 yrs.	1	1
Griffin Edmonson's (Col. Pittman's) ch. c. *Charles Archy*, by Sir Charles, dam by Eclipse, 4 yrs	3	3
Lovell & Hammond's ch. c. *Gerow*, by Henry, out of Vixen by Eclipse, 4 yrs	2	r.o.

Time, 8:05—8:02.

Gerow won the 2d heat by a length, but was ruled out, in consequence of alleged foul riding. Bassinger having won a heat, and being 2d in the last, the purse was awarded to him.

SATURDAY, May 4—Purse $300, conditions as before. Mile heats best 3 in 5.

Head & Smith's ch. c. *Capt. McHeath*, pedigree above, 3 yrs	1	1	1
Griffin Edmonson's ch. m. *Ajarrah Harrison*, by Eclipse, dam by Gallatin, 5 yrs	3	3	2
M. W. Thweatt's (Col. Jones) ch. c. *Hafed*, pedigree above, 3 yrs	2	2	3

Time, 1:49—1:48—1:50.

A close and well contested race all through.

Thus has ended another week of sport to the satisfaction and enjoyment of all, but for the accident and difficulty of the four mile day. I hope it will never again be necessary for the Judges to act upon a similar case, but let it be understood that their decision was founded upon the only legitimate evidence which could be brought in, and consequently, they are sustained by the whole of the Club, except those interested in a contrary result.

Yours truly,

M. W. THWEATT, Cor. Sec'y.

NASHVILLE (Tenn.) SPRING RACES.

TUESDAY, May 7, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Eight subs. at $200 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

A. J. Donaldson's ch. c. by Mambrino, dam by Rattler	1	1
M. Anderson's br. c. by Imp. Luzborough	2	2
Mr. Kirkman's br. c. *Onalaska*, by Imp. Leviathan	3	dist.

Time, 1:56—1:54.

Mr. Kirkman's colt was a regular roarer at the start from strangles.

WEDNESDAY, May 8—Sweepstakes for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; with the usual allowance of 3lbs. for mares and geldings. Sub. $100 each, Mile heats.

Mr. Cage's ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Napoleon, 3 yrs	1	1
Mr. Russell's b. c. *John Pleasants*, by Rattler, 3 yrs	2	2
Mr. Peyton's ch. c. by Henry Tonson, 4 yrs	dist.	

Time, 2:03—1:51.

In the first heat from mistake the boys all pulled up, and, in starting off, Mr. Peyton's colt lost his distance.

THURSDAY, May 9—Jockey Club Purse $250, free for all ages, weights as before. Two mile heats.

Col. Geo. Elliott's ch. c. *Boyd M'Nairy*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, 4 yrs	1	1
S. Carter's (Mr. Beal's) ch. f. by Pacific	2	dr

Time, 1:59. Won easy.

Mr. Carter entered the filly to make a race.

FRIDAY, May 10—Jockey Club Purse $100, free for all ages, weights as before. Mile heats.

Mr. Elliott's ch. c. *Birmingham*, 3 yrs	1	1	
Mr. Russel's b. c. *John Pleasants*, pedigree above, 3 yrs	2	2	
Mr. W. H. Carrol's h. *Major Boots*, 5 yrs	3	3	

Time, 1:53½—1:51½.

All well up; a beautiful race.

SATURDAY, May 11—Jockey Club Purse $500, free for all ages, weights as before. Three mile heats.

Mr. G. Williams's ch. f. *Fleta*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Clay's Sir William, 4 yrs	1	1
Capt. H. M. Clay's *Giraffe*, by Imp. Luzborough, 4 yrs	2	2

Time not kept.

This was the most interesting race of the meeting. At the start, the odds were 4 and 5 to 1 on the filly, and many proclaimed a distance, but the termination was so close a thing that the Timers under the excitement, forgot to stop their watches, and no report of time was made.

The meeting on this Turf in the Spring, usually excites no great interest, and but few horses contend for the prizes. The track was in fine order during the meeting, and the time good as is usual on this track.

This Fall the new Club goes into operation under more favorable auspices, and we anticipate the best sport.

Yours, B.

BALTIMORE (Md.) SPRING RACES, KENDALL COURSE.

FRIDAY, May 17—Proprietor's Purse $200, ent $10, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs. 4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Geo. Forbes' (B. G. Harris's) b. c. *Reliance*, by Imp. Autocrat, out of Lady Culpeper by Carolinian, 4 yrs	*Charles*	6	3	1 1
Col. Johnson's (Capt. W. Burton's) ch. m. *Julia Burton*, by Gohanna, dam by Tom Tough, 5 yrs		4	1	2 2
W. H. Blakiston's b. m. *Betsey Medley*, by Medley, out of Ali Croaker by Telegraph, 5 yrs		3	4	3 r.o.
Jas. B. Kendall's b. h. *Henry A. Wise*, by Dick Dashall, out of the dam of Robin Hood by Duroc, 5 yrs		1	2	dist.
J. N. Burch's b. m. *Duchess of Carlisle*, by Oscar, dam by Rattler, 5 yrs		2	5	dr.
Dr. G. L. Stockett's br. c. *Robin Brown*, by Sussex, out of the dam of Cippus by Mark Anthony, 4 yrs		5		dist.
Col. J. M. Selden's b. f. by Sussex, out of the dam of Red Rat by Sir Hal, 4 y.		dist.		

Time, 3:50½—3:49—3:46½—3:52.

Julia Burton the favorite against the field.—The signal being given for the start, Col. Selden's filly went off with the lead, and led to the half-mile post, when H. A. Wise went close up to her quarters—all the others in a cluster, excepting Reliance, who was some 40 or 50 yards behind; thus they came to the head of the quarter stretch; here Henry A. came out, headed, and kept the lead home—The Duchess 2nd, Betsey Medley 3d, Julia 4th, Sam Brown 5th, Reliance 6th, and the little Sussex filly distanced. The struggle lay between Henry and the Duchess; Julia and Reliance evidently leaving them to contest for the heat,—it was evident after the 1st mile that neither Betsey Medley, Sam Brown, nor Col. Selden's filly had any chance.

Second heat,—Julia Burton yet the favorite.—After a false start, Henry A. went off at his full pace, the Duchess lying close up, Betsey Medley 3d, Julia 4th, and the others well in hand. In this order they entered on the quarter stretch in the first round, where Julia took up the running, came forward, and challenged; a smart rally was kept up till they came to the stand, here the mare drew out clear; was never caught, and won under a hard pull.

Third heat,—the betting now was 5 to 1 on Julia.—It was evident that Henry Wise had no chance, and that the field bettors depended wholly upon Reliance and Betsey Medley to keep up the contest. At the start Reliance made play, followed by Betsey to the back stretch, where she fell behind, her place being immediately taken by Julia, who took up the work, and went at it merrily; on entering the last quarter home, she collared Reliance; the contest now became severe, neck and neck to the distance stand, when the mare fell back, and Reliance won the heat pretty handily.

Fourth heat,—the betting was now 5 to 1 on Reliance, who led off from the score, was never headed, and came in winning by three or four lengths very easily.

SAME DAY—*Second race*—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Four subs. at $300 each, $100 ft. Mile heats.

Col. Francis Thompson's b. c. by Imp. Autocrat, out of Peggy White by Syphax, an Arabian	1	1
Dr. G. L. Stockett's b. f. by The Duke of Orleans, out of the dam of Mary Selden by Richmond	3	2
Dr. G. Goodwyn's b. c. by Imp. Chateau Margaux, dam by Timoleon	2	3
Capt. Morgan's b. c. by Imp. Priam, out of Imp. Moss Rose by Tramp	pd.	ft.

Time, 2:12—1:52.

They all went off at a miserably slow pace, the Autocrat colt leading, and the Chateau lying close up. On coming round the last turn home they let out, and a most interesting race ensued between the two colts, the Autocrat winning by about half a length.

Second heat,—this was a beautiful contested heat between the Autocrat and the filly, and was won by the colt by a throat-latch only.

SATURDAY, May 18—Handicap Purse $100, ent. $25, added; free for all ages. Mile heats.

J. Newby's g. g. *Hard Heart*, by Mercury, dam by Chuck-a-Luck, aged, 107lbs	1	1
Jas. B. Kendall's (Mr. Duvall's) b. g. *Sea Horse*, by Rattler, dam by Topgallant, aged, 100lbs	3	2
H. C. Kendall's (H. Shepherd's) *Louisa Lee*, by Medley, dam by Telegraph, 5 yrs., 100lbs	2	3

Time, 1:54—1:50.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse $700, $200 of which goes to 2d best horse; for Trotting under the saddle. Three mile heats.

H. Woodruff's b. h. *Dutchman*	Owner	1	1
David Bryant's gr. m. *Lady Suffolk*	Owner	2	2
Francis Duffy's b. h. *Harry Bluff*	Whelpple	dist.	
John Horten's gr. h. *Mount Holly*	J. Woodruff	dist.	

Time, 7:56—7:53.

SAME DAY—*Third Race*—Purse $300, free for all horses that never won a purse over $100. Two mile heats under the saddle.

John Brown's s. m. *Lady Victory*	J. Hammell	1	2 1
David Bryant's gr. m. *Lady Suffolk*	Owner	2	3 2
John Horton gr. h. *Mount Holly*	J. Woodruff	3	1 3
Francis Duffy's b. h. *Harry Bluff*	Whelpple	dist.	

Time, 5:21—5:26—5:34.

MOBILE TROTTING CLUB RACES.

MOBILE, May 7th, 1839.

Dear Sir,—You have but too much reason to rail at the neglect of Secretaries of Clubs for delaying, or omitting their returns. Our trotting races commenced on Friday the 12th ult., yet no official report has until now been sent to "the Spirit;" and before I make it, permit me to remark that our "Trotting Club" is merely an Association of our private citizens anxious to aid in the sports of the turf, and to encourage the gathering together among us the best horses that our means will afford. From individual subscriptions our purses are formed, and if they be not very extensive, they at least evince our disposition to encourage the sports: were our means greater they would be on a more liberal scale, as it is, we must postpone their growth to more prosperous times.

FRIDAY, 12th April, 1839—Sweepstakes. Three subs. at $100 each, h. ft.; with $100 added by the Club. Two mile heats under the saddle.

A. Conklin's s. h. *Locomotive* (alias Kentuck)	1	1
J. Woodruff's ch. h. *Sailor-boy*	2	2

Time, 6:05—5:53.

In the 1st heat Sailor cut his knee, broke up, and behaved badly. The miles were done in 3:02—3:03. In the 2d heat the time was 2:55—2:48.

SAME DAY—*Second race*—Club Purse $100, for pacing horses, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

J. Jackman's b. g. *Incititle*	1	1	1
F. G. Chase's gr. g. *Jack*	2	2	2

Time, 2:50—2:41—2:42.

An excellent race: both nags close up throughout.

SATURDAY, April 12—Club Purse $200, for trotting horses, Three mile heats in harness.

F. G. Chase's gr. h. *Rolla*	1
H. Richards' b. m. *Greenwich Maid*	dist.

Time, 8:46.

Both nags were old favorites in New York, but the mare was fresh from a voyage, broke up badly, and was altogether out of fix. Rolla made his third mile in 2:42. Not so bad, this far South.

SAME DAY—*Second race*—Sweepstakes for trotting horses, sub. $50 each, h. ft., with $50 added by the Club. Mile heats under the saddle, best 3 in 5.

A. Conklin's b. m. *Lady Tatt*	1	1
J. Woodruff's ch. h. *Sailor boy*	2	dist.

Time, 2:48—2:46.

Sailor boy was sore, and off his feet.

MONDAY, April 15—Sweepstakes for pacing horses, $50 each, h. ft.; with $50 added by the Club. Mile heats.

——— gr. h. *Jack*	1	1
——— r. h. *Hard-up*	2	2
——— s. h. *Silver-tail*	3	3

Time, 2:51—2:44.

SAME DAY—*Second race*—Club Purse $100, for trotting horses, Mile heats under the saddle.

J. Woodruff's ch. h. *Sailor boy*	1	1
——— b. h. *Lazarus*	2	2

Time, 2:52—2:51.

But the last—the wind-up—the big sugar-plumb of the feast, was our "green purse." The entries consisted of dray horses, roadsters, forest ponies, livery prads, and nags of all sorts, that had never trotted for money. No words can convey to you an idea of the sport! horses unused to travel over 5 miles an hour, and others unbroken to bridle, saddle, or curry-comb, came on to the course as racers,—their first and only appearance in that character. I enclose you the account of the affair written by a turf loving friend: if you have *not* seen it, it may amuse you, and perhaps your readers; if you *have*, you can tear it up—"I know you're a tearer." Make what use you please of the extract, and believe me very truly,

Your subscriber and friend, JOHN B. TODD.
Secretary of Mobile Trotting Club.

But the great race of the day was for the Green Purse, $50, best 3 in 5, mile heats for "horses that had never went for money;" and a vast deal of trouble was taken in searching after some modest flyer—some unknown fast 'un—some Napoleon in the ranks—some second Godelphin in a sand cart. That some such *were* found will appear by the time they made, when it is remembered that they were all untrained and unprepared, and exalted for this occasion only, from the dray shafts to the Hippodrome. Of the seven entries five came to the post, and before starting the following was the state of the odds:—

40 to 60 agst Jim Crack	40 to 10 agst Betsey Baker
100 to 50 —— Allan Gray	50 to 15 —— Sacarap
60 to 20 —— Dr. Columbus	1000 to 1 —— Snooks—if found

First Heat.—Gray got the lead, then broke: the Doctor passed, then *he* broke; Jim Crack got ahead of both, and did *not* break. Sacarap broke, run, and hitched, alternately; while the redoubtable *Snooks*, though he could not *trot* one-third of a mile, turned and galloped back like a quarter horse. After various breaks, runs and trots, three came out pretty well together, and a fourth shortly after the others had cooled off. Time 3:14.

Second Heat.—This time the contest lay principally between Gray and the old Doctor, who puffed and blowed rather extensively, yet kept improving as he went. In the course of the mile his trot was sometimes broken, but so was his wind for that matter, and though he did not win the heat he won his bets on time, which were on 3:18, whereas he made his mile in 3.05. The Gray's time 3:01.

Third Heat.—Sacarap, finding himself much behind the excitement, declined another contest, and the gray and the bay, together with little *Jim*, (the Crack) went to work in earnest. Allan Gray evidently had the heels of the Doctor, but he broke so often and so badly that they kept passing and repassing one another, like two crafts tacking in a narrow strait; but again the Gray made his gaps, and came out ahead in 3:02.

Fourth Heat.—It was clear now that the old Doctor had got his *second wind*, as Bendigo had after the Deaf 'un had punched out his first, and he started off, with all his heavy weight, at a still improving pace; and though his grey-headed rival tried hard to win, it was n.g. (no go!) When half way round Jim Crack fell and narrowly escaped endangering his rider. Time 3:00.

Fifth Heat.—There were none now to contend except the bay and the gray; for as Hood says in his Epping Hunt,—

"The field kept getting more select;
Each *thicket* served to *thin it*."

the Doctor's trot, wind, and time, were improving fast, while those of his rival were diminishing; for after several ineffectual attempts of the Grey, the Doctor won the heat in 2:59.

Sixth, and last round. The contest had now grown as long and almost as interesting as the far-famed "Chevy Chase," and so game were both grey *and* bay, that they seemed to emulate the redoubtable Witherington of the legend in their determination to contest it to the last: they seemed,

"As if their legs were smitten off,
They'd trot upon their stumps."

But the Doctor's star was in the ascendant, and victory crowned his long and patient efforts, after leading many to believe he had been fed on Brandreth's pill's instead of corn—he *worked* off so well. Result—

SAME DAY—*Second race*—Green Purse $50, for horses that never went for money, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

——— b. h. *Dr. Columbus*, 165lbs	3	2	2	1	2	2
——— gr. h. *Allen Grey*, 138lbs	2	1	1	2	1	1
——— s. p. *Jim Crack*, 142lbs	1	3	3	dr		
——— b. h. *Sacarap*, 140lbs	4	4	dr			
——— b. p. *Snooks*, rider and horse same size	dist.					

Time, 3:14—3:01—3:02—3:00—2:59—3:02.

INDIAN HUNTING.

BY NIMROD IN THE EAST.

Sir,—The 10th of February, the day fixed as the wind up of the last meeting of the Ahmednugger Hunt—found instead of 30 or 40 sportsmen, the lamentably small number of eight assembled at Ambah—the 11th added one more, and I made the last of our small band on the 12th.

There is, perhaps, no country in the world where so much uncertainty exists as in India. Society is ever on the change, often completely breaking up at the moment of being most united, and even should such a determined settler not occur at a time when most to be dreaded, still, as every individual has professional duties to perform, which cannot possibly be neglected, his keeping an appointment, however much he may have set his heart on it, is, after all, a complete chance;—such was the fate that attended the present meeting. Excuses one after another poured in about the day which should have found at least 20 good fellows at the appointed ground. Duty, ill health, the Bombay and Hyderabad races, all were in league against us—the latter, indeed, completely floored hopes to which we, for some time, still clung, and deprived us of society, such as every one of us would have gone no trifling distance to enjoy, and of such first rate assistance as would have swelled not only our number of killed but would have made a larger hole in our present lists of contested spears.

No man lamented more than myself the impossibility of deferring the meeting to a more convenient day, but such a proceeding would have proved fatal to to the Hunt for the future. Considering that men were expected from Poona, Candeish, Ahmednugger, Jaulna, Sholapoor, Sattara, and other places—that the day had been unanimously fixed on at the close of the August meeting, any change would have not only thoroughly disgusted those about to join, but would have caused such doubt and uncertainty as would deprive us in future of many members and friends, to whom, otherwise, a hundred miles would be considered an objection too slight to be thought of. As it is, no one can say or fancy that uncertainty has, or ever will attend the hunt meetings, and I have the pleasure now to announce to our friends and members that the great annual meeting will, for the future, take place at Ambah, on the 5th of March, by which arrangement ample time will exist to admit of the attendance of those whom the Bombay and Hyderabad races might otherwise draw off.*

The first day, the 12th, turned out nearly blank, and that too at the Julgaum Date grove, a covert from which we turned out in August last not less than 80 hogs. Those marplots to hog hunting, the Brinjarries, had been beforehand, and not content with beating the grove, had set fire to it: a portion of thick cover, however, remained, and out of it broke a young boar, who was floored in a few hundred yards, and terminated the sport of our first day; not, however, without being the innocent cause of the best horse of one stud being disabled for the rest of the meeting. The horse was pushed at a milk bush† hedge enclosing a sugar cane, into which the wounded boar had taken refuge, and instead of attempting to leap it, dashed through, appearing the next morning a mass of blister, completely disabled. Where milk bush is common, it is of course necessary to get over or through it, and I know but one precaution that can be taken to prevent its ill effects, and that is to have your horse well rubbed over with *oil*; even then taking care to wash off as soon as possible,—a step which should never be neglected—any of the milk which may be found on him, I need hardly observe that in case of its being necessary to blister a horse's legs, there is seldom occasion, in the Deccan, to send fifty miles for Ointment.

Feb. 13.—Beat the hills—any quiet going man, who wants to see what sort of animal a hog is, need but seat himself on the brow of any one of the highest of the hills, and should his wish even extend to see a hundred, there is no chance of his being disappointed. There they were, running in every direction—but into the plains; the whole day view halloos succeed each other, until one would have thought Duttoo's‡ voice could have stood no longer; night alone put an end to his screams, and had they still continued to salute each hog or sounder in view, he would have bawled on till next day. Out of the numbers seen, but six were killed by sunset, and those at the expence of a corresponding number of horses dead lame. A few more hogs were wounded, and escaped; in one sounder three were stuck, as fast as the spear could be brought from one side of the horse to the other, by one of our number, who suddenly found himself in the middle of at least forty grunting, and charging on all sides. Indeed, a looker on might have supposed my friend was amusing himself with practising the lance exercise, so orthodoxly did he wield his weapon, and so manfully deal his blows at every unfortunate pig within his reach.

14th.—Hog hunters, like every other class of the creation, are wofully subject to discontent. It invariably happens that when hill hunting, we are cursing and swearing till we get into plains, and no sooner there, than we wish ourselves back again; and so it will be to the end of the chapter. The truth is, go where you will after hogs, the destruction to horses is certain—unless like angels' visits—rare enough a thick headed monster, as if seeking his own destruction, bolts out of a sugar cane on a dead flat into the very jaws of a dozen pale faced riders, who with their hearts in their lips, and concealed behind a hedge, are absolutely gasping with anxiety for the word "off." To call this hunting is a farce; call it coursing, and it is still far from giving a correct idea of the thing; the few hogs that were tempted to try our speed over a perfect race course, were every one run into in two hundred yards from the time of laying in, and no wonder too, considering there were ten of us after each hog, with mouths open and legs going almost quicker than the horses.

I began by saying that hog hunters, like other men, are scarce ever contented. We had reckoned on capital sport in the hills—we had found hogs without number—had killed six, four of which were contested, and all of them run into in the plain below, but we had also lamed six horses, most of which were the best in each stud; and this was enough to decide the question; the tents were struck, and we moved off for Mallegaum, (beating the Julgaum date grove without finding) where we met the Shikharee, with capital information; we made the best of our way to the Godavery, (four miles) where we found as many hogs as the late hour of the day would admit of our hunting. We stuck altogether, put out the hogs singly, and barring holes, falls, (of which there were five) and thorns ad libitum, wound up with as much sport as seven well contested runs could afford. There was another hog killed single handed, making a total of eight, which, considering we did not set to work before 3 P.M., was quite enough to give ample promise for the morrow.

15.—As regards the cattle it would be difficult to say whether we had exchanged country for the better, for the number of lame horses in yesterday's *three hours* had equalled the number disabled by the hills during a whole day. As the low mercantile slang goes, "bran was rise," the demand for this ingredient of "emollient poultice" was quite awful, and the supply as awfully short; there was nothing for it but to take to neem-leaves, and half the trees in the neighbourhood were stripped of their foliage; but, somehow or other, we do not, I think, understand the best way of extracting thorns. Our bran poultices, I am quite certain, are not properly made; neem-leaves are good to prevent swellings—are capital to apply after a hard day's work—but are not calculated for serious injuries, or to extract thorns. If any of the gentlemen lately come out as veterinary surgeons would take pity on our ignorance, and do the handsome through the medium of the Magazine, they would not only be entitled, but would receive the grateful thanks of the sporting community. Simple remedies—the more simple the more easily obtained—are what we want; and I feel certain some kind friend will supply our wants, before we take the field again in March. But I wish most particularly to call attention to this point. Is there no invention by which our horses might be cased in leather from the chest downwards? I was told by a friend, that he had seen in this country some leather boots, or coverings, intended to prevent accidents from thorns in England, which were brought out by a veterinary surgeon as patterns, but these only partially defended the legs: now, with the thorns we ride through in this country, but little would be gained by protection from the knee downwards, as the knee itself and all above would still be exposed, and lameness certain. Prevention is worth a dozen of the best remedies, and is, therefore, the main thing to be looked to; I am quite certain the desired defence is not beyond human ingenuity, and as the matter lies in the veterinary line, I confidently turn to those learned in the science for the utmost assistance they can render; should a contrivance be invented by one of the craft, and crowned with success, I, for one, will give him not one, but a dozen, grateful huzzahs! every run I have in thorns; a man's heart cannot but be joyful when he sees protection for his favourite Arab and destruction to the hogs.

We were hard at work through thorns and holes all day, and was it not for the drawback of certain lameness to our horses, our sport would have been more than delightful; we slew seven fine hogs contested to the utmost, and five others dispatched single handed, all of which were found without a single beater—indeed, numbers more were on foot in every direction, and it needed no magician to conjure them up in any part one choose to look for them.

16.—We were sitting this day, about one o'clock, in silent discontent, the horses' legs were not made of iron, our feet on the table, and a cloud of smoke over-head, when Duttoo's black figure was seen rapidly advancing from the jungle. In he came, breathless and streaming, with scarce power to articulate, that twenty-five hogs were lying under what could scarce be called a bush, within gun-shot of our tents. We had already once before, during the morning, received intelligence of three hogs within half a mile of us, but on ascertaining they were only middling sized, had voted no-go—in fact, we were in that listless humour which required something more than ordinary to rouse us to exertion; nor was such a state a matter of wonder, bruised and perforated with thorns as we were. As, however, independent of the large size of the sounder in general, one hog was described as boar of the first magnitude, our spirits revived, our horses were saddled in a twinkling, and we were in full march against the swine. Where the immense boar lay hid, or whether at the moment of reaching the sounder he had vanished into the air, remains to be ascertained; but in a few seconds a sounder of fifteen hogs or thereabouts, were on foot, all so much of a size, that in imitation of certain members of the lower house on doubtful questions, we paired off; which of the three detachments got through their duty in least time, would be hard to say, but after a very short lapse we were re-assembled with a very satisfactory account of four of the sounder. Others had been found during our short absence, and for the rest of the afternoon there was no end to them. We gave over late in the evening, with a total of 11 done to death, and God knows how many horses done to a stand still.

There were one or two incidents this afternoon which deserve to be mentioned. We hunted, amongst others, some of the real greyhound species; such brutes for going that it took me some minutes of able and acute self reasoning to assure myself they were not witches; one in particular took four of us a split across a good country too, such as I never before witnessed or would have believed; where the ground is bad, a man is often misled as to the pace, but over a bowling green there can be no mistake, and I really am afraid to say the distance we went before the speedy grunter was brought up.

Two awkward falls also occurred, both to the same man; in one of which the horse was so stunned as not to be able to stir for several minutes, during which time his rider's leg was entangled in a thick shrub, and the weight of a great part of the horse resting on it; my friend all this time in momentary expectation of its snapping in half; how it did escape a fracture is quite wonderful, or only to be accounted for by the extraordinary piece of stuff—flesh, bones, and spirit, of which my friend is composed. I have seen many a man whose blood would carry him through a wonderful deal, but I never set eyes on the man yet who could stand the falls, blows, bruises, wounds, and shakings that I have seen my friend go through, and still ride as if nothing had happened; not an hour after this trying predicament he was rode clean over by another of the jolly six, horse, spear, and rider, all flying different ways; bruise was added to bruise, but without any apparent effect on my friend, who scrambled about till he caught his horse and returned home, being long after sunset, in as good spirits as ever.

This was already the second time an accident of this kind had happened. In one of the runs but yesterday, my very same friend was in like jeopardy; in fact, to have looked at, much worse,—for his opponent was on a powerful horse, and weighing thirteen stone—my friend barely ten. There could have scarce been, in days of chivalry, a more furious onset than the one in question—both were urging their horses to the utmost with a fine boar untouched in front; down they came on each other from nearly opposite directions, without a possibility of avoiding the crash. Whether fortune, for once, stuck to my bruised friend, I know not, but he floored and rode over his heavy opponent in masterly style, with scarce a stagger of his own horse.

With ten men constantly sticking to each other like cobler's wax, and striving for the spear of each hog as if life and death rested on it *alone*, the wonder is, how more frequent and serious accidents did not happen. If it is true that frost makes a man's bones brittle, I suppose, *au contraire*, a powerful sun makes them tough, or how are we to account for innumerable falls at the utmost pace horses can carry a man, being unattended with a single fracture? Our last meeting gave thirty-six falls between 17 men, and the present one, twenty between ten, and not so much as a broken rib to make a man look interesting.

17.—One soon becomes sick of the same ground day after day. If a man *must* have his toes nailed to his boots, still it is a change having the operation performed by new thorns and new bushes, and consequently so much the more agreeable. I scarce know any other reason for moving six miles to Rakusbowun, on the banks of the river, which we did this day. As for hogs, if we had remained for a month at our old ground we might have more than we could have killed. To use an expression of an old friend, they were absolutely running about the jungle with knives and forks sticking in them, and singing out "come eat us." It is not to be inferred, however, that we made use of these said knives and forks, or swine's flesh either; why or wherefore, though I am not quite certain; whether it was that we were on the Moglai,* and did not like to offend certain prejudices as regards the "unclean beast," or whether we found no very fat monster out of whom a tit bit might have been forthcoming, or whether there was no one amongst us particularly fond of pork, must yet remain, I fear, a matter of doubt; but certainly we should have proved but unsatisfactory sportsmen in the eyes of my friend, whose idea on the subject I have above given. Never, if I live a hundred years, shall I forget a day's hunting I once enjoyed at Artwah, enlivened by my friend's wit and broad humour, never shall I forget his delight on seeing a fine fat hog closely pursued, making for, and finally dispatched within a few steps of the tent; he and the cook, knife in hand, dashing out and slicing chops out of the animal, almost before the last breath had passed away, and then the exclamation: "What a splendid place this is for hunting! Why, d—n me, if the hogs don't run down to the very tents to get cut up and save trouble."

It was but yesterday that two severe falls occurred to the same individual, which ought to have been sufficient at least for the next two days; but no, his cup was not yet full, and one much worse than either of the former was reserved for to-day. We had struck our tents at Malligaum, killed three hogs, got through our tiffen, and found a fine sounder in a thick thorn jungle. Being on a horse dead lame I jogged gently along outside the jungle in the direction of the river (to which it appeared to me the sounder was making) in company with another of our members on a horse that it was impossible to hunt; we had just got a view of a horseman at speed over the brow of a rise at the termination of the jungle, when a loose horse attracted my attention, and immediately after a figure in white on the ground drew me from my course. The figure lay so still, that at first I thought it was a native's white cloth, but on a nearer approach, I found my unfortunate friend at full length in the sun, his face to the ground, mouth crammed with dirt, and cap some yards distant. I don't wish to appear new-lightish, or hypocritical, but there comes over a man in such cases a feeling which no pen can describe. Good God! exclaimed I, as I saw my friend, whom only a few minutes before I had left in the highest spirits—in the enjoyment of every thing that could render life agreeable, stretched out on the ground to all appearance dead. Good God! that a man's life should be thrown away for the poor gratification of killing a hog! For the first few minutes not a breath escaped from his lips, nor was it till after water had been procured and poured over him, that he showed signs of life. Gods! what a moment of pleasure! and how quickly did I send to the right about my sage reflections on the folly of hog-hunting! It will scarcely be believed, that although all recollection was so completely knocked out of him, that he could not make out where he was, what country he was in, where he had come from, where going, or *what he had been hunting*, for several hours after, and to *this moment*, I believe, recollects nothing that happened since leaving the tree under which we had tiffed, he was actually not only on horseback, and at his place in the field next day, but killed a fine boar, as if the fall had been a trifling accident not worth thinking of. If this does not show *game* and *tough texture*, what the deuce can?

Our two other workmen were, during this scene, following their trade with very laudable zeal, and added two more to our list. Total killed this day, five.

It would not only be an endless job to go through each day's work separately, but would subject me to the imputation of prosiness, a crime of which I much fear many have found me guilty. All that I can plead in extenuation is, that a mere list of hogs killed would give no satisfaction to any one; those who were present would not even enjoy the pleasure, small as it may be, of recalling to mind the scenes in which they themselves have played a part; whilst those who were not present, would be as little in good humour in seeing a space in the magazine, which might otherwise have contained interesting matter, filled with a mere table of slaughter: "short and sweet" is not *always* a truth, which none can deny, but I am aware that there is a *happy medium*, and *that* it will be my endeavour to hit, for I am aware by so doing, I shall not merely escape the censure of a critic, but save myself not a little labour—I am not vain enough to try to persuade people that my efforts, lame as they undoubtedly are, cost me *no trouble*.

Our change of place had not brought a change of country. The thorns and holes, though fewer at Malligaum than they were at the last August meeting, were still in sufficient abundance to do much mischief; nor had we bettered ourselves, as we found on the 18th, in the course of which day we slew seven fine hogs: we determined, in consequence, to try another cast ahead, taking up our quarters at Shagur, six miles distant down the river. Here again we were at fault, getting into a jungle infinitely worse than what we had left. It was clear there was no hope whatever of doing mischief, without some five hundred beaters at least, a number which twenty-five miles of country round would not have produced. We had still hopes of sport at Jeoral, (spelt in the maps Ghurai,) only six miles distant, with a clear country to work on, and determined merely to follow at a trot any hogs that might be found on our way through the jungle, taking the chance of some breaking. The hogs were said to be swarming, and before we had advanced a few hundred yards, we had a sounder on foot. As previously arranged, they were followed slowly, and lucky they were, for had we once laid out, not a sound horse would have been left for our next day's work. The sounder, after running a short distance, roused another sounder, and in a few minutes more the joint body reared a third, when the whole mass—I am afraid to say the number—jogged quietly through the thorns, without ever giving us a chance of sport, unless some fifty or a hundred yards of cut down jungle could be so called, and which, though taken advantage of, was only just enough to convince them what might be expected if they were fools enough to leave the jungle.

I can't say with what satisfaction I mounted my horse on the 21st, on my way to the sugar canes close at hand on a dead plain of red soil. We had now lost all trace of thorns, the sight of which had become at least almost more painful than the touch; a report of six fine hogs had been brought in before breakfast, and seldom as it happens that a native's information does not exceed the truth, the reverse was the case to-day. We turned out eleven, one after another, with just sufficient intervals to allow of change of horses, and that indispensable meal, a tiffin. The first ten, all fine hogs, were disposed of, some in first-rate style, being each well contested by the whole of us, and run into in racing time; but the eleventh chace had a feature in it that I never before witnessed, and in all probability never shall again. About four in the afternoon, a fine sow broke from the last of the sugar canes, in most beautiful style, going through the enclosures in a manner that would make the dullest man's heart leap within him: stopping for a short time in a high grain field, she again "broke," going away at a rattling pace, scattering the onions and carrots much to the discomfiture of some half dozen open-mouthed, half-naked Coonbees. On she went, flooring everything in her course, till a thick and high milk bush hedge in front threatened to dispute her passage; but who ever yet saw a hog stopped by anything short of mortar and brick? nor did the hedge prove a momentary hindrance—had it done so, it would have been nuts for piggy, for immediately behind it was a large well, on either side of which were motes, bullocks, and men. To turn from the danger was impossible, so great was her pace; it came to a leap, which proved a foot too much, and in she went, whop! and now came a scene which may be imagined, certainly not told. The bullocks were immediately loosed, and after useless endeavors to get the pig into the mote, the plan was given up, and nooses let down; the time that elapsed before she was finally hooked, was more than we thought she could possibly have held out, but still she swam, and we at last succeeded in getting a second rope secured with a slip knot around her belly. Now came the rub how to get her again on dry land; whether we went the right way about it may be doubted, but we set to work at *both* sides of the well, pulling the two ropes in different directions, till piggy was fairly hoisted up in the air some three feet above the level of the well; still, without ever thinking of the consequence, we continued pulling in different directions: it was clear the hog must have been divided into two parts had everything held, but at this moment one of the ropes broke, and piggy swang over to the opposite side; another rope was, without loss of time, secured to one hind leg, and she got once more her fore legs on terra firma. All was not, however, yet clear, for the peons and coonbees who had been pulling at the rope which was still round her, had wisely taken into consideration that when she did get loose, which must have happened in a few minutes, they of course stood a good chance of becoming hog's food, a predicament not at all in their line; so that when everything appeared to us ready for a start, we found the rope tied fast to a tree, and our nigger friends legging like two year olds through the onions. To undo the knot was impossible; at last it was cut, and to our astonishment, the pig, instead of bolting, began to turn round and round in whirligig fashion at a furious rate, squeaking most determinedly. We, except one who had still hold of the rope round her leg, were sitting on our horses laughing enough to kill ourselves, when suddenly the slip knot, which up to this time was awfully tight round her belly—and which, I suppose, must have been the cause of the whirligig frolic—became loose, and piggy got a sight of us on the full grin. Piqued, no doubt, at such untimely mirth, she instantly charged the nearest of the merry; but my friend had still hold of her leg, and succeeded at first in stopping her. Pull devil, pull baker, followed for some seconds, when in spite of his strength, (no trifle,) she made good a charge at the rider on the nearest horse, his spear missed, and the next instant her snout struck his leg with such violence, that he was all but unhorsed, and so much injured, that he could scarce put his leg to the saddle. It was now high time to let go the rope, which was scarcely done, when she dashed back for the onions, and regularly followed the first man on horseback she met, turning like a dog with him, and finally charging from behind right on to him, in spite of being speared in the attempt. It took the joint efforts of the rest to again run up to and finally dispatch her within a few yards of a sugar-cane, which was not, however, accomplished without her having severely bitten one horse, and made several shrewd attempts to disable another; nor did she give in till spears from all sides stuck in her like porcupines' quills, dying without a word in the gamest way we had witnessed during the meeting.

We tried the hills the following day, 22d, and before the beaters were in line, a sounder took away for the plains; out of these three were killed within a short distance of our tents, and so few men and horses remained serviceable, that we voted it too much of a good thing to return to the beaters, and thus finished the last day on which I was present, being obliged to make good the following day a warm ride of 80 miles, which, thanks to a snug seat under cover in my Nibbs, for a distance of 25 miles, appeared a mere jump.

I cannot say that I left behind much of a *jocial* crew; my bruised friend could scarce put out his hand to wish me good bye, as he lay on the ground groaning with pain and stiffness; another mumbled out something which it was in vain to attempt to understand, his voice having made its way through a whole mess of poultice, with which the lower part of his face was entirely covered; a third, as I at first supposed, had got his arm straight out to shake me by the hand, but I found that thorns, blows, and scratches had brought it to that position, the only one in which he could bear to hold it. The remainder of us were more or less stiff, and stuck with thorns; and most certainly the only few who could be brought to the scratch, were three; as for myself, thanks to a pair of gloves, without which, whether shooting or hunting, I never stir in the sun, I escaped all scratches on my hands, which, with a burning sun, are almost certain to fester, a fact to which I could not succeed in opening the eyes of the rest until too late. I succeeded after more than one unsuccessful attempt, in jumping upon a friend's horse, with a back as hollow as his height was great, sixteen hands and upwards, each time narrowly escaping more than one salute of his heels, with a list in my pocket of sixty-six hogs killed in nine hunting days (making use of beaters but twice) in some of which we never left the tents till one and two o'clock, and I am sure I am within the mark when I say, had we ridden for the *pot* instead of the honor of disputed spears, the list would have been more than doubled.

I am indebted to the memoranda of one of our number for what occurred after the 22d. On the 25th the party were reduced to six in number, and two more hogs were killed; on the 27th four only remained of the ten, but a reinforcement came in on the 28th, consisting of five, on which day three fine boars were killed. On the 2d March, at Dhondrai, two more hogs were laid low, and on the 4th mischief of every kind was done, viz., twelve hogs killed, eight falls, and three horses ripped.

Malligaum, the place to which we repaired the day after hunting the hills at Ambah, on the third day of our meeting, was again tried, and seven hogs killed, one horse clean broken down, the fetlocks on the ground, and two heavy falls. The memoranda wind up with one fall and three hogs killed on the road to Bodegaum, thus making a total, up to the 6th of March, of ninety-five hogs.

I have no means of judging of the extent of mischief in the horse line, but by adding eleven to the thirty falls I before mentioned, we have, as Joseph Hume would say, *a tottle of forty-one*, and I know of no damage to limbs or joints, unless, indeed, my battered and bruised friend was serious when he told me in a letter I received from him a few days ago, that either one of the bones of his leg was *broken*, or the leg itself most confoundedly *bent*.

London Sportsman.

* Our friends at Mominabad have kindly offered their messmen on these occasions, so that those who come from a distance need not trouble themselves with cooks and tattoo loads of pots and pans, but every man must of course look to his own supplies for liquor.
† Called by the natives "toor."
‡ The Hunt Shikaree.

* Nizam's dominions abounding with Moosulmans.

Agriculture.

NEW BREEDS OF SHEEP.

COPY OF A LETTER FROM LORD WESTERN TO EARL SPENCER.

My Dear Lord Spencer.—In addressing you as the President of the great Agricultural Society of England, I anticipate, with considerable anxiety, the charge of presumption which the subject matter of my letter may incur. I know, indeed, that you will put a favourable construction upon it, as your friendship will lead you to appreciate the motive. But I think that the representation of the attempt which I am about to communicate will, perhaps justly, subject me to the notion of being a visionary projector in that one particular line of farming to which I have, as you know, devoted great attention.

I will then at once announce to your lordship that I have, for the last four years, applied myself to an experiment of the possibility of creating a *new and distinct breed of sheep*; and, as far as I have gone, the result has encouraged the attempt; and of this result I intend to exhibit a specimen at the next Smithfield Show. I shall there exhibit three shearling wethers; and I earnestly request the notice of your lordship and of the other members of the society to their examination.

I have a confidence in doing this, because I have not only my own experience, and the opinion of many other most able judges, as to the beauty of their symmetry, and their possession of all the qualities which are generally most admired in the living animals; but I shall also, without hesitation, submit them to public inspection when slaughtered. I beg you to understand, that, in thus attempting to create a distinct variety among the actual different breeds, I have no idea of disparaging those highly valuable breeds which have been so much improved in the course of the last sixty years; or of impugning the science, the skill, and the energy of many most intelligent persons in various ranks of life, not excepting the most exalted. But I am of opinion we should never stand still, but rather be always aiming at new objects; and I sincerely think that that

for which I am now striving is not absolutely Utopian. There is plenty of room for the introduction of aother breed of animals, without trenching upon, or superceding in any way those which are valuable and now in existence. My object, then, may be familiarly stated to be, the placing Merino wool upon a Leicester carcase; perhaps not exactly resembling the short finest clothing wool of Saxony, but a fine combing wool, superior to any that has hitherto been grown. It is possible that similar attempts have been made by other persons, but they have not been carried out upon any general principle of extensive application to my knowledge.

The means which I use are an intermixture of various breeds of long wool sheep with the pure Merino; the latter of which, by the attentive efforts of many years, I have so improved in carcase, that they have become an exceedingly different animal, in point of substance and size, to those which are generally seen. I have now a flock of about a hundred breeding ewes of this crossed species, and they certainly so closely resemble each other in their countenances, the appearance of their wools, and their relative sizes, that no very variable character can be discerned among them; certainly I may say, quite as little as is to be found in other flocks which are stated to be of a pure specific breed.

With a view to some justification of my purpose, I beg to direct the attention of your Lordship to the breed of the new Leicester sheep. The very name which they have universally acquired—namely, that of the new breed, implies a modern origin. I apprehend that a distinct breed may be created in three ways:—Firstly, by the selection of one or two extraordinary animals—variations from their class—which may arise, as in the vegetable, so in the animal world; and from thence, if well followed up, a new race may be formed. Another mode is the crossing of various animals; and among other reports, I have heard that the new Leicester were formed by crossing of the heavy, long-wool sheep and Hereford Ryland. I cannot pretend to vouch for the accuracy of this report; but I am not sure that I should not date from thence the origin of my present effort.

A third mode is, by engrafting a particular breed upon a native stock in a way which bears some analogy to the engrafting a peach upon a crab stalk. For example, with a view of creating a Merino flock out of any inferior breed of sheep, put a Merino ram to any breed of ewes; and again a Merino ram to their progeny in constant succession; and I think it would not require many generations to efface all appearance of the original breed.

That the new Leicester sheep fifty years ago were very scarce, that the prime specimens were in very few hands—so few, that the breeders sold or let their rams at an almost incredible price—is beyond all controversy. These sheep, so bred, and I may say, so created, were first exhibited to the public by Mr. Bakewell, and by a few other clever men who followed close upon his steps; and the late Duke of Bedford and Lord Leicester were the first, perhaps, who mainly contributed to spread their notoriety and improve their quality. Their example was followed to such an extent, that the prices of their rams even arose—to go at once to the summit—to five hundred pounds for the use only of one of these animals. Since that time there has hardly been a breed of long wool sheep which has not been mixed up with these new Leicesters, although, in many instances, the fact is not readily admitted by the respective breeders.

Certain it is that an infusion of their blood is found, more or less, in every long-wool sheep, and the breeds, so improved by this cross, perpetuated. They have been crossed with South Downs, but not with a view to the perpetuation of a cross breed. I look upon what is commonly called a South Down to be now a very different animal from the little pure South Down of 50 years ago. The admixture of the Hampshire or West Country Down Sheep, crossed with the original South Down, as now adopted and recommended by Lord Leicester, has created an exceedingly different breed of animals. Lord Leicester has further, by his judgment, and by the method of varying a breed by selection, certainly created sheep very unlike the orignal South Downs, or any other breed then known. The Holkham sheep are obviously highly valuable in almost every important particular with a view to the grand object, namely the production of the greatest quantity of sound good meat and useful wool upon the smallest quantity of land.

The contemplation of his achievement, instead of any discouragement, has been to me a stimulus to my own exertions. I know not that I need add any thing further in justification of what I have undertaken. I have, however, heard of a similar idea having prevailed, to a certain extent, in some other countries, as well as in this. I have been informed that even in Saxony some attempt of the kind has been thought of; and I am pretty confident that some Leicester sheep have been imported into that kingdom.

I should be going too far were I to prosecute extensively the enquiry into the proceedings which may have taken place in respect to other domestic animals; but I cannot refrain from calling your attention to the contemplation of one of the noblest animals in the creation, and to the specimens, almost exclusively produced in this country, of his improvement; I allude to the English race-horse. Is he not unquestionably the creation of an admixture of breed? Can he be the pure Arab, thus altered and enlarged by selection? I conceive the decided probability to be, that he must be an admixture with other breeds. Then, again, the variety of English horses, from the superior hunter to the hackney! Is not such a composition which must have been formed at various periods of time? Is not an infusion of Arab blood into every breed more or less prevalent, and in almost every case useful?

To descend from the horse to the lowest animal in estimation, though, perhaps, not the least valuable, namely, a pig; it appears to me that an important change and improvement have already taken place in some districts in the breeds of this animal to a considerable extent, and which is further progressive in other parts of the country. This has been accomplished by a breed commonly called the Neapolitan, which race is found in its greatest purity in that beautiful peninsula, or rather a tongue of land which lies between the Bay of Naples and that of Salerno. It has very peculiar and valuable qualities: the flavour of the meat is excellent, I should say superior to that of any other breed; and the disposition of the animal to fatten, on the smallest quantity of food is unrivalled. I have so completely engrafted this stock upon English breeds, that I think that my herd can scarcely be distinguished from the pure blood.

Upon a similar principle, a great effort, I understand, is making at this time by a few intelligent individuals to engraft the Cashmere upon the Angola goat, so as to grow upon the latter the beautiful wool of the former. This attempt was first made by a French gentleman, who, as I have been informed, has advanced a considerable way in the accomplishment of his object. I have seen some of these animals, which were purchased of him in order to be taken to Van Diemen's Land; with him I closely inspected them; and their appearance certainly warranted good hopes of a favourable result.

But I will no further press the argument, which I have founded upon these, as I consider, analagous cases; but I conclude with a hope that I may have led your Lordship to the consideration of some interesting points, which might not have occurred to you, and which, unquestionably, have a tendency to relieve me from the imputation of being unwarrantably speculative in my attempt, as some persons may perhaps imagine.

Whether the sheep which I shall exhibit at the Smithfield show will come within any of the rules of the society, to admit them as competitors for a prize, I do not know. My object will be attained by submitting them to the examination of your Lordship and the public; at least, if I succeed, as I trust I shall, in obtaining your particular notice.

Believe me, my dear Lord, your's very truly,

Felix Hall, Dec. 1. WESTERN.

COPY OF A LETTER FROM C. T. TOWER, ESQ., TO EARL SPENCER.

Weald Hall, Dec. 15, 1838.

Dear Lord Spencer—My friend and neighbour, Lord Western, in his letter to you of recent publication, propounds three modes, by either of which he states a new breed of sheep may be created. Having had considerable experience for many years in breeding Merino sheep and crosses from it, I am induced to trouble your lordship with the following remarks as applicable to some if not all those modes. In 1810-11, I imported from Spain a considerable flock of Merino sheep. I also, with a view to an experiment with our native breeds, purchased through the late Mr. Ellman, of his Grace the Duke of Bedford, a number of Southdown ewes, and crossed them with a Merino ram. In each successive year, I put the produce to another Merino ram, and in the course of eight or ten years that stock became so identified, both in appearance and every other quality, with the pure stock kept and fed together, and distinctly earmarked as lambs, that in few instances could any difference be discerned in them. Finding this, therefore, to be only a circuitous mode of getting back to the Merino breed, I determined about six or seven years ago on another experiment, the object of which was to give permanence to that breed, which would better unite the properties of a fleece far superior to any the British breeds would yield, on a carcase more readily disposed to receive fat than that of the Merino breed of sheep. For this purpose I obtained from a friend a handsome ram, half Leicester and half Cheviot, which, being put to some Merino ewes, produced excellent lambs. Brom this first cross I then selected the best rams, and by putting them to the same breed of first crossed ewes, established a distinct and valuable sort, which I then termed *creating* a new breed of sheep. It is quite clear, that as long as a similar course is pursued, similar results must follow. To give uniformity to any breed so established, it is obvious that the greatest care must be taken in the selection of stock for breeding, rejecting every peculiarity that does not harmonise with the general character of sheep you wish to establish, more especially in the rams. To avoid degeneracy from breeding in, and in the adoption of it rather extensively by breeders will become essential, otherwise recourse must necessarily be had again to the *original combination*. Being a breeder, and not a feeder, I regret that I have it not in my power to exhibit at this show any fat carcase worthy of the public eye. Indeed, my park being close fed with deer and abundance of other stock, and by no means of good quality, affords only a state of store condition to my flock, ill adapted to be placed any where near those gaudy carcases, by which this exhibition is ornamented. If your lordship, however, or any other agriculturist, will do me the honour to inspect these sheep, they will see some useful, pretty framed sheep, whether for upland or lowland, carrying fleeces well adapted for fine combing purposes (a description of wool very much in demand), grown on hardy sheep, with carcases little affected by their affinity to the Merino breed; a breed of which it must fairly be admitted that, however delicious the mutton and invaluable the fleece, a natural tendency to obesity is not its distinguishing characteristic.

I am, my dear lord, yours very sincerely,

To the Right Hon. Earl Spencer, &c., &c. C. T. TOWER.

IOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF ADOLPHE NOURRIT.

The name of this celebrated singer is inseparably connected with the history of the French opera, which underwent a marked revolution during the sixteen years of Nourrit's successive engagements. In the above interval Rossini adapted to French texts his two masterly productions, *Guillaume Tell* and *Moise*, and they were performed at the French Opera with triumphant success.

Adolphe Nourrit was born in Paris on the 31st of March, 1802. His father, who was a singer of some reputation in the old French school, destined his son for mercantile pursuits, and young Nourrit was successively employed in commercial houses in Lyons and Paris. Though this occupation was not in accordance with the bent of his inclination, yet he discharged the duties it imposed upon him with the utmost diligence and punctuality. His passion for music led him to study that art as a source of recreation and amusement; and, possessing a fine voice, he was induced to take lessons in singing from Garcia, the father of Madame Malibran.

The proficiency which young Nourrit attained under the tuition of his able master, tended to increase his distaste for the career which his father had marked out for him; and, by degrees, he wholly devoted himself to that calling which his genius irresistibly prompted him to adopt. On the 10th of September, 1821, Adolphe Nourrit made his *debut* at the Academie Royale de Musique, in the character of *Pylade*, in Gluck's of *Iphigenie en Tauride*.

An agreeable person, a fine clear tenor voice, refined taste, and correct execution, could not fail to ensure his success. He speedily became an established favorite, and the unrivalled representative of many of the principal characters of the French opera. By dint of unwearied efforts, and unabated study and practice, Nourrit succeeded in attaining conjointly the highest power of expression in singing and in musical declamation.

From 1821 to 1826 Nourrit appeared in most of the operas forming the old *repertoire* of the Academie Royale, and likewise in two operas composed by his master, Garcia, viz., *Florestan*, and *La Mort de Tasso*. In 1826 Rossini determined to employ his talents in the service of the French Opera, and, in consequence, Madame Cinti Damoreau and Levasseur, previously members of the Italian company, were engaged for the Academie. In the *Siege de Corinthe*, a translation from *Maometto Secondo*, Adolphe Nourrit performed the part of *Neocles*. He was especially successful in the pathetic air in the third act, which Rossini added to the score, having composed it expressly for Nourrit. The *Siege de Corinthe* was succeeded by the translation of *Mosé*. In that superb opera the talents of Madame Damoreau, Nourrit, and Levasseur, were for the first time united.

But the character which secured to Nourrit his greatest triumph both as a singer and as an actor, was *Masaniello*. In this part his talents were developed quite in a new light, and his reputation as an able comedian took its date from the production of Auber's *Muette de Portici*. Nourrit's versatility of talent as an actor was indeed truly remarkable. What a powerful contrast was exhibited by his personation of the simple, clownish peasant in the *Philtre*, and the chivalric dignity of *Robert le Diable*.

How much is it to be regretted that a man possessed of talents so superior should have been wanting in strength of mind—that the very many eminent qualities with which he was endowed did not preserve him from an excessive susceptibility of feeling, which caused him to dread all rivalry, all professional competition. He was unfortunately spoiled by sixteen years of uncontested public favor. The operatic stage was to him a throne, not an arena; and he could not endure to share with another, honors which had previously been all his own.

Whilst Nourrit reigned triumphantly at the Academie Royale de Musique, a young French singer, named Duprez, made his appearance at the Italian Opera. In 1825 he had performed in obscure characters at the Odeon, and he subsequently appeared at the Feydeau. He was a pupil of Choron, and had acquired all the impassioned style of his master; in short, Duprez solved the problem of the possibility of singing well with an indifferent voice. But though his talents were duly appreciated in amateur circles they did not please the public. Duprez had been tolerated at the Odeon, but he completely failed at the Feydeau, and a few days after his unsuccessful *debut*, he set out for Italy. There, by dint of unremitting labour, he formed his voice—became a great singer and a great musician, and the reputation which he earned in Italy found its way to Paris.

In no country in the world are public singers subjected to such a routine of laborious exertion as in Italy. There, under pain of imprisonment, they are compelled to sing, whether they be ill or well, hoarse or not hoarse. Unless they can produce a certificate signed by two well-known physicians, to prove that they are confined to their beds by a fever, or suffering under a total extinction of voice, they *must* appear—they must perform every night (Fridays excepted) and rehearse every day. Lablache has been heard to say that when he was first engaged in Paris he felt as though he was picking the manager's pocket. He used to declare that an operatic engagement in Italy is an affair of life or death, and that of several singers who commenced their career with him at San Carlos, in Naples, he alone survives. Two *prima donnas* died during the first season, and the tenor was obliged to retire, to save himself from a similar fate. In short, Lablache has often remarked that a young singer possessing talent in Italy, must either die or rise to eminence

In this sort of deadly conflict Duprez had been victorious, and in 1837 he left Italy for Paris, whither his reputation had preceded him. Dupouchel, the manager of the French opera, engaged him, never suspecting that by securing Duprez, he should lose Adolphe Nourrit. The Italian opera had presented many examples of the amicable exercise of rival talents—harmonious conflicts, in which both parties had been victorious, and both crowned with equal glory. The brilliant *duos* of Pasta and Fodor, of Sontag and Malibran, were still fresh in the memory of the Parisians. When Dupouchel mentioned to Nourrit his intention of engaging Duprez, it met with his perfect accordance, and for the space of a fortnight the two rivals maintained an unbroken interchange of friendly sentiments. However, they were not on an equal footing. The one had been enervated by long triumphs, by sixteen years of uninterrupted victory and undisputed favor. The other had been brought up in the school of ill fortune, and had passed through the ordeal of public disapprobation. He had won success only by dint of persevering efforts, and undaunted courage.

Thus, whilst Duprez, the man of adventurous chances and dearly purchased triumphs, was confidently preparing himself for his last perilous trial, the courage of his rival was sinking. One evening Nourrit performed in the *Muette*; (by this time every preliminary was arranged for the *debut* of Duprez.) Suddenly *Masaniello* perceived his rival in the pit attentively listening to him. Nourrit became agitated. He left the stage, and was unable to proceed with his part.

Next day, in an interview with M. Dupouchel, he said, "I give it up. I cannot enter upon a conflict, the idea of which intimidates me. I have been too long the first of all; I cannot now consent to be the first *of two*. We must part."—Dupouchel was astonished. He would have made any sacrifice rather than lose Nourrit. He made the most liberal pecuniary offers; proposed to accede to any arrangement that would be satisfactory to him: but all in vain! Nourrit was inexorable, and he performed for the last time in Paris on the 1st of April, 1837. On the 17th of April, Duprez made his *debut* in *Guillaume Tell*, and his success was the more triumphant, inasmuch as he had to contend against the recollections of Nourrit in the same part, and the universal regret inspired by his departure.

Nourrit, after visiting Brussels and several towns in the south of France, proceeded to Italy. There he had to encounter chagrin and disappointment of various kinds. Some circumstances which occurred during his recent visit to Naples produced a marked effect on his mind and spirits. He had himself, with very considerable talent, arranged an opera, from one of Racine's tragedies. Donizetti had composed the music, and Nourrit hoped that this piece would afford him an opportunity of developing to the Neapolitans, all the peculiarities of his talent. The censorship prohibited the performance of the Opera. The vexation caused by this affair, the particulars of which have already been laid before the public, is supposed to have led to the melancholy termination of Nourrit's life.

He had for several years previously to his death, betrayed marked indications of a nervous susceptibility, accompanied by a want of due confidence in his own talent. During his visit to London in 1832, the lukewarm reception given to *Robert le Diable*, caused him to sink into a state of gloomy despondency. At a benefit concert in Italy, he sang with Granchi the famous duo from *Norma*. At its conclusion a single hiss was heard amidst a torrent of approbation. That hiss went to Nourrit's heart like a poignard. He did not reflect that Rossini and Malibran had in their turns endured a similar outrage.

At the commencement of his career, Nourrit possessed a voice of unparalleled sweetness and purity. He gradually lost this juvenile freshness, but it was more than atoned for by the energy which succeeded, and the deep and true feeling which characterized his singing.

BERNERS' COMUS.

THE *Imported Stallion*, BERNERS' COMUS will stand in 1839 at Boardman's Mills, near Huntsville, Ala., at $80, insurance $100; $10 discount for prompt pay.

The plantation at the Mills is arranged for the express accommodation of blood stock, being divided into a great number of lots and paddocks, with convenient shelters and stables; and abounds with pasturage, shade, and water. Every care which the personal attention of the owner, aided by faithful grooms, can bestow, will be given to mares and their foals at a reasonable price.

Berners' Comus is a brown, 16 hands, of unexceptionable form, and entirely sound. His trainer, who had the management of Lord Berners' stock for 18 years, says, "Lord B. never had a better horse, or one that could run a long distance better than him. There was one or two of his year could beat him for *speed*, but he could beat nearly all the rest." It appears from the Racing Calendar that he was a winner at all distances, from 1200 yards to four mile heats.

Huntsville, Ala., Dec. 8, 1838.—[d29-tf.] E. H. BOARDMAN

SWEEPSTAKES—MULBERRY COURSE.

THE following Sweepstakes are now open to be run over the Mulberry Course, Fredericksburg, Va., Spring Meeting 1839.

1. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats; 4 or more to make a race to name and close 10th April. Now 4 subs., viz.:

John S. Corbin,	Col. John C. Gibson,
Wm. McCargo,	Maj. Thos. Doswell.

2. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $200, h. ft., Two mile heats, 4 or more to make a race; to name and close as above. Now 2 subs.:

Wm. McCargo,	John S. Corbin.

Gentlemen wishing to make entries in the above stakes will please direct to Mr. T. H. RAMSEY, Fredericksburg, Va.

☞ The *Regular Spring Races* will commence on 4th Tuesday, 28th May.

[m2] WM. McCARGO

THE PEYTON STAKE.

WE, the Undersigned, agree to run a Produce Stake with Colts and Fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, over the Nashville Course, Tennessee, Four Mile Heats, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1843. Subscription $5000 each, forfeit $1000. The Rules of the Nashville Jockey Club to govern said race; if subscriber, colt, or filly, dies, no forfeit to be claimed; three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of January, 1839.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Hon. Balie Peyton & Dr. J. G. Chalmers of La. name the produce of Black Maria by Eclipse, and Imp. Luzborough.
2. Hon. B. Peyton & A. Henderson of La. name the produce of Maria Shepherd by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
3. James Kirkman of La. names the produce of Imp. Eliza by Rubens, and Imp. Glencoe.
4. Col. Wm. Wynn of Va. names the produce of Isabella by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
5. Also, the produce of Trumpetta by Mons. Tonson, and Imp. Priam.
6. Maj. Thos. J. Wells of La. names the produce of Imp. Pickle by Emilius, and Imp. Glencoe.
7. James Jackson of Ala. names the produce of Imp. Delight by Reveller, and Imp. Glencoe.
8. Col. Thos. Watson of Tenn. names the produce of Giantess by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Glencoe.
9. John Boardman of Ala. names the produce of Imp. Miss Golborne by Lottery, and Imp. Berners' Comus.
10. Wm. G. Haun of Miss. names the produce of Rattlesnake by Bertrand, and Imp. Hedgeford.
11. Col. Geo. Elliott & H. & J. Kirkman of Tenn. name the produce of Hibernia by Sir Archy, and Imp. Leviathan.
12. Also, the produce of Imp. Florestine by Whisker, and Imp. Leviathan.
13. Maj. A. J. Davie of Tenn. names the produce of Imp. Doris by The Colonel, and Imp. Lurcher.
14. Henry Wilkes of Md. names the produce of Flirtilla by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
15. James Long of Va. names the produce of Flirtilla Jr. by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
16. P. A. Prindle of S. C. names the produce of Aggy-Down by Timoleon, and Imp. Priam.
17. Hon. Alex. Barrow of La. names the produce of Lilac by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp Skylark.
18. Col. A. L. Bingaman of Miss. names the produce of Own Sister to Betsey Malone by Stockholder, and Woodpecker.
19. Henry A. Tayloe of Ala. names the produce of Howa by Imp. Luzborough, and Mingo.
20. John C. & Hugh Rogers of N. C. name the produce of Polly Peacham by John Richards, and Imp. Priam.
21. W. D. Amis & M. Hunt of Miss. name the produce of Eliza Drake by Shawnee, and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
22. Col. Wade Hampton of S. C. names the produce of Imp. Delphine by Whisker, and Plenipotentiary.
23. Wm. H. E. Merritt of Va. & L. P. Cheatham of Tenn. name the produce of Alice Riggs by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Skylark.
24. John C. Beasley of Tenn. names the produce of Kathleen by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Skylark.
25. Maj. W. R. Peyton of Tenn. names the produce of Black Kitty Clover by Eclipse, and Pacific.
26. John Blevins and Samuel Carter of Ala. name the produce of Miss Medley by Medley, and Wild Bill.
27. J. Morrison Pindell of Ky. names the produce of Marcella by Alfred, and Eclipse.
28. Wm. H. E. Merritt & Brother of Va. name the produce of Robt. C. Williamson's Imp. mare Pera by Sultan and Imp. Priam.
29. Also, the produce of Imp. Bustle by Whalebone, and Imp. Priam.
30. John C. Rodgers of N. C. names the produce of Maria West by Marion, and Andrew.

☞ Subscribers to this Stake losing their colts will please make the fact known at once through the Spirit of the Times. [F2] H. KIRKMAN, Sec'y Nashville J. C.

VOLNEY.

THIS highly bred and beautiful young race horse, acknowledged to be one of the speediest horses of his day, will stand the ensuing season at the stable of J. W. T. REID Esq., four miles east of Montgomery, Alabama, at Forty dollars the season, and Eighty dollars to insure a foal.

The following letters and certificates from the most distinguished Turfmen of Virginia, relative to the pedigree and performances of Volney, are respectfully presented for the perusal of the Turfmen and Breeders of Alabama.

The Pedigree of Volney.—Volney was got by Col. WM. R. JOHNSON's horse *Monsieur Tonson*, out of Mr. WILLIAMS' brood mare by *Sir Archie*, and was four years old last Spring. A copy of the certificate of the pedigree of his dam, furnished by Wm. R. Johnson, Esq., is given below, the original of which was found among the papers of Mr. Williams, deceased. RICHARD LOGAN, Executor of Samuel Williams, dec'd.

The sorrel mare, purchased by Samuel Williams, Esq., of the estate of Edmund Irby deceased, was got by Sir Archie, her dam Weazle by Shylock, out of Captain Sailard's celebrated old mare by the imported horse Dare Devil, dam by old Wildair, the best son of Col. Baylor's imported horse Fearnaught—her grandam, a chesnut mare called Picudella, was got by Batt's & Maclin's Fearnaught, who was foaled in 1777, and bred by Mr. Edwards, of Hicksford, Va. Batt's & Maclin's Fearnaught was got by the old imported Fearnaught, out of an imported mare, who, in the Spring of 1776, was purchased by Mr. Edwards of the widow of Col. Maclin, on Elizabeth River, near Norfolk, Va.—her g. g. dam was got by Col. Baylor's horse Godolphin, who was got by the Imp. Fearnaught out of Col. Baylor's imp. mare Jenny Dismal—her g. g. g. dam was by the imp. horse Hob-Nob, (this fine Hob-Nob mare was the property of Col. Archie Cary, of Chesterfield County, Va.)—her g. g. g. g. dam was by the imported horse Jolly Roger, known in England as Roger of the Vale—her g. g. g. g. g. dam was got by the imp. horse Valiant—her g. g. g. g. g. g. dam was by Tryall, who was by the Imp. Morton's Traveller.

The said sorrel filly, purchased by Mr. Williams, was a great favorite of Mr. Irby—so much so, that he entered her in a sweepstake, for which race she would have been trained, but his death made the entry void. W. R. JOHNSON.

Chesterfield, June 1, 1831. RICHARD LOGAN.

The above is a true copy of the original of Mr. Johnson.

Charlotte County, Va., Dec. 1, 1838.

MR. P. A. PRINDLE.—*Dear Sir*—In relation to your enquiry respecting the running qualities of your fine horse Volney, I can inform you that I trained him the Fall after he was three years old, and run him in one sweepstakes colt race, Mile heats, which he won with great ease at two heats, in 1:51 each heat. I then sent him home to his owner, who died in a short time after. Volney was then sold. Mr. Phillips was the purchaser at $2500. In the Spring of 1837 he won the Proprietor's Purse at Lynchburg, Two mile heats, with great ease. The following Fall I met him at the same course. I started a fine filly against him, Two mile heats—he beat her in fine style in 3:47; no contest for the 2d heat. I then offered his owner $4000 for him, but he seemed at that time not willing to sell him. I believe he was a race horse of the first order, at any distance, and am truly sorry that his lameness has prevented him from showing his powers to the world.

In haste, yours respectfully, WM. McCARGO.

In the Fall of 1837, at Oxford, N. C., Mr. PHILLIPS sold Volney to Mr. P. A. PRINDLE, of Richmond, Va., his present owner, for $5000 cash. He is the horse on whom the match against *Target* was made, for $10,000, single dash of Two miles. [F9]

THE HAMPTON STAKE.

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstake with colts and fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, over the Nashville Course, Tenn., Two mile heats, on the first day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said course, the Fall of 1843, being the day previous to the Great Peyton Stake of $5000 entrance. Subscription to this stake, $2000, $400 ft., the rules of the Nashville Jockey Club to govern said race. If subscriber, colt, or filly dies, no forfeit to be claimed. Three or more to make a race. Stake to close the 1st of August.

Address HUGH KIRKMAN, Esq. Secretary, Nashville, Tenn.

1. James Kirkman, of La. names br. c. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Imp. Lady Fly by Bustard.

SHARK

THIS beautiful thorough-bred Race-Horse will stand the present season of 1839, at the stable of John Drew, near the Union Race Course, upon Long Island, New York, at $60 the season, $100 to insure a mare with foal, and $1 to the groom. The season to commence on the 20th Feb and end the 1st July.

Shark is a beautiful black, about 15¼ hands high, of good bone and substance, in high racing form, and nine years old this grass.

PEDIGREE.—*Shark* was bred by Charles Henry Hall, Esq., at Harlaem, New York, and foaled in April 1830. He was got by the celebrated American Eclipse. His dam the noted running mare known at first as Col. Tayloe's Maria, and afterwards named Lady Lightfoot, by Sir Archy; grandam, Black Maria by Imp. Shark; g. g. dam by Imp. Clockfast, (she was the dam of the celebrated horse Vingtun, by Imp. Diomed); g. g. g. dam Fitzhugh's famous running mare Maria, by Regulus, &c. &c.

His sire, American Eclipse, was got by Duroc, out of Miller's Damsel by Imp. Messenger; her dam the imported mare by Pot-oooooooo's, &c.

[For Shark's Performances in full, see "Spirit of the Times," from Jan. 5, to Feb. 23, 2839.]

Shark was withdrawn from the Course, and let to mares the season of 1836. His get are very promising, valued highly, and those 3 yrs. old in 1839 will probably make their appearance on the Course.

He is own brother to Eclipse Lightfoot, to Black Maria, who won the 20 mile race (that is, 5 heats, including a dead heat,) over the Union Course, beating Trifle and three others—also to Terror, and to Bay Maria, who has won all her races in South Carolina and Georgia, four mile heats. His dam, Lady Lightfoot, trained and ran until eleven years old, and was pronounced by the late Gen. Wm. Wynn, of Virginia, the best race mare, and the safest to bet upon, that he ever knew—her performances are unrivalled. His whole *family*, paternal and maternal, have not even a remote cross of inferior blood; they have throughout been renowned for game and stoutness, their best play being the course of four miles. Those who retain a partiality to the blood of Eclipse have now an opportunity of acquiring the same by breeding from Shark, who, if not the most renowned of his get, by exploits on the turf, in point of pure and high blood stands first.

January, 1839.—[J5-tf.] JOSEPH H. HELLINGS.

NEW ORLEANS FALL RACES, ECLIPSE COURSE.

THE following Sweepstakes are open over the Eclipse Course, New Orleans, at the Fall Meeting of 1839, to commence first Tuesday in December.

Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats; sub. $500 each, $300 ft. To name and close 1st of July, 1839. Now 6 subs., viz.:

Y. N. Oliver,	Duncan F. Kenner,	George M. Long.
Fergus Duplantier,	W. J. Minor,	A. L. Bingaman.

Spring Meeting, 1840.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats; sub. $500 each, $300 ft. To run at the Spring Meeting of 1840; and close the 1st of January next. Now 6 subs., viz.:

W. T. Minor,	Fergus Duplantier,	T. J. Wells,
Y. N. Oliver,	G. N. Sanders,	A. L. Bingaman.

Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, subs. $1000 each, h. ft. To name and close 1st of Jan. 1840. Now 2 subs. Address (post paid)

[my4] J. R. STERRITT, New Orleans.

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

Bean's Station, Tenn.	Spring Races, fourth Tuesday, May 28.
Cynthiana, Ky.	Spring Races, fifth Wednesday, May 29.
Cincinnati, Ohio.	Jockey Club Spring Meeting, 3d or 4th week in May.
Columbus, Miss.	Hyde Park Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 21st May.
Charlestown, Va.	Kanawha Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 2d Wednesday, 12th June.
Clinton, Ala.	Pactolus Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 4th June.
Camden, N. J.	And Philadelphia, Camden Course, J. C. Spring Meeting 21st May.
" "	Match $1000 aside, P.P., M. h., 1st day } between Messrs. Cochran
" "	Match $1000 aside, h. n., M. h., 3d day } and Kelly's Busiris colts
Columbus, Ga.	Western Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, last Tuesday, 30th April.
Fredericksburg, Va.	Mulberry Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 28th May.
Fayette, Mo.	Match, $2000 aside, $1500 ft., between Duke Sumner and Ben Franklin, fifth Wednesday, May 29.
Huntsville, Ala.	Association Course, J.C. Spring Meeting, last Wednesday, 29th May.
Louisville, Ky.	Oakland Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 4th June.
Lexington, Ky.	Association Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 4th Wednesday, 22d May.
Livingston, Ala.	Picton Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 4th Monday, 27th May.
Maury Co. Tenn.	Annual Spring Meeting, 4th Wednesday, 22d May.
Mobile, Ala.	Bascombe Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, last Tuesday, 26th Nov.
New Orleans, La.	Eclipse Course, Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d Dec.
Trenton, N. J.	Eagle Course, Spring Meeting, last Tuesday 28th May.
Toronto, U.C.	Simcoe Chase Course, Spring Meeting, 3d Wednesday, 19th June.
Van Buren, Arks.	Jockey Club Spring Meeting, 3d Wednesday, 22d May.
Wheeling, Va.	Jockey Club Spring Meeting, last Tuesday, 25th June.

BATTLE OF THE PYRAMIDS.

At six o'clock, the two armies were in full view of each other.

Survey for a moment the battle field. It was the same that Cambyses, the other conqueror, who came from the other extremity of the world, had chosen on which to meet and overwhelm the Egyptians. Since that period twenty four centuries had rolled away; the Nile, the Pyramids were still the same; the granite Sphynx, whose face had been mutilated by the Persians, reared only her gigantic head above the sand; the Colossus, of which Heredotus speaks, was fallen; Memphis had disappeared; and Cairo had risen. All these thrilling recollections of the distant were present to the minds of the French officers, hovering vaguely over the heads of the soldiers like the strange birds which, in ancient days, fluttered over the battle and presaged victory.

The ground was a vast sandy plain, suitable to the manœuvres of cavalry. The village of El-Behir arose in the middle of it. A small stream partly enclosed it in front of Gizeh.

Napoleon's intention was not merely to defeat but to exterminate, the Mamelukes. He deployed his troops into a semi-circle, forming each division into squares of unusual size, in the centre of which he placed the artillery. Desaix accustomed to the front, commanded the first square, which was stationed between Embabah and Gizeh. Then came in order, the division of Reiner; the division of Kleber, commanded by Dugna; the division of Menou, commanded by Vial; and, lastly, the division of Gen. Bon, forming the extreme left, resting upon the Nile; and nearest to Embabah.

All these quarters were directed to put themselves in motion, and advancing upon the Embabah, to drive horses, Mamelukes, every thing before them into the Nile.

But Murad was not the man to wait, behind a few sand-hills, the onslaught and stratagie of the French troops.

Scarcely were the squares formed when the Mamelukes burst forth from their entrenchments in irregular masses, and without method or order dashed towards the nearest squares; these were the divisions of Desaix and Regier.

When within point blank musket range they separated into two columns, drooped their heads to the saddle bow and rushed severally to the left angle of the division of Regnier, and the right of the division of Desaix. The squares reserved their fire until the Mameluke's were within ten paces of their lines, and then with deliberate aim, poured upon them a volley that was astoundingly fatal. The heads of the columns sank to the ground as if an earthquake had swallowed them, the remainder of the squadrons, arrested in their course by this wall of flame and steel, yet unwilling to retreat, ranged along the whole face of the square of Regnier, whose sustained fire, however, at such murderous proximity, threw them in some confusion on the division of Desaix, around which they flew like a whirlwind. This divison, finding itself enveloped with such a tempest of cavalry, now poured forth a stream of musketry on every side, and occasionally, as a brief opportunity presented, opened its angles to emit the destructive thunder of its arrillery.

Meanwhile every effort was made by this fierce soldiery to break or disorder our immoveable squares. They would retire, form, charge in close column, and as their horses recoiled from the serried ranks of bristling bayonets, they would deploy and rein them backwards on the lines, kicking, plunging, rearing, and often falling upon the arms of the infantry, or under their feet, would drag themselves along, and cut at the legs of the men with their sabres. This horrid melee lasted for three quarters of an hour, during which time the infantry within the squares were mowing down their mounted assailants with incessant volleys of musketry. From the ferocity of the Mamelukes, our troops could no longer recognise them as men, but thought they were dealing with phantoms and demons, flying irregularly through clouds of smoke and flame, on horses as ghostly as themselves. Finally, the struggling cavalry, the yells, the neighing, and the flame and smoke, all disappeared and ceased. There remained nothing around and between these two divisions, but the mass of the dead and dying—a sea of blood and carnage, bristling with arms, sprinkled with standards, murmuring and moving still, though with a subdued motion, like the yet unquieted billows after an ocean storm.

It must have been a wondrous sight to the eagle hovering over the battle field, to see these six thousand horsemen, the finest in the world, mounted on horses that left no foot-print on the sand, doubling like hounds around these blazing and immoveable squares—encircling them as with a band, and straining them in its ligature—seeking to crush and suffocate by envelopment, what they could not open or break by collision—then dispersing, re-forming to disperse again, and changing positions like waves beating against the shore.

On a sudden the batteries of Murad changed their direction; the Mamelukes heard the thunder of their own guns pointed against their own masses, and they fell in scores under the iron rain of their own balls. Then the flotilla took fire and blew up with a loud explosion. The cause of all this was soon apparent. While Murad was bending every effort to destroy our squares, our distant columns of attack had reached and carried his entrenchments, and Marmont now commanded the whole field with his guns.

Napoleon ordered a final movement, and all was finished. The squares opened, deployed into line, united their several flanks, and stood one immense chain of iron. The Mamelukes were now between their own entrenchments and the whole French line, receiving from each a sustained and insupportable fire. Murad saw that the day was irretrievably lost; he rallied the remnant of his men, who lowering their heads, and putting spurs to their horses, galloped down this double line of exterminating shot, through the narrow interval left by Desaix, between his division and the Nile. They thus forced their way into the village of Gizeh, re-appeared an instant after beyond its enclosures, and retired toward Upper Egypt, reduced to three hundred men. Dumas' Travels in Egypt.

CINCINNATI JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE SPRING MEETING, 1839, will commence on Tuesday, 11th of June, instead of the 3d or 4th week in May.

First Day.—Ohio Breeders' Plate, value $200, for 3 yr. olds, bred in the State of Ohio Mile heats.

Same Day.—Proprietors' Purse, $100, free for anything, Mile heats.

Second Day.—Cincinnati Plate, splendid Tea Service, value $500; the amount of entrance governed by the number of subscribers.

Same Day.—A Post Stake, for 3 yr. olds, $100 each.

Third Day.—Jockey Club Purse, $500, Three mile heats.

Fourth Day.—Proprietors' Purse, $250, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Fifth Day.—Jockey Club Purse, $1000, Four mile heats.

Owing to the Sweepstakes (as proposed in the first advertisement) not being filled, the purses are differently arranged.

This beautiful Course will be in good order. The stables are excellent. The Brighton House, contiguous to the track, affords every accommodation gentlemen can desire, under the superintendence of Mr. H. Gates, a gentleman filling the station with much ability.

Cincinnati, May 17, 1839. [My. 25.] LEWIS SANDERS.

RIENZI.

THIS thorough bred Race Horse will stand the present season of 1839, at the stables of the subscribers at $30 for thorough bred mares, and $10 for common mares. Insurance $50 and $15, and 50cts to the groom. The season to commence on the 1st of March, and end the 1st of July. *Rienzi* is a beautiful bay with black legs and without a white spot or blemish, possessing great strength, and fine racing points, and combining the blood of our most celebrated four mile horses.

PEDIGREE.

Rienzi was bred by Hamilton Wilkes, Esq., at Hyde Park, was foaled in 1833, and was sired by Paul Clifford, he by American Eclipse out of the noted mare Betsey Richards. His dam Kate, (since called Kate Kearney) was by the celebrated Henry, competitor of Eclipse, his grand dam Lady Rock, a full sister to Count Viper, was by Marshal Duroc, his g. g. dam was by the imported horse Expedition, who was by Pegasus, he by O'Kelly's Eclipse, his g. g. g. dam was by the imported horse Royalist, g. g. g. g. dam by the imported horse Magnet Needle, g. g. g. g. g. dam by old Byazett, g. g. g. g. g. g. dam by Selim, g. g. g. g. g. g. g. dam the Pacolet mare imported by Mr. Hitzeimer of Philadelphia, she was by Pacolet, who was by Blank out of Whiteneck, bred by the Duke of Lancaster; Whiteneck was Crab's grand dam by the Godolphin Arabian.—Gentlemen of the Turf, and Breeders generally, are respectfully requested to call and judge for themselves.

[my 25] ROSCOE C. DICKINSON, Todd County, Kentucky.
H. CLARK, Christian County, Kentucky.

THOROUGH BRED STOCK FOR SALE.

The health of the undersigned, and that of his family, requiring a climate more congenial than Long Island, he has determined to dispose of his farm at Jamaica:—in which event he has no place for his blooded stock. He has mares, colts, and fillies of all ages, and of the different blood of Sir Charles, Eclipse, Henry, Barefoot, Trustee, and Gohanna: some of the mares are of the most desirable crosses, and purchased at a high price. They will be sold for *one half* their value, and if desired, a credit of twelve months given, if early application be made to the Editor of the "Spirit of the Times," who will be furnished with a catalogue numbering some 20, or 30, and give every information desired.

[my 25] ALEXANDER L. BOTTS.

ROANOKE COLT SHOW.

THE subscription to the above Show will close on the 20th of this month. There are already a large number of entries—the get of Sarpedon, Shark, Emancipation, Tonson, Shakspeare, Gohanna, First Fruits, Profit, Goliah and others, to be exhibited on Thursday, June 20th, 1839, at which time the subscribers will elect the most experienced Judges from the different sections of the country, who will award premiums in Silver Plate to the first and second best colt, or filly, from both the one and the two year old stakes.

As this will be the first exhibition ever held in the United States *altogether* of thorough bred colts, the subscribers most respectfully invite all gentlemen to attend, who take an interest in fine horses.

There will be the most ample accommodation for visitors at the several Hotels, together with a large public dinner at 2 o'clock, by Col. George Rogers.

C. P. GREEN, } Committee.
WM. TOWNES, }

Boydton, Va., May 15th, 1839.—[my 25th, 4t.]

Stallions for 1839.

☞ Notices like the following (never exceeding two lines) will be inserted during the season for Five dollars. To those gentlemen who advertise their horses in detail, to the amount of Twenty Dollars, in this paper, no charge will be made.

AINDERBY, *Imported*, by Velocipede, out of Kate (sister to Nonplus) by Catton, at L. J. Polk's stables, at Hamilton Place, near Mt. Pleasant, Tenn., at $75 & $100—$1 to groom.

ANDREW, by Sir Charles, dam by Herod, at Newmarket Race Course, Petersburg, Va., at $60 and $100.

AUTOCRAT, *Imported*, by Grand Duke, out of Olivetta by Sir Oliver, at Col. Sam'l Lyne's stable, 2 miles from Clarksville, Tenn., on Russellville road, at $60 and $75.

ANVIL, by Mons. Tonson, out of Isabella (dam of Picton, Duane, etc.) by Sir Archy, at StationCamp (Hon. B. Peyton's farm) near Gallatin, Tenn., at $50 and $75.

BAREFOOT, *Imported*, by Tramp, out of Rosamond by Buzzard, at R. P. Stark's stable, Hopkinsville, Ky., at $70 in the season, $80 on the 1st Jan., and $1 to the groom.

BUSIRIS, by Eclipse, out of Grand Duchess by Imp Gracchus, 12 miles west of Philadelphia, at $40 the season for thorough bred mares.

BILL AUSTIN, by Bertrand, dam by Timoleon, at W. B. Taylor's stable, near Montgomery. (Ala.) Race Course, at $50, and $1 to the groom.

BERTRAND JUNIOR, by Bertrand, out of Transport by Virginius, at the stables of B. R. Jenkins, in Fayette County, Ky., six miles south-east of Lexington, at $50—$1 to grm.

BIRMINGHAM, by Stockholder, out of Black Sophia by Topgallant, at the Oakland Course Louisville, Ky., under the charge of Lewis Sherley, at $50 and $75.

BLACK HEATH, by Sir Archie, dam by Sir Hal, at the stable of Richard Adams, six miles from Richmond, Va., at $40, and $60 to insure.

BERNERS' COMUS, *Imported*, by Comus, out of Rotterdam by Juniper, at Col. E H Boardman's stable, at the Mills, near Huntsville, Ala., at $80 and $100—$1 to the groom

BELSHAZZAR, *Imported*, by Blacklock, out of Manuella by Dick Andrews, at Thomas Alderson's stable, Nashville, Tenn, at $75—$100—$125, and $1 to the groom.

CHESTERFIELD, by Pacific, dam by Wilkes' Madison, at A. T. Nolan's stable, four miles east of Franklin, Tenn., at $30 the season.

CONSOL, *Imported*, by Lottery, dam by Cerberus, at Col. E. M. Boardman's stable, at the Mills, near Huntsville, Ala., at $70, $100, and $1 to the groom.

CHARLES KEMBLE, by Sir Archy, out of Maria by Gallatin, at Chester Tow nand Centreville, Maryland, at $40 to insure, and $1 to the groom.

CETUS, *Imported*, by Whalebone, out of Lamia by Gohanna, at "The Reeds," Caroline Co., Va., at $75 and $125, and $1 to the groom.

CRAZY BILL, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Clay's Sir William, at R. B. Harrison's stable 12 m. from Selma, and at D. Kirkland's in Autauga Co., at $50, and $1 to the groom.,

DICK CHINN, by Sumpter, out of Lucy by Orphan, at Messrs. Wells' stables, Bayou Boeuf, near Alexandria, La., at $50 and $75, and $1 to the groom.

DRONE, by Mons. Tonson, out of Isabella (Picton's dam) by Sir Archy, at Jas. B. Kendall's stable, Kendall Course, Baltimore, Md., at $30 and $50.

DUANE, by Imp. Hedgeford, out of Goodloe Washington by Washington, at the stable of Wm. N. Friend, Camden Race Course, N. J., at $50 and $1 to the groom.

ECLIPSE, by Duroc, out of Miller's Damsel by Imp. Messenger, at Jas. Swanson's stable, at Independence, near Franklin, Tenn., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

ENVOY, *Imported*, by Memnon, out of Zarina by Morisco, at Lewis K. Grigsby's stable, near Winchester, Clark County, Ky., at $50, and $1 to the groom.

EMANCIPATION, *Imported*, by Whisker, dam by Ardrossan, at the stable of Hector Bell, Esq., Winchester, Va., at $75 and $120, and $1 to the groom.

FESTIVAL, by Eclipse, dam by Timoleon, at the stable of John W. Trotter, at Forsyth, Monroe County, Ga., at $50 and $75.

FLEXIBLE, *Imported*, by Whalebone, out of Themus by Sorcerer, at the stable of Col. E. H. Carter, at Wilton, Granville county, N. C., at $30 and $45.

FRANK, by Sir Charles, out of Betsey Archer by Sir Archy, at the stable of Samuel Davenport & Co., near Lexington, Ky., at $50 and $75.

GLENCOE, *Imported*, by Sultan, out of Trampoline by Tramp, at the stable of Jas. Jackson, Esq., at Forks of Cypress, near Florence, Ala., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

GILES SCROGGINS, by Sir Archy, out of Lady Bedford, at the stable of Jilson Yates & Co., Shelbyville, Ky., at $30 and $50.

GASTON, by Imp. Truffle, out of Lady Lagrange by Sir Archy, at Dresden, Tenn. Particulars hereafter.

HEDGEFORD, *Imported*, by Filho da Puta, out of Miss Cragie by Orville, at Versailles, Ky., at $100 the season. Address Lewis Y. Craig.

HICKORY JOHN, by John Richards, out of Kitty Hickory by Hickory, near Lexington, Ky. Terms hereafter.

HIBISCUS, *Imported*, by Sultan, out of the Duchess of York, at the race course near Columbia, S. C., at $50, and $1 to the groom. Address George Fryer.

JOHN BASCOMBE, by Bertrand, out of Grey Goose by Pacolet, at the Hampton Course near Augusta, Ga., at $100, and $1 the groom.

JORDAN, *Imported*, by Langar, out of Matilda by Comus, at John C. Beasley's stable, Plaquemine, La., at $100 the season.

JOHN DAWSON, by Pacific, dam by Grey Archie, at Francis Gordon's stable, 1 mile from Spring Hill, Maury Co., Tenn. at $50, and $1 to the groom.

LAPDOG, *Imported*, by Whalebone, dam by Canopus, at the stable of Jas. Jackson, Esq., at the Forks of Cypress, near Florence, Ala., at $50, and $1 to the groom.

LAUDERDALE, by Sir Archy, out of Imp. Stoughton Lass, at the stable of Fergus Duplantier, East Baton Rouge, La., at $45 and $60.

LEVIATHAN, *Imported*, by Muley, dam by Windle, at the stable of Col. George Elliot near Gallatin, Sumner County, Tenn., at $150 the season, and $1 to the groom.

LUZBOROUGH, *Imported*, by Williamson's Ditto, dam by Dick Andrews, at the stable of Dr. A. Whitlocke, Sanders, Limestone Co., Ala., at $100, $120, and $200—$1 to the grm.

LONGWAIST, by Sir Archie, dam by Pacolet, one mile east of Natchez, Miss., at $50 and $75, and $1 to the groom.

MARSHAL NEY, by old Pacolet, out of Virginia by Imp. Daredevil, g. d. Lady Bolingbrook by Imp. Pantaloon, at H. M. Cryer's stable, near Gallatin, Tenn., at $20, $25, $30, & $1.

MARION, by Sir Archy, dam by Imp. Citizen, at F. O. A. Sherrod's stable, Chantilly, near Tuscumbia, Ala., at $75 and $100, and $1 to the groom.

MINGO, by Eclipse, out of Bay Bett by Thornton's Rattler, at Geo. E. Blackburn's stable near Versailles, Woodford Co., Ky., 8 miles from Frankfort, at $100, and $1 to the groom.

MONMOUTH ECLIPSE, by Eclipse, out of Honesty by Imp. Expedition, at Jos. H. Van Mater's stable, 8 miles east of Monmouth C. H., N. J., at $50 and $75—$1 to the groom

MONMOUTH, by John Richards, out of Young Nettletop, at Bason Spring, Breckenridge County, Va., under the charge of J. B. Alexander, at $30.

MORDECAI, *Imported*, by Lottery, dam by Welbeck, own brother to Red Rover, at Edm Bacon's plantation, Twigg County, Ky., at $60 the season.

MERMAN, *Imported*, by Whalebone, dam by Orville, at the Oakland Course, Louisville, Ky., at $50, $75, and $100. Address L. Sherley

MONSIEUR TONSON, by Pacolet, out of Madame Tonson by Topgallant, in Bourbon Co., Ky., 5 miles from Paris, & 17 from Lexington, at $60 & $100—$1 to grm. Address C. P. Lee.

MEDOC, by Eclipse, dam by Imp. Expedition, at his old stand at Col. Wm. Buford's, Woodford Co., Ky., limited to 75 mares at $100.

MAZYOUBE, a cross-breed Arabian and Barb, at Troy and Piqua, Miami Co., Ohio, at $25 to insure.

EMBARK, a full blood Arabian, at St. Mary's, Mercer County, Ohio, at $15 the season pasturage gratis.

OTHELLO, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy, at Maj. Samuel Ragland's stable, 12 miles N. W. of Huntsville, Ala., at $50, and $1 to the groom.

PACTOLUS, by Pacific, out of Mary Vaughan by Pacolet, at the Henry Course, Greensboro', Ala., under the charge of Henry A. Tayloe, Esq., at $40 and $60.

PENNOYER, by Henry, out of the celebrated mare Ariel by Eclipse, at the stable of Henry Daiby, Esq., Augusta, Ga., at $50 the season and $1 to the groom.

POST BOY, by Henry, out of Garland by Duroc, will make his second season at the stable of James Holmes, near Murfreesboro', Tenn., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

PRIAM, *Imported*, by Emilius, out of Cressida by Whiskey, at Dr. A. T. B. Merritt's stable, Hicksford, Va.—a limited number of mares at $150, and $1 to the groom.

PICTON, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Isabella by Sir Archy, at L. P. Cheatham's stables, near Nashville, Tenn.—limited to 20 mares at $100, and $1 to the groom.

PACIFIC, by Sir Archy, out of Eliza, (sister to Gallatin,) by Imp. Bedford, at the stable of B. P. Gray, Woodford County, Ky., at $75 and $100, and $1 to the groom.

PHILIP, *Imported*, by Filho da Puta, out of Treasure by Camillus, at H. M. Cryer's stable, near Gallatin, Tenn., at $75, $100, and $125, and $1 to the groom.

RATTLER, by Sir Archy, dam by Imp. Robin Redbreast, at Lagrange, Tenn. Terms hereafter. Address M. E. Boyles.

RICHARD, *Imported*, by Orville, out of Miss Sophia by Stamford, at Maj. B. Luckett's stable, Franklin County, Ky., at $50.

RODOLPH, by Archie Montorio, dam by Haxall's Moses, in the neighborhood of Lexington, Kentucky.

SARPEDON, *Imported*, by Emilius, out of Icaria by The Flyer, at the stable of John Wimbish, Halifax C. H., Va., at $60 and $100, and $1 to the groom.

SHARK, by Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot by Sir Archy, at John Drew's stable, near the Union Course, Long Island, at $60 and $100, and $1 to the groom.

SHAKSPEARE, *Imported*, by Smolensko, out of Charming Molly by Rubens, at Robt. Hurt's stable, near Paris, Western District of Tenn., at $100 the season.

SINGLETON, by Eclipse, dam by Kosciusko, at the stable of Daniel Morgan, Esq., near Flemingsburgh, Fleming County, Ky.

SKYLARK, *Imported*, by Waxy Pope, out of Skylark by Musician, at L. P. Cheatham's stable, 2 miles northwest of Nashville, Tenn., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

STOCKHOLDER, by Sir Archy, dam by Imp. Citizen, at A. B. Newsam's stable, in Wilson Co., Ala., 8 miles fm. Lebanon, 15 fm. Gallatin, & 35 fm. Nashville, at $75, $125, and $1.

SWISS, *Imported*, by Whisker, out of Shuttle mare, at Judge Thompson's stable, near Salem, Livingston County, Ky., at $50, and $1 to the groom.

TRUSTEE *Imported*, by Catton, out of Emma by Whisker, at the stable of John R. Snedeker, near the Union Course, Long Island, at $30 cash, and $1 to the groom.

TRANBY, *Imported*, by Blacklock, dam by Orville, at Geo. R. Robertson's stable, Central Course, Macon, Ga., at $80 if paid within the season, and $100 if paid out of it.

TOM FLETCHER (by Stockholder), the sire of Molly Long, Independence, and other good ones, at Batesville & Dripping Springs, Ark at $25 & $40 Address T.T.Tunstall & Co.

VOLNEY, by Mons. Tonson, dam by Sir Archy, at the stable of W. J. T. Reid, Esq., four miles east of Montgomery, Ala., at $40 and $80.

WILD BILL ("of the woods," late Pilot,) by Sir Archy, out of Maria by Gallatin, at the residence of Henry Stokes, one mile north of Huntsville, Ala., at $60.

WALTER, by Eclipse, dam by Constitution, will make his first season at Liles E. Abernathy's stable, near Pulaski, Tenn. Terms hereafter.

WAXY, by Sir Archy, dam by Alfred, at Jas. T. Carter's stable, 4½ miles north of Greensburg, Ky., at $30 and $50, and 50 cents to the groom.

WHALEBONE, by Sir Archy, dam by Pacolet, at Col. Jas. W. Camp's stable, 4 miles out of Huntsville, Ala., at $40.

WASHINGTON, by Timoleon, out of Ariadne by Citizen, at Daniel Kiser's stable, Dayton, Montgomery County, Ohio, at $30 the season.

WARRIOR, by Mons. Tonson, dam by Emperor, at Gen. Thos. J. Green's stable, Velasco, Texas, at $100, and $2 to the groom.

ZINGANEE, *Imported*, by Tramp, out of Folly by Young Drone, at Parker E. Todhunter's stable, 8 miles south-east from Lexington, Ky., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

FOR SALE OR TO LET.

A NEW two story House and about 2 acres of land on Long Island, a little west of the Union Course, where the Rail Road cars stop several times daily. The house is modern built, and contains ten rooms, lately occupied by Mr. P. P. Cleaver. Mr. A. D. Bennet, near the premises, has the key of the house, and will show the property. For terms enquire of ABRAHAM H. VAN WYCK, No. 7 Wall st., N. Y.

[m18-2t]

AMERICAN TURF REGISTER AND SPORTING MAGAZINE.

THE Third and Fourth numbers of this Magazine was issued together from the Office of the "*Spirit of the Times*," on MONDAY LAST, the 13th instant. They were embellished with TWO SUPERB ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL, with a beautiful VIGNETTE on the Cover, and contain Eight Sheets, or One Hundred and Twenty-Eight Pages of letter press, on paper of the finest texture, and entire new type, cast expressly for the purpose. The Publishers submit the following list of the embellishments and contents:—

EMBELLISHMENTS:

Plenipotentiary, Engraved on Steel by Dick, after Cooper, R. A.
D'Orsay and his Traineau, Engraved on Steel by Dick, after Aubrey.

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Another double number will appear on the 1st of June next, with superb illustrations on Steel, of Deer Stalking and Trout Fishing, and thenceforward the Magazine will be issued punctually on the 1st of each month. Published at the Office of the "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES," corner of Broadway and Barclay street, New York, at Five Dollars per annum, in advance. Orders and Communications to be addressed to

WM. T. PORTER,
Editor of the "Turf Register" and of the "Spirit of the Times."

May 11, 1839

N.B. The subscribers to the Turf Register in New York, who have not received the first numbers, are requested to call at the office, or send, for them.

EAGLE COURSE RACES, TRENTON, N. J.

THE Spring Meeting will commence on Tuesday, May 28th, 1839, (it being the week following the Philadelphia and Camden Races,) and continue four days.

First day (Tuesday)—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $300, h. ft., Mile heats.
1. W. B. Stockton names Imp. ch. c. *Passaic*, by Reveller, out of Rachel.
2. Also, " Imp. bl. c. *Cumberland*, by Camel, out of Matilda by Orville.
3. Jas. H. Hellings names ch. c. by Star, out of Melinda.
4. Jas. B. Kendall names gr. f. by Imp. Tranby, out of Mary Randolph.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats.
1. W. B. Stockton names Imp. b. c. *Atlantic*, by Actæon, out of Miss Craven.
2. Also, " Imp. bl. c. *Cumberland*, by Camel, out of Matilda by Orville.
3. Also, " Imp. ch. c. *Passaic*, by Reveller, out of Rachel.
4. Jas. H. Hellings names ch. f. *Stephan*, by Shark, out of Fairy by Herod.
5. Jas. B. Kendall (J. Campbell's) names b. f. by Imp. Tranby, dam by ——.
6. J. H. Van Mater names ch. c. by Tormentor, dam by Tuckahoe.

Second day (Wednesday)—Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds, sub. $200, h. ft., Mile heats.
1. Messrs. Combs & Ellis name ch. c. *Eliptic*, by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Revenge.
2. Jas. B. Kendall (J. Campbell's) names b. c. *Buckeye*, by Critic, out of Ann Page.
3. Edw. J. Wilson names b. c. *Portsmouth*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Polly Peachem.

Same day—Sweepstakes, sub. $200, h. ft., Mile heats; free for all ages that shall no have won a race previous to closing this Stake.
1. Jas. B. Kendall names ch. c. *Windsor*, by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Powancy, 4 yrs.
2. Jos. H. Hellings names ch. c. *Boraz*, by Andrew, out of Tribe's dam, 4 yrs.
3. Jos. H. Van Mater names ch. c. by Eclipse, out of Helen Mar, Bonny Black's dam, 4 y.
4 Also, " ch. c. by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Imp. Expedition, 4 yrs.

Same day—Purse $400, Two mile heats; $100 of which goes to the 2d best, if more than two start.

Third day (Thursday)—A purse of $700, Three mile heats; $200 of which goes to the 2d best, if more than two start.

Same day—A purse of $100, Mile heats.

Fourth day (Friday)—A purse of $1500, Four mile heats; $500 of which goes to the 2d best, if more than two start.

Same day—A purse of $100, Mile heats.

The Races will commence at 12 o'clock, each day. Entries will close at the Eagle Hotel on the evening previous to each race, at 8 o'clock. Entries 5 per cent.

The second best to be determined by the Rules of the Philadelphia and Camden Course, when these rules do not designate the second best, the horse that is 2d in the last heat to be so considered.

Gentlemen from the Northern and Southern States can rely on securing good stables for race horses by making application, or addressing a letter to the Subscriber.

A handsome DINNER will be prepared at the Pavilion, immediately after the main race each day.

The New Jersey Rail Road will convey passengers from New York to the Eagle Course in three hours, passing through Newark, New Brunswick, Princeton, and the principal villages of New Jersey.

As the Eagle Course has now every advantage that can be wished, far greater inducements will hereafter be offered on it, each Spring and Fall, than has heretofore been on any Course North of Louisiana.

Trenton, N. J., April 16, 1839—[a20] O. BAILEY, Secretary.

TROTTING HORSES FOR SALE.

THE celebrated Trotting Horses NORMAN LESLIE and JOHN CALDWELL. If not disposed of by the 22d of April, they will on that day be sold at Tattersall's. Apply to the subscriber, at Lafayette Hall, Nos. 595 and 597 Broadway or at 291 Bowery.

[Mar30] PHILIP McGUIRE.

CHARLES KEMBLE.

THIS superior Stallion will stand the present season at Chester Town and Centreville Maryland, at $40 to insure, and $1 to the groom. The season to commence at Chester Town, on the 4th March, and he will stand one week at each place throughout the season.

Pedigree of Charles Kemble.—He was got by Sir Archy, out of the celebrated mare Maria, by Gallatin; her dam by Simms Wildair—grandam by Imp. Traveller, out of an imported mare. [See Turf Register, vol. 4, page 428.]

Performances.—Charles Kemble has won at the Union Course, L. I., Washington City, Baltimore, Md., Trenton, and Fairfield, Va.—beating some of the best horses in the United States, viz.: Black Maria, Alice Grey, Henry Archer, Hunslap, Agility, Azalia, Prince George, Dolly Dixon, Lady Nashville, Powhattan, Robin Hood, Blue Streak, Mary Lee, Alp, Sally Eubanks, Jesse, Rosalie Somers, Adjutant, Dick Beasley, Maid of the Neck, &c. &c.—running all distances, from One to Four mile heats, in extraordinary good time.

Philadelphia, Feb. 22, 1839.—[F23] JOSEPH H. HELLINGS.

A CHALLENGE TO FOX HUNTERS.

EUBANKS, Geo. May 4th, 1839.

ANY gentleman or association of gentlemen who will produce nine hounds, and meet me on any of the hunting grounds in Columbia, any time in November, next, I will bet him $500 that I have nine hounds—Rock, Ruler, Ruin, Rover, Dido, Bascombe, Post Boy Boston, and Queen—which can catch their fox quicker than any set of hounds that can be produced, running from the mouth of Kegly Creek to Hordin's Mills on Little River, ten miles. There is a red fellow now ranging up and down the river, which we can have, pleasure of chasing.

J. L. GERMAN

[my11—3t]

LOUISVILLE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE SPRING MEETING OF 1839, over the Oakland Course, will commence on Tuesday, the 4th June next.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies; sub. $500 each, $100, Mile heats. Eight subs. and closed 1st Jan., 1839.

1. Y. N. Oliver names ch. f. *Mary Clifford*, by Medoc, out of Medoca by Doublehead.
2. W. T. Ward names ch. f. by Waxy, dam by Hamiltonian.
3. M. W. Dickey names b. f. *Roanah*, by Sir Archy of Transport, dam by Potomac.
4. J. K. Duke names ch. c. by Medoc, out of Lady Adams, by Whipster.
5. Wm. Buford, Jr. names ch. f. by Medoc, out of Ann Merry by Sumpter.
6. William Buford names ch. c. by Medoc, dam by Potomac.
7. W. W. Bacon names b. f. by Medoc, dam by Buford's Alexander.
8. M. W. Dickey names gr. f. *Gryella*, by Archy of Transport, dam by Bertrand.

Same day—The Breeders' Plate, value $100, given by the Proprietor; for 3 yr. old colts and fillies that never won a race, Mile heats. To this race no subscription is required. Entries must be made, as to sweepstakes, directed to the Proprietor, to close the 20th of May. An entry failing to start must pay $20 forfeit, to go with the Plate. Four or more to make a race.

Second day—The Oakland Plate, a splendid tea service of silver, value $500, Two mile heats. The entrance depending on the number of subs.

Same day—A Post Stake for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, sub. $100 each, h. ft., Mile heats To close the 20th of May next.

Third day—Proprietor's Purse $500, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.

Fifth day—Proprietor's Purse $250, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

The great number of horses now in training in Kentucky, in addition to Mr. Garrison's stable from New Orleans, with the celebrated Wagner, Altorf, Glorvina, Cippus, and others, will insure one of the most interesting race meetings that ever came off in the state. Mr McCarro's stable, with Billy Townes and others are expected. The Course, now one of the quickest and safest in the Union, is in the finest possible condition, and greatly improved since the Fall meeting. The Oakland House, under the management of Messrs. Van Vacten and Comstock, has been added to, refitted and newly-furnished. I can safely say it is inferior in point of comfort to none in the State. Stables and litter furnished race horses gratis.

Y. N. OLIVER, Proprietor.

Louisville, April 26.—[my4]

WANTED,

A SITUATION as trainer and rider by a young man, aged 26 years, who can ride 104lbs. He is in possession of the best credentials as respects his character and ability, from many of the most distinguished gentlemen in England. A note left at the Office of this Paper, addressed to Martin Lawler, stating where an interview may be had, will meet with immediate attention, or enquiry may be made there for further particulars. [my4]

PICTON RACES, LIVINGSTON, Ala.

THE regular Jockey Club Spring Meeting will commence on the Picton Course, on the 4th Monday, 27th May, when the following purses will be offered:—

First day—Proprietors' Purse $300, Two mile heats.
Second day—Jockey Club Purse $500, Three mile heats.
Third day—Jockey Club Purse, $600, Four mile heats.
Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $200, Mile heats.
Fifth day—A Post Stake for all ages, sub. $200, P.P., Two mile heats.
Same day—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $200, h. f.; 3 or more to make a race. Now 2 subs. to each.

J. J. JEWELL, Secretary

Livingston, Ala. March 31, 1839.—[a20]

SADDLERY.

GEORGE DERICK, 239 Broadway, corner of Park Place, opposite the Park, (late of Wall-street,) continues to keep on hand the greatest assortment of City-made Saddles and Harness of superior workmanship—Ladies' and Gentlemens' Saddles of English and American manufacture, consisting of Somerset, Quilted and Plain, Shafto and Race; also English Bridles, Martingals, Whips, &c. A very extensive stock of Travelling Trunks, Ladies' Waterproof Hat cases and Trunks, Carpet Bags, Valises, &c. A great variety of Bits and Stirrup Irons, Needham's Box Spurs in Steel, Plated and Brass, Korn's Patent Fly Nets, Summer Sheets, and a general assortment of Horse Clothing; Fletcher and Lewis' Patent Spring Girths, Carriage and Tilbury Harness of superior style and quality; also extra light Wagon and Trotting Harness. A large stock of Whalebone Rosetts, Sarcingles, Chavois, Curry and Mane Combs, Sponges, Trimming Shears and Water Spoke and Whalebone Brushes.

Collars and Saddles carefully fitted.

☞ Gentlemen in want of any of the above articles, would do well to call and examine the same.

N.B. G. Derick has received two Silver Medals and several Diplomas for the best Harness exhibited at the Fairs of the American Institute. [m16–4t.]

FOUR MILE STAKE, BEACON COURSE.

IN answer to correspondents expressing a desire to become subscribers to the stake of $2000, play or pay, Four mile heats, to be run at the Second Meeting over the Union Course, they are notified the stake is closed.

They are respectfully informed that a stake of a somewhat similar character is now open to be run on the Beacon Course, N.J., the week succeeding the Second Meeting on Long Island. It is as follows:—

We, the subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstakes, Four mile heats, with 4 yr. olds, over the Beacon Course, Second Spring Meeting 1839; entrance $2000, forfeit $500. To name and close 24th of May, 1839. Three or more to make a race.

[Mar30] ALEX L BOTTS, Secretary.

TRAINING ESTABLISHMENT AND FARM FOR SALE.

A FARM on Jamaica Bay, Long Island, 2½ miles south of the town of Jamaica, and 11 miles distant from the City of New York, containing 170 acres, of which 100 acres are in the very highest state of cultivation, 50 or 60 acres of fresh and salt meadow, and 20 acres of wood, principally hickory.

There are on the premises a Mansion House, with a Green-house and two Kitchens attached; together with hovels, hay-house, barn, and cattle sheds; wood house, ice house, and root house; a corn crib, set on pillars, with extensive granaries; a large stone milk cellar, pig styes, iron and copper boilers, &c. &c. &c. There is 220 feet of stabling, containing 20 loose boxes for race horses, with extensive mows for hay and straw. There is a smith's shop, and a house adjoining the stables for the boys, a saddle room, and a feed room fitted with bians capable of containing 300 bushels; 12 of the boxes (15 feet by 10) are paved, with a portico in front, to protect the horses while washing legs, &c., with wire doors for the summer. The racks are of iron, and the feed boxes and sides of stalls, within reach of the horses, lined with tin.

The Training Track is in the immediate vicinity of the stables, a mile, or very nearly so, in circumference, completely fenced, and so protected as not to interfere or be interfered with, by the farmer.

There are paddocks for horses out of training, our of which are enclosed with close board fences, with circular ends and a stable in each; making in all 28 separate boxes and stables, for racing stock.

There is a house for the trainer and another for the overseer a four horse power, with threshing and grinding mills, cutting box, &c. &c. &c.

In short, there is nothing wanting, that I am aware of, to render it complete, for either a farming, training, or breeding establishment.

The Farm is so situated that it may be advantageously divided, and sold in two or three parcels: 30 or 40 acres with the trainer's house 25 or 30 with the mansion house and stables, with the privilege of using the training track, and 60 or 80 acres with the farm and farm house.

The horses remaining on the farm, consisting o *Fordham* and three or four young things, are also for sale. Fordham is 4 yrs. old, and is engaged in a sweepstakes of four subs. at $2000 each, P.P. Four mile heats, to come off the second Spring meeting of 1839. He will be sold with or without his engagement.

Janette, *Fanti*, *Dosoris*, *Zela*, *Terrific*, and *Equinox*, are on their way to New Orleans to be sold, or trained for the large purses offered in the South and West. The following are their pedigrees:—

Dosoris, ch. h., 5 yrs., by Henry, out of Miss Walton, Goliah's dam.
Fordham, ch. c., 3 yrs., by Eclipse, out of Janette, own sister to Sir Charles.
Zela, ro. f., 3 yrs., by Eclipse, out of the dam of Goliah, Dosoris, etc.
Terrific, b. c., 2 yrs., by Gohanna, out of Black Maria, own sister to Shark.
Equinox, ch. c., 2 yrs., by Gohanna, out of Janette, own sister to Sir Charles.

Janette, ch. m., 16 yrs., own sister to Sir Charles (by Sir Archy, dam by Imp. Citizen,) and dam of Fordham; stinted to Monmouth Eclipse.

Fanti, ch. m., 5 yrs., by Henry, out of Janette (Fordham's dam); stinted to Imp. Trustee.

This lot will be accompanied by a draft from the stud of Mr. Robt. L. Stevens, consisting of the following:—

Tom Moore, ch. h., 7 yrs., by Eclipse, out of Lalla Rookh by Gabriel Oscar.
Henry Moore, ch. h., 5 yrs., by Henry, out of Tom Moore's dam.
Chesnut colt, 4 yrs., Own brother to Henry Moore.
Chesnut colt, 2 yrs., Own brother to Henry Moore.
Antonette, b. f., 3 yrs., by Nullifier, out of Polly Hopkins by Virginian.
Seminole, ch. c., 3 yrs., by Eclipse, out of Celeste by Henry.

They will leave this city on Monday next, under the charge of Mr. Isaac Van Leer, who is authorised to train and run, or to dispose of them. In their route to New Orleans they will pass through Baltimore, Norfolk, Va., Tarboro', and Fayetteville, N. C., Camden and Columbia, S. C., Augusta, Macon, Milledgeville, and Columbus, Ga., Montgomery and Mobile, Ala.

New York, Jan. 12, 1839 —[J12-tf.] JOHN C. STEVENS, 14 Barclay-St.

THE Subscriber has put in charge of Van Leer, to be run and sold, his b. f. *Betsey Robinson*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of the fine old mare of that name. A mulatto boy, 15 years old, a good rider, accompanies the filly. Mr. Van Leer is authorized to dispose of either.

THOMAS E. GITTINGS.

Bella Vista, Md., Jan. 24, 1839.—[F2]

TO ALL WHO KEEP HORSES.

WADE'S WORM AND CONDITION POWDERS FOR HORSES have been extolled upwards of 37 years in England and France, as the best and only prepared to promote the condition of horses. They destroy the worms and botts, loosen the hide, fine the coat, purify the blood, so as to do away with the necessity of bleeding, render the food more nutritive, prevent the animal taking cold after exposure to heat, and are at all times a great restorative after a hard day's work. They have been tested by the first Veterinary Surgeons, and certificates granted as to their efficacy in the above named cases. Since their introduction in this country the first owners of valuable studs have given them to their horses, and acknowledge that they are not to be surpassed by anything else.

☞ These Powders used when horses come off a journey, or are wet and cold, or excessively fatigued, will be found in the highest degree beneficial. They require no trouble in giving, as it is simply throwing the fourth part of the powder into the horse's feed at night.

☞ Sold wholesale and retail by Dr. W. H. Thurston, 260 Bowery, Dr. J. H. Hart, corner of Broadway and Chambers street, and Messrs. Blackwell & Clarke, corner of Gravier and Camp streets, New Orleans. [o13]

S. J. SYLVESTER.

STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER, 130 Broadway, and 22 Wall-Street, has NOT Removed, but continues at his old establishment as above, where he has been for the last 13 years, and has *no other office in this City*, or elsewhere.

All kinds of Southern and Western Certificates of Deposite, and Bank Notes purchased at the very lowest market rates.

Virginia, Pennsylvania, District of Columbia, Maryland, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Eastern Notes discounted on the very best terms.

Bills of Exchange on all parts of England, Ireland, and Scotland, in sums of 5*l*., 10*l*., 15*l*., 20*l*., to 100*l*., (with fractional parts of a pound sterling) always for sale.

Sovereigns, English Silver, Bank of England, and Drafts on any part of the Continent of Europe, bought and sold.

Checks at Sight on Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, and Washington City, and most of the other cities in the United States, can be obtained, and persons remitting funds to New York can draw at sight, or if left, interest will be allowed at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum. Those remitting uncurrent money can have it changed at the lowest market rates, and funds returned in current bank notes, or it will be subject to their order. Orders, however distant, meet the same attention as personal application.

☞ All communications for Sylvester's Reporter and Counterfeit Detector must be addressed to S. J. SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway and 22 Wall-street.

EQUESTRIAN EXCHANGE.

VAUXHALL GARDEN, 408 BOWERY.—The subscribers beg to inform their friends and the public that they have opened the above splendid establishment (late Cooke's Circus) as Livery and Sale Stables.

The Sales will take place every Tuesday and Thursday, at 11 o'clock. Horses, &c., must be entered by six o'clock the evening previous to ensure a number on the catalogue.

The long experience and knowledge of the Proprietors, coupled with their determination to devote their personal attention to every department of the business, will not fail, they trust, to secure a liberal patronage.

[jel-tf.] ROCKENBURG & BANOKER.

STOCKHOLDER.

MR. EDITOR—This will inform you that I have purchased the celebrated Race-Horse and Race-horse Getter, old STOCKHOLDER, by Sir Archy, dam by Imp. Citizen.

He will make his next season at my residence, in Wilson County, 8 miles from Lebanon, on Cumberland River, 15 miles from Gallatin, and 35 miles above Nashville, at $75 the season, $125 to insure, and $1 to the groom. Mares will be pastured and grain fed at $1 per week, which must be paid when the mares are taken away. The season money will be due on 1st Jan., 1840. All mares sent to my care will be well treated, and every precaution used to prevent accidents or escapes, but no liability for either. The season will commence on the 15th Feb. next, and end on the last day of June.

His character as a Racer and a Stallion is too well known to require puffing.

The performances of his colts at all distances, from One to Four mile heats, are equally well known, and the cross between Imp. Leviathan and Stockholder is considered equal, if not superior, to any other in America.

The pedigree of Stockholder, for the satisfaction and interest of all concerned, has been made a matter of record, and is registered in the Registrar's Office of Wilson County, Tennessee.

From the untarnished character of Old Stockholder, and the great pains I am taking to give general satisfaction, I shall expect a liberal share of public patronage.

His stable is well worth the attention of all horsemen.

Tuscaloosa, Ala., Dec. 9, 1838.—[d29-tf.] A. B. NEWSOM.

MAZYOUBE AND OMBARK.

MAZYOUBE, imported by Capt. James Riley, from the Empire of Morocco, October, 1835, a cross-breed Arabian and Barb, 7 yrs. old in May next, 16 hands 1 inch high, dark iron grey, and of lion-like form; stands at Troy and Piqua, Miami Co., Ohio, $25 insurance pasturage gratis. For sale at $5000.

OMBARK, imported by Capt. Riley, from Mogadore, Sept. 1836; a pure blood Arabian race horse, 15 hands 1¼ inches high, jet black, long round body, and finely formed from ear to hoof, 6 yrs. old in June next, stands at St. Mary's, Mercer Co., Ohio, at $15 the season, pasturage gratis; he is for sale at $3000.

J. W. RILEY.

March 17, 1839.—[M30]

OAKLAND COURSE, LOUISVILLE.

THE following are the nominations for the great Sweepstakes to be run over the Oakland Course, Louisville, Ky., at the next Fall Meeting (first week in October), $2000 each, h. ft., Four mile heats; closed 1st Jan., 1839.

1. Y. N. Oliver & M. W. Dickey enter gr. c. *Grey Eagle*, by Woodpecker, out of Ophelia, by Wild Medley, now 3 yrs. old.
2. W. T. Ward enters b. f. *Mary Vaughan*, by Waxy, out of Betty Bluster, by Imp. Bluster, 4 yrs. old.
3. W. Viley enters ch. f. *Queen Mary*, by Bertrand, dam by Brimmer, 3 yrs. old.
4. G. N. Sanders & Lewis Sanders, Jr. enters b. c. *Occident*, by Bertrand, out of Diamond, by Florizel, 3 yrs.
5. Sidney Burbridge enters b. c. *Tarlton*, by Woodpecker, dam by Robin Gray, 4 yrs.
6. Jas. L. Bradley & H. B. Steele enter ch. c. *Hawk-eye*, by Sir Lovell, out of Pressure's dam, by Jenkins' William, 4 yrs.
7. Archie Cheatham enters b. c. *Billy Townes*, by Imp. Fylde, dam by Virginian, 5 yrs.
8. Jas. S. Garrison enters ch. c. *Wagner*, by Sir Charles, out of Maria West by Marion, 4 y.
9. William Wynn enters br. c. *Picton*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Isabella by Sir Archie, 4 y.
10. Wm. Buford, Jr. enters ch. f. *Musedora*, by Medoc, dam by Kosciusko.

[Mar23–4t] JOHN S. GRAHAM, Sec. J. C.

MEDOC.

THE services of this fine horse are again offered to the Breeders of Kentucky. He will remain at his old stand at Col. Wm. Buford's, Woodford County, where he will be let to mares at *One Hundred Dollars* each, to be paid in the season, which will end on the first of July next. He will be limited to seventy-five mares. Every attention will be paid to mares sent to him, and excellent blue grass pastures furnished gratis. We recommend him with great confidence, believing that he has proven himself equal, if not superior as a breeder, to any horse that has ever appeared in the United States. His first season was made when he was only five years old, and last year his colts appeared on the turf for the first time, at 3 yrs. old, and numbered *Sixteen Winners at all distances, from One to Four mile heats*. The time made in these races will compare with any upon record. (See the race of Maria Duke and Curcilia at Louisville last Spring, Mile heats best 3 in 5, each heat run in 1:48—Picayune and Musedora's race at Crab Orchard, in August, Three mile heats, run in 5:57—5:55—5:54,—Curcilia's race at Lexington, Two mile heats, 3.52—3:52—3:54, distancing the field, track heavy.)

Out of the dams of these 16 colts, not one, except the dam of Curcilia, ever produced a race-horse before. Nine of his colts have been sold for $23,500, viz; Curcilia, $5000, Maria Duke $4000, Medoca $3000, Sthreshley $2500, Picayune $2000, Musedora $2000, J. F. Robinson $2000, Filly out of the dam of Ironette, $2000, and Ben Harrison $1000, when a yearling.

His colts are remarkable for their gaiety, beauty and symmetry, and as a strong evidence of their fine appearance, they have had awarded to them more premiums at the Fairs in this part of Kentucky, than the colts of all other horses together have received. Medoc's blood and performances on the turf, have been published in all the sporting journals of the United States, to which reference may be made. We wish, at this time, to present him as a very distinguished breeder, and hope that he will receive that consideration and patronage to which he is entitled.

Woodford County, Ky., Feb. 20, 1839.—[m2-t1J.] WILLIAM BUFORD & Co.

ENVOY.

THIS thorough-bred and magnificent imported horse will stand next season at the stable of Lewis K. Grigsby, near Winchester, Clark County, Kentucky, and will be let to mares at Fifty dollars the season, and $1 to the groom. Enclosed and extensive pasture of the best kind has been provided, and all possible care and attention will be paid to mares left with the horse, but no responsibility for accidents or escapes, should any occur. The season money will be due and payable when the mares are taken away.

Envoy's *Pedigree*.—Envoy was got by Memnon, out of Zarina (bred by Lord Anson, and foaled in 1827,) by Morisco—her dam Ina (bred by Sir John Byng in 1821) by Smolensko—Morgiana by Coriander, out of Fairy by Highflyer—Fairy Queen by Young Cade—Routh's Black Eyes by Crab. [See Skinner's General Stud Book, page 657.] Memnon, the sire of Envoy, was bred by Mr. Watt in 1822; he was got by Whisker, (brother to Whalebone, Wire, Woful, etc.,) out of Manuella, the dam of The Abbott, Belzoni, Margellina, Nitocres, Belshazzar (lately imported to this country) and other first raters. Manuella was got by Dick Andrews, her dam Mandane by Pot-8-o's, out of Young Camilla, sister to Cobbri. [See General Eng. and Am. Stud Book, page 687.] It will be seen that *Envoy's* pedigree combines the purest and most fashionable blood on the side of both sire and dam: his distinguished ancestry were celebrated as winners at long distances, carrying heavy weights; the stock of both his sire and dam are remarkable for their beauty, speed, and stoutness, winning at all distances, and training on.

Description of Envoy's *Sire, the renowned* Memnon.—He was foaled in 1822; in 1824, when 2 yrs. old, he won his two races, and the next year, at the York Spring Meeting, he won the St. Leger Stakes, and at Doncaster, on Tuesday, 25th Sept., he won the *Great St. Leger Stakes* of 25 sovs. each, 88 subscribers, of which 30 started; he won it so easily, that none but he and his great antagonist, *The Alderman*, were placed. He won many other races at all distances

Description of ENVOY.—He is now 5 years old, and was imported from England by the Hon. Wm. Wilkins, late Minister to Russia, before he was 2 yrs. old. He is much improved, and looks remarkably well, with his points now finely developed. He is of the richest bay color, without a white hair upon him, and is over 16 hands high. The Proprietor has, at his stable, a colt by him, out of his old Moss mare, 18 months old, and now between 14 and 15 hands high, that is said to be one of the finest colts in the country; also, at the stable where he stands in Clark County, Ky., a filly foaled on the 14th April, 1838, out of the same mare, which is very large and very fine. To judge from these colts Envoy must breed well. Breeders and Turfmen would do well to call and examine Envoy and his colts [F2-tes]

BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

TO THE BREEDERS AND TURFMEN OF THE SOUTH AND WEST.—A portion of the Stud of Horses belonging to Col. John Heth, of Virginia, will be sold for cash at Lexington, Ky., during the ensuing Spring Meeting. Among them are the following, of the most approved and fashionable stock.

1. *Chesnut Mare*, 6 yrs. old, by Sir Charles, out of Brenda (the dam of the celebrated race-horse and stallion, Collier,) by Young Whip, the son of Old Whip, owned by Mr. Cook of Kentucky: his dam by Old Medley, and her dam a Medley mare.
2. *Drunken Frolic*, out of Brenda by Sweet Larry, he by Sir Alfred, out of a full sister to old Sir Archie.
3. A —— *Mare*, 4 yrs. old, by Andrew (the sire of Balie Peyton), out of No. 2.
4. *Chesnut Colt*, 3 yrs. old, by Hotspur (the sire of Mazeppa), out of No. 2.
5. *Bay Filly*, 2 yrs. old, by Gohanna, out of No. 2.
6. *Chesnut Horse*, by Sir Charles, out of Mr. Wickham's Tariff mare.
7. That beautiful stallion *Ormond*, one of the handsomest sons of Sir Charles, out of an Alfred mare.

☞ Several other horses, mares, &c., will be offered for sale at the same time, whose pedigrees and ages, in consequence of Col. Heth's absence in England, cannot now be obtained, but a full and authentic account of everything relating to the stock, will be ready by the day of sale.

Richmond, Va., Feb. 27, 1839. [m2.]

PENNOYER.

THIS Thorough-bred Horse will stand at the subscriber's stable, at Augusta, Ga., and will be let to mares at $50 the season, and $1 to the groom. The season will commence the 1st of March and end the 15th June. Mares fed at 50 cents per day. Good and extensive and well enclosed pasturage has been provided, and all possible care and attention will be paid to mares left with the horse, but no responsibility for escapes or accidents if any should happen. The season money will be due and payable when the mares are taken away.

PEDIGREE.

Pennoyer was sired by Henry (the competitor of Eclipse), out of Ariel by Eclipse. For purity of blood, and as a distinguished runner, Ariel has never been surpassed, having started 57 times, and was winner 42 times. (17 of which were four mile heats.) His grandam was by Financier, out of Empress, who has also been regarded as one of the most renowned race nags and brood mares of the North. Empress was got by Imp. Baronet, her dam by Old Messenger, grandam by Strap, out of Jenny Dator by True Briton. Jenny Dator was out of Quaker Lass, got by Juniper, out of Molly Pacolet by Pacolet—her g. g. dam was got by Old Spark, g. g. g. dam Queen Mab, g. g. g. g. dam Miss Caldwell. For further particulars see Am. Turf Register, vol. 6.

Henry was sired by Sir Archy (son of Imp. chesnut Diomed), his dam by Diomed, grandam by Bell-air, g. g. dam by Pilgrim, g. g. g. dam by Valiant, g. g. g. g. dam by Janus, g. g. g. g. g. dam by Jolly Roger. The four last named are imported horses.

DESCRIPTION.

Pennoyer was foaled in the Spring of 1834, is a beautiful brown bay, stands full 15¾ hands high, and in point of blood, high racing form, style and action, is excelled by none. While training at 2 yrs old, his owners were flattered with the highest expectations of him, as a first-rate race horse (having tried him sufficiently to test his superior speed), and had he not received an injury in one o his ore legs, just above the knee, while in training, which prevented his appearance on the turf there can be no doubt, from his trials, that he would now have been one of the most distinguished racers of the day.

Augusta, Ga., Jan. 1, 1839.—[J5-tf.]

JOHN BASCOMBE.

THIS renowned and ever memorable horse will occupy his old stand at the Hampton Course, in the vicinity of Augusta, under my direction. Col. Crowell, his owner, after returning from his tour through the North East and West, has come to the conclusion to allow him to remain with me another season. Applications were made in various sections of our country; unlimited business was guaranteed; large sums offered by various gentlemen for the service of the horse; but Col. Crowell threw aside all minor considerations, all pecuniary motives, when on his return he found so many solicitations, from various quarters of the South, to allow the horse to remain with me, that he at length yielded and gratified their wishes. In fact, Bascombe has so many warm admirers, that they nearly view him as their common property. Bascombe has attained his end in one point, he has put to rest all those little petty slanders relative to *impotency*, as he has proved himself as sure a foal-getter as any horse that stands on four feet. His first get was dropped this season? each and every person's colt, in different parts of the South, is the crack and brag colt: in fact, for game-like appearance, quickness of action, sprightliness and playfulness, they are *unsurpassed*.

He will commence his season on the 15th Feb., to terminate on the 15th July.

Terms—$100 the season and $1 to the groom. Good lots, fine stables, pastures, and provender, will be provided for the mares; no liability for escapes or accidents. Persons sending mares are particularly requested to send their pedigree; also notes made payable to John Crowell or bearer. The expenses of the mares to be paid before taking them away. Mares remaining with the horse will be well taken care of at 50 cents per day, servants with them fed gratis.

It is useless to mention pedigree and performances; Bascombe's speak for themselves; the world know them; his name will be handed down from Turfite to Turfite; and when no more, the bosoms of future sportsmen will swell with emotion and delight, when they hear mentioned the name of *Bascombe*. [n10] F. W. LACY.

CAMDEN AND PHILADELPHIA RACES.

THE Spring Meeting of 1839 will commence the 3d Tuesday, 21st May, and continue four days.

First day—Match, for $1000 aside, P.P., Mile heats, between Mr. Cochran's 3 yr. old by Busiris, out of the dam of Chester, and Mr. Kelly's 3 yr. old by Busiris, dam by Escape.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old Shark colts, sub. $300 each, $200 ft., viz.:

1. Capt. R. F. Stockton names c. *Gloucester*, by Shark, out of Miss Mattie.
2. Col. John Heth " c. by Shark, out of Arietta.
3. J. H. Hellings " b. c. by Shark, out of Kate Kearney.
4. J. D. Kirby " b. c. by Shark, out of Imp. Invalid.
5. Col. W. R. Johnson " b. c. by Shark, out of Coquette.
6. Wm. Gibbons " c. *Mariner*, by Shark, out of Bonnets o' Blue.

Second day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, sub. $500 each, $200 ft. Mile heats; viz.:

1. R. C. Hemphill names ch. c. by Star, out of Malinda by Sir Charles.
2. J. D. Kirby " (Dr. Merritt's) b. c. *Tally Ho*, by Imp. Shakspeare, out of Primulo by Cervantes.
3. Dr. Geo. Goodwyn names (Col. Hampton's) br. f. by Argyle, out of Pocahontas.
4. Capt. R. F. Stockton names Imp. br. c. *Mercer*, by Emelius, out of Rat-trap's dam.
5. Also, " Imp. ch. c. *Passaic*, by Reveller, out of Rachel.
6. Dan'l Abbott names s. c. by Gohanna, out of I. Smith's Bussorah mare.

Same day—Proprietor's Purse $300, Two mile heats.

Third day—Match for $1000 aside, $500 ft., Mile heats, between Mr. Kelly's full sister to Busiris, 4 yrs. old, and Mr. Cochran's *Chester*, 5 yrs.

Same day—Purse $500, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, bred in Pennsylvania, sub. $100 each, $50 ft. Mile heats, viz.:

1. J. Cochrane names s. c. by Busiris, dam by Potomac.
2. D. Kelly names s. c. by Busiris, dam by Escape.
3. Gen. Irvine names s. c. by Busiris, out of Bay Bet by Rattler
4. Col. Heth names b. c. by Shark, out of Fair Rachel.
5. J. McDaniel names br. c. by Shark, out of Betsey Archie
6. J. H. Hellings names br. c. by Imp. Richard, out of Fidelity.
7. J. Potter names b. c. by Busiris, out of his brown mare.

Same day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.

W. N. FRIEND.

Philadelphia, 11th April, 1839.—[a13]

STABLE OF HORSES FOR SALE.

THE Imp. b. m. *Lily*, by The Colonel, dam Fleur de Lis, by Bourbon; will be 5 years old in May.

B. m. *Zoraida*, by Virginius (of Transport), dam by Comet, (he by Sir Archy, out of Matchless, by Bedford—Matchless out of Rea,) g. dam by Buzzard, g. g. dam Witch; for her pedigree see Turf Register, Vol. 8th, page 431. Zoraida will be 4 yrs. old in May.

G. m. *Virginia Merritt*, by Bertrand, Jr., dam Gray Girl, by Buzzard, g. dam Eliza, the dam of old Bertrand; she is 5 years old in May. Her fore legs have been injured in training. She would make a fine brood mare, as no blood could be better.

Ch. f., 3 yrs. old, by Mucklejohn, Jr., dam by Little Billy, the dam of Betsey Baxter, and I do not believe she is through-bred. Address

[a13-4t[AUG. FLUD, Vance's Ferry P. O., South Carolina.

WHEELING RACES.

THE Races over the Wheeling Course, three miles from the city, immediately on the National Road, will commence on Tuesday, 25th June next, and continue five days.

First day—First race, for 2 yr. old colts, Mile heats, for a handsome Silver Pitcher, *to be given* by the Proprietors.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Mile heats. Entrance $50, h. ft. To name and close on the 1st of June next.

Second day—Two mile heats for a *Splendid Sett of Cut Glass*, manufactured in Wheeling—cost $250. Entrance to be governed by the number of subscribers.

Third day—Proprietors' Purse $300, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $500, Four mile heats.

Fifth day—Purse $150, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Wheeling, March 30, 1839.

[a13-5t] JNO. E. NORVELL, J. H. OLIVER, } Proprietors.

KANAWHA RACES, CHARLESTOWN, Va.

THE Races over the Kanawha Course, situate about two miles from Charlestown, and immediately on the Kanawha River, about 40 miles from its junction with the Ohio, accessable at all times by steamboats, will commence on the 12th of June, next and continue four days.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $50 each, h. ft. Entries to name and close 1st of June.

Second day—Purse $100, Mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Purse $100, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

JNO. E. NORVELL, Proprietor.

Charlestown, Kanawha C. H., March 30, 1839.—[a13-5t]

GREENE COUNTY (Ala.) RACES.

THE Races over the *Pactolus Course* near Clinton, Greene county, Ala., will take place on the first Tuesday in June next, being the 7th, 1839, and first meeting.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 year old colts and fillies, sub. $300 each, h. ft. One subscriber; 3 or more to make a race.

Second day—Proprietor's Purse $400, ent. $20, free for all ages, Two mile heats.

Third day—Purse $600, ent. $30, free for all ages, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $500, ent. $50, free for ages.

Fifth day—Purse $300, ent. $25, with entrance money added; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

JAMES D. McALISTER, EDWARD JOHNSON.

Clinton, Greene Co., March 20, 1839.—[a13-2m]

SALE OF VALUABLE BLOOD STOCK.

WILL be sold to the highest bidder during the Spring Meeting at Louisville, (which commences June 4,) if not sooner disposed of, some of the very valuable blood stock of Maj. M. W. Dickey, dec. among which are the following:—

1. *Caroline Scott*, b. m. 7 yrs. old, by Archy of Transport, out of Ophelia, by Wild Medley, with a Luzborough foal at her foot. The racing performances of this fine animal, independent of the fact that she is the half sister of Grey Eagle, entitles her to rank as high as any mare in Ky.

2. *Little Wicked*, br. m. 7 yrs old, by Archy of Transport, out of Lady Robin by Robin Grey; with a colt foal by Imp. Skylark. This mare has produced a colt by Medoc, (*Red Rocket*,) which has been trained, and his success gives evidence of her superior qualities as a brood mare.

3. *Mary Howe*, gr. m. 11 or 12 yrs. old, by Tiger, out of Lady Robin by Robin Grey; with a colt by Grey Eagle. This mare has produced several racers, among others, *Archy Howe*, *Stephen Girard*, &c.

4. *The Captain*, a br. c. 3 yrs. old, full brother to Caroline Scott.

5. *Grey Eagle* will also be offered for sale. The propietors reserve the interest held by their former owner in the nominations of the last two colts.

Terms of sale, a credit of four months for negotiable paper. Extended pedigrees will be given on the day of sale.

S. J. GANO and others.

[my11—4t]

FILES OF THE "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES."

A FEW files for the last year remain for disposal. Gentlemen desirous of obtaining the same are advised to make early application at the Publication office, corner of Broadway and Barclay street. [A6]

JOHN DAN AND CRAZYWSOBILL.

JOHN DAWSON was got by Pacific, dam by Grey Archie—g. dam by Berry's Medley—g. g. dam by Old Truxton—g. g. g. dam by Imp. Mousetrap. Grey Archie was got by Old Archie, his dam by Pacolet—g. dam by Wonder, and he by Imp. Diomed. John Dawson will stand for mares the present season at the stable of FRANCIS GORDON, one mile from Spring Hill, Maury County, Tenn., at $50 the season, and $1 to the groom. John Dawson is a deep bay, full 16 hands high, 9 years old this Spring.

CRAZY BILL was got by Imp. Leviathan, his dam by Clay's Sir William—g. dam by Pacolet—g. g. dam by Imp. Sterling—g. g. g. dam by Medley. Crazy Bill is a chesnut, full fifteen hands high, and 6 years old this Spring. He will stand the present season one half of his time at my stable, in Dallas County, 12 miles above Selma, and the other half at DANIEL KIRKLAND'S, in Autauga County, Alabama, and will be let to mares at $50 the season, and $1 to the groom.

R. B. HARRISON.

Benton, Lowndes Co., Ala. March 9, 1839.—[M30-3m]

FINE IMPORTED MARE FOR SALE.

A THOROUGH BRED BAY MARE, imported into the city of Boston, by Thomas H. Perkins, Esq. in 1833, is offered for sale on reasonable terms. She was got by Toby, out of a Gregg mare—is 15½ hands high, and for symmetry and beauty cannot be surpassed. She has never been broke nor bred from, and is well worthy the attention of breeders of fine stock. She may be seen at the stable of Mr. WILLIAM FORBES, Boston, Mass., to whom letters (post paid) respecting her may be addressed, and will receive prompt attention.

Boston, March 25, 1839.—[M30-3m]

KNICKERBOCKER HALL,

N. 19 PARK ROW.—The subscribers having opened the above house on the *European plan*, are now ready to accommodate their friends and the public in superior style. The house is furnished with every convenience, and all the luxuries of an unrivalled market. The lodging-rooms are airy, and well furnished, and in perfect order; the ordinary is spacious, neat, convenient and well-furnished; and the tables shall always be supplied with all the rarity the market affords, served up by experienced cooks.

Gentlemen visiting the city will find this a most desirable and central situation, being nearly on Broadway, fronting the Park; and, in short, concentrates the beauty and elegance of local and transitory objects of attraction and splendor with which New York abounds.

EDSALL & JONES.

N.B.—For the accommodation of travellers, this house will be open at all hours of the [Mar16-tf.]

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 52 Chatham-st, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch, and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.

Managers of Theatres, Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession, Clubs, Amateurs, &c. will find it to their interest to call before seeking elsewhere, as the advertisers assure them that nothing in the play way can be purchased, but which will be found at their establishment, and which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.

Now publishing in numbers, "Turner's Dramatic Library of Acting Plays," embracing the most popular pieces of the present day.

Cumberland's British and Minor Drama, Duncomb's British Theatre; Miller's Modern Acting Drama; Strange's edition of Buckstone's Dramas, and Bayly's Farces—complete sets always on sale.

Wholesale orders attended to with promptness.

New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent by mail to any part of the Union. [d17

MOBILE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE Fall Meeting of 1839, over the Bascombe Course, will commence on the last Tuesday, 26th November, and continue five days.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500, $200 ft., two mile heats. Four or more to make a race. To

Play Bills for the Week.

PARK THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, May 25—Third night of the engagement of Mons. and Madame TAGLIONI;—CHAOS IS COME AGAIN—the Ballet of LA SYLPHIDE—and ROBIN HOOD.
MONDAY, May 27—Fourth night of the engagement of Mons. and Madame TAGLIONI.
TUESDAY, May 28—OLIVER TWIST and NICHOLAS NICKLEBY
WEDNESDAY, May 29—Last night but three of Mons. and Madame TAGLIONI'S engagement.
THURSDAY, May 30—Mr. JONES' Benefit.
FRIDAY, May 31—Mons. and Madame TAGLIONI will appear.

NATIONAL THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, May 25—The Grand Opera of AMILIE, the principal characters by Miss SHIRREFF, Mr. WILSON, and Mr. SEGUIN; with the Farce of the ORIGINAL.
MONDAY. May 27—An Opera, and other entertainments.
TUESDAY, May 28—Ditto, Ditto.
WEDNESDAY, May 29—For the benefit of Mr. LAMBERT, a variety of entertainments which will be stated in the bills of the day—Miss BARNES, Mrs. BARNES and Mr. BARNES will appear.
THURSDAY, May 30—A popular play and other entertainments for the Benefit of Mr DWYER.

A CARD.

J. H. DWYER, respectfully announces to his friends, who have so liberally subscribed for his benefit, and to the public generally, that it will take place on Thursday evening, May 30th, at the National Theatre, when (never acted at this theatre) Shakspeare's celebrated comedy of THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR, with other entertainments, will be performed—the part of Sir John Falstaff by J. H. Dwyer, his first appearance for twelve years on the New York stage.
Those gentlemen who wish to take Lessons of Mr. Dwyer in the Art of Elocution, will please to leave their names at this office.
Places may be taken at the Box-office from 10 A.M., until half-past 4 P.M. [my 25]

Things Theatrical.

Park Theatre.—On Wednesday evening, Mons. and Madame PAUL TAGLIONI made their first appearance in America Their success was complete. The house was better filled than it had been for six months before,—we allude to the character rather than the number of the audience, though there must have been near $900 in. The reception of the two famed strangers was warm and encouraging; as the ballet advanced, the applause increased, and for the first time these many months did the walls ring with outbursts of enthusiasm. *The manager was observed to smile*—'tis long, they say, since he has enjoyed that luxury. And well might he smile, for he at last "holds a *fair* hand,"—"*a pair royal*" at least.

The Taglionis appeared in the ballet of "La Sylphide,"—the only shape in which the "Mountain Sylph" will ever prove acceptable. As an opera, it never has had a run here,—as a *ballet-opera* it was only better than as an opera—but as a pure "ballet of action" it will ever be popular. The whole interest is concentrated on the two principal characters,—they are constantly upon the stage, and the action is rapid.

Madame Taglioni is a fair haired, German-looking lady, of a tall and elegant shape, very pretty but not very beautiful Her husband is an Italian in appearance, wondrously well formed,—limbs clean and sinewy like those of a race-horse,—with a face which reminds you of the pictures of his famous sister, particularly about the mouth.

The two combined, present the highest attraction we have ever had in the ballet. The style of Mde. Taglioni, is much more like that of AUGUSTA than of Lecomte. It is quite simple,—every *appearance* of exertion is avoided in her execution, and nothing is attempted, which would *seem* to require great muscular effort. Her dancing speaks to you with all the force of pantomime, and it speaks in the language of sentiment. In observing her, you have revealed to you what those writers from abroad mean by "the poetry of motion." She flits around the stage like a true fairy, her tenderness for her mortal lover is visible in every attitude, and joy, and hope, fear and despair, alike find expression.

Mons. Taglioni is a dancer of great skill and power, and not ungraceful. Perhaps even this praise may be too much qualified; he improved in our estimation from the beginning to the end of the ballet, and at times drew down the most prompt and heartily bestowed plaudits.

Successful as both these artists have been in their first essay, it is but justice to them to say, that they have scarcely yet recovered from the fatigues of their sea voyage, from which both suffered severely. To dance with grace and vigour requires much of that steady uninterrupted work, which you would give a racer in preparing for a campaign;—a little accident which seems too trivial upon its occurrence to excite alarm, often results in serious detriment—a loss of appetite or speed. We ought not, therefore, to presume that the Taglionis have yet displayed all the talent which may yet be exerted to delight us.

But again, neither ought we in comparing them with such dancers as have gone before them, to do these latter the injustice of overlooking the more favourable circumstances under which the Taglionis have appeared. For example,—Augusta came amongst us unheralded by fame, and she has never been supported as has Madame Taglioni. In her case, it was impossible to present the pure ballet of "La Sylphide" in the same style that it has been done this week, for who has there been to play the fickle lover, so worthily sustained by Mons. Taglioni? In the case, too, of Mde. Lecomte and her brother,—they have never yet appeared in a ballet half so well fitted to command success as the Sylphide, as we have now seen it. We would not here institute comparisons between Martin and Taglioni, though every one is doing so in theatrical circles, but we would alone claim for older favourites this meed of justice,—that they should be weighed in connection with the comparative advantages under which they have appeared, and as the pioneers in a good cause—as having created a taste in the public mind which nothing but increasing excellence can hope to, satisfy.

Although we missed in the corps de ballet of the Park, two of its chief ornaments, yet there was little fault to be found on the score of deficiency in this particular, compared with any thing we have yet seen in this country. There was, it is true, a variety in costume which hardly savored of a community of similar origin, but in a night or two we shall look for tartans of uniform character and petticoats of like length. Master and Miss WELLS are worthy of being named in connection with the success of this ballet. The latter is a pretty little girl, who strives hard to please and makes some improvement every night, in her profession;—the latter is a lad of a most uninteresting age, who if he would but dress to conceal his natural length of limb, would win from all, what he has often obtained from us, unqualified applause for his cleverness and assiduity.

Notwithstanding the very brilliant audience assembled on Wednesday evening, we found that a few of the Goths, that had come in during the recent invasion, had failed to return with their grim leader. This was evident from an occasional cat-call, a knowing heigh-eigh, or a shrill whistle, loud enough to wake the seven sleepers. Would they but put up a few more spectacles at the Bowery, the same night, we should be rid of this nuisance, which in days of yore, was absolutely unknown at the Park.

The benefit of Miss CLIFTON, on Thursday, was far better attended than we had anticipated, considering the attraction of the evenings before and after. Had she but opened in some tolerable play, her engagement would have been far more successful. We are often surprised at the distrust which actors betray, of the power of attraction of the most sterling plays, They risk the almost certain failure of some new tragedy, to gain the advantage of presenting a novelty; and what is really very singular, they would seem to be about the worst judges in the world as to the real merits of a new play. It may be because, in ordinary cases, they look too exclusively for one character, which may afford them a variety of choice situations, or one splendid scene, to the utter neglect of the general merits of the composition, the truth of drawing and effect of all the characters. One reason why almost all American plays are miserably poor, is that they are written professedly for a single individual. You might as well wish that a picture should present decided effects, where but one color was used, as that a play of this description, should be really excellent.

The National.—This house must wake up a little, or its rivals will steal such a march upon it that it will be impossible again to reach them. Singular has been the good fortune of Mr. WALLACK in managing the National; there has been no such immensely preponderating attraction there as to bear away the palm so unquestionably as he has done from the Park. Fortune has had her share in this, and 'twill not answer to trust the blind Goddess too far.

If the houses have been thin this week, it is because it is impossible that an engagement of six weeks' duration should ever prove attractive throughout, unless it be seasoned, and highly, too, with novelty. The public have now been expecting "La Gazza Ladra" for many weeks, but no sound from "fair Ninetta" has yet melted upon our ear. And the story goes, that the cause of this unwonted delay is the identical individual, who, of all the vocalists who ever appeared in America, owes her fame more to good fortune rather than to her musical accomplishments. This should not be, for if the public has a claim upon any for the exertion of every tithe of their ability, it is upon the individual who has won favor and emolument from them with the least exertion, and the most questionable pretensions.

"Gilderoy" was played here the other night. It is worthy of a passing notice, because in it Mr. WILSON received much applause for his cleverness as a comedian, (praise which was scarcely before allowed him,) and again, as young WALLACK enacted a principal part with spirit and effect. We have a theory of our own, on which to account for the failure of this young man to reach a higher rank in the profession, clever as he is, and attentive to his business; but we shall keep it to ourselves, till we have opportunity for further observation. Talent, manliness, a sound heart, and good looks, are certainly elements of success, and need but to be rightly directed.

BROWNE has returned from the South, and played here on Thursday evening for the benefit of Mr. WILLIAMS. We were not so fortunate as to see him in *Robert Macaire*, not possessing, out and out, the quality of ubiquity. He may probably have learned by this time that a regular comfortable engagement as the principal comedian of a New York company, is as valuable as the transitory honors of a Southern engagement. Either Mr. Browne or Mr. BURTON should be permanently attached to the National, as an offset to the attraction of PLACIDE at the Park, and, perhaps, some would say, Gates at the Bowery. A first rate comedian ought, at all events, to be connected with each of our principal theatres, who, if he cannot himself draw crowded houses, may, at least, give respectability to the company,

Mr. J. H. DWYER plays *Falstaff*, at this house, for his benefit on Thursday, next. He played the character some twelve years since in this city, for several nights, with marked success, We hope he may have a crowded house.

We observe by the bills, that Mr. LAMBERT, likewise, takes a benefit at this house, next week. Mr. L. is the best comedian in the National company; we like him in every character in which we have seen him, although but slender justice has been done him in our paper. Never playing characters so prominent that the fate of a play depends upon him, he has escaped attention in the very useful line which he sustains so creditably.

The Bowery.—This theatre, to all appearance, is in the full tide of successful experiment. Whether this be owing to the number of tickets disposed of, in advance, for the purpose of rebuilding the house, we know not, but we found the house half full, (which is a great house considering the immense number that can be seated there) on Thursday evening. Once a week is about as often as we indulge in so enervating a luxury as visiting this theatre, and in this, our last visit, we were so fortunate as to find Mrs. SHAW playing *Constance* in the "Love Chase," by KNOWLES. She makes an exceedingly clever *Constance*; nor do we observe that in spirit, her performance falls off at all from her personation of that character at the Park, although she played to a house that felt far more keenly, and applauded more warmly, the excellence of *Wildrake*, than the coquetry, and the honest love of "neighbor Constance." Would, dear reader, that you could witness the *Wildrake* of Mr. GATES! He would seem to be moulded for the part,—nay, bred and born to enact this model of a modest, manly, country gentleman! With what truth does he portray the delicacy of the sportsman's love for his mistress,—his awkward, because unusual restraint in a society more polished than it had been his wont to meet in Lincolnshire! What feeling for the charms of the fine verse of Knowles—"musical as is Apollo's lute,"—did he display! All was dignified and manly, though marked by the embarrassment of his situation! There was none of the foppery of Richings and Brown, each of whom thinks, probably, that he can play the part, (though we do not!)—none of their "libels of gentility,"—but a natural, harmonious blending of the enthusiasm of Gates's own "*Ralph Stackpole*, the ring-tailed squealer of Salt River," with the softened blandishments of the *Mantalini* of Mr. Richings! Rich indeed was the combination, and right thankful are we, that the anxious desires we have so long expressed to see some justice done to this favorite part, have been thus unexpectedly fulfilled! When next they play the "Love Chase" at the Bowery, we shall look for an undivided phalanx of the readers of the "Spirit," to attend for the purpose of a study of the part! If they do not find that the style alone in which Gates dresses the character, is an ample compensation for their long walk, than have we "lost our guess!"

Mrs. PROCTOR who played *Lydia*, here, the other night, is a clever woman. We had failed to notice her before, as she certainly deserved; she played her part with feeling, and if she will but avoid the faults which the want of taste in her audience is so likely to encourage, she will distinguish herself.

The house, however, on Thursday, was altogether a respectable one, and such as we are pleased to see encouraging the drama. We hardly thought to find so many ladies present. Possibly it was a benefit night, but, at any rate, there was a well dressed and numerous audience present. The only fault we had to find with it, was that it limited its applause of Gates's *Wildrake* to hearty guffaws and stamping of feet. The plaudits should have been pitched in a higher key. But the Star will doubtless applaud this moderation to-morrow, and therefore we yield the point.

Miss TREE we hope to see playing immediately, upon the termination of the engagement of the Taglionis. That she is the most finished actress who speaks the English language, we have not a doubt. In *Viola* & *Rosalind* she can scarce ever have been surpassed. *Ion*, she has made her own, and in *Beatrice* she has known few rivals. A series of her delightful characters, will be received with thankfulness, by the play going public, late as is the season.

CARADORI ALLAN was in Cincinnati by the last accounts, where she delayed to give a concert. She may be looked for here, by the time this paragraph is printed, and we shall again be charmed with her magical voice, ere she leaves for Europe.

JONES, we learn, goes back to England, at the close of the season. It will be a difficult matter to find so excellent a tenor to supply his place. His voice is singularly flexible and sweet, and he is a thorough scholar in his profession. He takes a benefit on Thursday next, and every lover of music, should make a point of being present on the occasion. Will not Madame Caradori arrive in season to give him her services?

POWER is expected out by the return trip of the Liverpool, if he do not arrive by the Great Western. We do not learn from our English papers, that many new plays have been written for him, during his last sojourn in England, but in the old ones, who can equal him in attraction? It is worth a round sum to see him in the "Irish Lion," or but hear him sing the "Groves of Blarney."

A great number of actors are now in town, just returned from the far South. We have hardly theatres enough to afford them all a chance, and the result is a rage for new houses. FLYNN'S theatre in Chatham street, we are told, is actually getting on with all possible expedition. We have not seen the day of opening it, positively announced.

NIBLO has, as usual, been making unheard of alterations and improvements, and as soon as the weather gets a little hotter, will open in greater force than ever. His great card is the RAVEL family, which has arrived. Early in June we may expect to see them cutting fantastic tricks, and playing pantomime inimitably.

DINNEFORD, they say, is about to build a theatre in Brooklyn. We hardly know whether the denizens of that goodly suburb, are theatrically inclined or no. There is, certainly, too much inconvenience, in returning from *our* theatres late at night, by those confounded *hourly* ferries, to encourage frequent attendance here, from the other side of the East river.

Messrs. MORLEY & EDWIN are about opening a "Vaudeville Saloon," at Duflon's Military Gardens. May their enterprise be successful.

AUGUSTA has been playing in Philadelphia, with success, the past week. But who do you think played *Olifour* for her? TOM PLACIDE, and well, too, did he play it, as we have been informed; WALTON played the *Unknown*.

Next week the citizens of Philadelphia will have a rich treat in the way of comedy. "Oliver Twist" is to be got up at the Walnut-street house, with BURTON as *Bumble*, and our JOHN SEFTON to do the *Artful Dodger*. We suggested, long ago, that John was the man for that part, and we can almost laugh in advance at Bumble, as it will be done by Burton. By the way, some London Sunday Editor, has been abusing this gentleman again, and declares him to be no actor,—but a third rate Jack Reeve. To approach Jack by a mile, is a good recommendation in our eyes;—but it is altogether absurd to talk of his being a poor actor. We have cried often enough at his fun.

A late paper from Mobile, gives a long report of the proceedings of a committee, about to give a complimentary benefit to Mrs. J. M. FIELDS. If we had no other reason to approve their taste, and commend their purpose, it would be enough, that in running our eye over the names of the committees, we seem to be reading the transcript of our Mobile subscription list,—all men of the right sort, who get ready their X, as soon as Tom Leefe's arrival in those parts.

Mr. and Mrs. PLUMER are in town; they have been absent nearly two years, and in the mean time, the latter has gone upon the stage, and step by step, has risen to a respectable rank in the profession. She is a handsome, lady-like woman, and should be engaged at one of our theatres.

OLD BARNES, his wife, and daughter have just returned from the South; they extended their roamings as far as the capital of Texas. We should like to hear the veteran describe his tour.

ENGLISH THEATRICALS.

The report brought by the Liverpool was, that Mr. MACREADY was to give up the management of Covent Garden, at the end of the present season. He, indeed, has issued a card, thought to be somewhat angry in its tone, announcing his intention of producing a series of standard plays, once again before the close of his connection with the house. Later dates lead us to believe, that in consequence of representations made to him by the members of his own company, there is a hope of his re-considering his resolution. It will be a great point gained, for the true interests of the drama, if he will consent to remain at the head of a great metropolitan theatre. He has done more, to give respectability to the stage, during his management, than all the contemporary managers combined. Nor has his success been discouraging, for almost every play produced by him, has run a creditable career. It is understood, indeed, that the reason of his withdrawing from the conduct of Covent Garden, is not his want of success, but the extortionate terms sought to be imposed upon him, by the owners of the property. It is mentioned, as a mark of the estimation in which he is held, that the committee of Drury Lane, had offered him that house, on terms almost his own. Drury Lane needs a gentleman and a sholar, to conduct it, if only to redeem it from the disgrace, which it has incurred, by producing lions and tigers, like cattle, in place of Shakspeare. Mr. BUNN, we take it, for we know nothing of him personally, belongs to the genus *humbug*. He would rather draw a crammed house with a tame bear, or a striped pig, than with Macbeth or Lear. So singular is the taste of some men. We know one manager in this state, and not Hamblin either, of much the same way of thinking. It does him no credit, he thinks, to succeed with sterling plays, or standard operas,—all the fame is to be acquired, by making trash, nonsense, humbug, succeed. That requires management,—that shows the genius of the principal for the stage;—so flattering is it to our pride, to work out great ends with the smallest means!

If there be any thing which we envy the English, it is their Italian Opera. It is now in all its glory, and each number of the "Morning Post," contains a criticism upon almost a score of individuals, each one of whom would beggar our theatres, by the extravagance of their terms.

GRISI is now in England. The papers say nothing, now-a-days, of her intrigue with Castlereagh, and we presume that De Melcy has settled down into a good, comfortable husband. She has lost much of her *en bon point* since she was last in London, and this circumstance is said to have improved her voice The syren first appeared in "I Puritani," by BELLINI, and the applause upon her entrance was prolonged far beyond the usual period. In place of calling her the *prima donna*, the word now is, *la donna di tutti cuori*. "She looked so radiantly beautiful," says one paper, "that at first one would have imagined she came only to gratify the public with a sight of her fair form." And this is the woman who, with her beauty and her admirable talents as an actress, is likewise the first singer in the world! Pilgrimages to Mecca or Jerusalem appear reasonable only, when some such divinity is to crown the termination of the expedition. Pray, young enthusiasts, and amateurs in female loveliness, do not all start at once for London, for there is no demand for you from the other side. Send a deputation, if it please you, with a "Spirit" at the head, therefore, and prevail upon this glorious creature to pay us republicans a flying visit. It has a long time been a puzzle to our minds which we should desire more to see in London, Westminster Abbey, or—the Italian Opera!

Madame WILLENDT BORDOGNI, who made her debut in this country,—the Bordogni, we used to call her—has arrived in London, and is hailed with hearty welcome. We think she came out here in "The Barber," and well do we recollect her trembling, nervous agitation the first night. She has been studying and singing with success in Italy, since she left us.

MARIO, or the Prince of Candia, is soon to appear in London. The correspondent of the American gave a very spirited account of his debut in Paris, which we copied. He is probably the first tenor in the world, and with his noble blood, it will go hard but he succeeds.

He is to be followed or preceded by GARCIA, the sister of Malibran, who, likewise, has astonished everybody at Paris by the brilliancy of her voice and musical accomplishments. But our limits remind us to break off this disjointed chat.

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;
A CHRONICLE OF THE TURF, LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.
WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

A NEW VOLUME (the Ninth) of this paper was commenced on the 9th of March, 1839 enlarged by the addition of FOUR EXTRA PAGES, printed on linen paper of the finest texture and on new type. The present volume will be embellished with not less than SEVEN SUPERB ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL, from Paintings by the most eminent Artists, with a variety of beautifully executed *Etchings* and *Engravings* on Wood. The Pictorial Embellishments on Steel are intended to consist of Portraits of Distinguished Winning Horses, and of the most celebrated "Stars" in the Theatrical World. In the first number (March 9) was given a Portrait of Mad'lle AUGUSTA, the popular danseuse, in the character of "*La Sylphide*," engraved on Steel by *Hinshilwood*, and a Portrait, also on Steel, of BLACK MARIA, engraved by *Dick*, from a Painting by *Troye*. Other Engravings are in hand, and will appear immediately.

The "Spirit of the Times" was established by its present Editor Dec. 10, 1831; the *Old Series* contained Five Volumes. On the 20th Feb., 1836, a *New Series* was commenced which closed on the 23d of Feb., 1839, comprising Three Volumes; a very few copies of the last two may be had bound at the Office, or they will be sent in sheets to order through the Mail.

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